

THE INCREDIBLE HULK



"Incredible Hulk
is firing on all bloody,
twisted cylinders."

—ComicBook.com

JOHNSON
KLEIN
EARLS
WILSON

MARVEL

WAR DEVILS

THE INCREDIBLE HULK

War Devils



A primordial horror called Eldest has awoken monsters all across the Earth and sent them after the Hulk. Man-Thing warned Bruce Banner of this and asked for help dealing with a monster called the Swamp Witch, who had lured Bruce's companion, a teenage runaway named Charlie, into a trap by impersonating Charlie's dead little brother. After they defeated the witch, Bruce's wife, Betty Ross, appeared on Eldest's behalf with an appeal: Give the Hulk to Eldest, and Betty and Bruce would be free to live their lives without their monstrous alter egos. Bruce refused the deal and hit the road with Charlie once again, who learned from a news update that she was accused of murdering her abusive father.

BRUCE BANNER IS A MAN CONSTANTLY AT WAR WITH HIMSELF. FOR WITHIN HIM IS THE GREEN, RAGE-FUELED, GAMMA-POWERED FORCE OF NATURE KNOWN AS THE HULK. NOW THE HULK'S RAGE IS POINTED AT BRUCE, HUNGRY TO TAKE CONTROL OF THEIR SHARED BODY ONCE AND FOR ALL. BRUCE LIVES A LIFE ON THE RUN TO PROTECT THE REST OF THE WORLD FROM...

THE INCREDIBLE HULK

War Devils

THE INCREDIBLE HULK #6-II

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TEXAS.

NYOWMMMM!
BAM BAM
BAMMMMM!



BOOOOOM
BRAKAKAKAKAK

<I DON'T LIKE LEO PLAYING
ON THAT OLD THING. IT
MIGHT HAVE SHARP
EDGES.>*

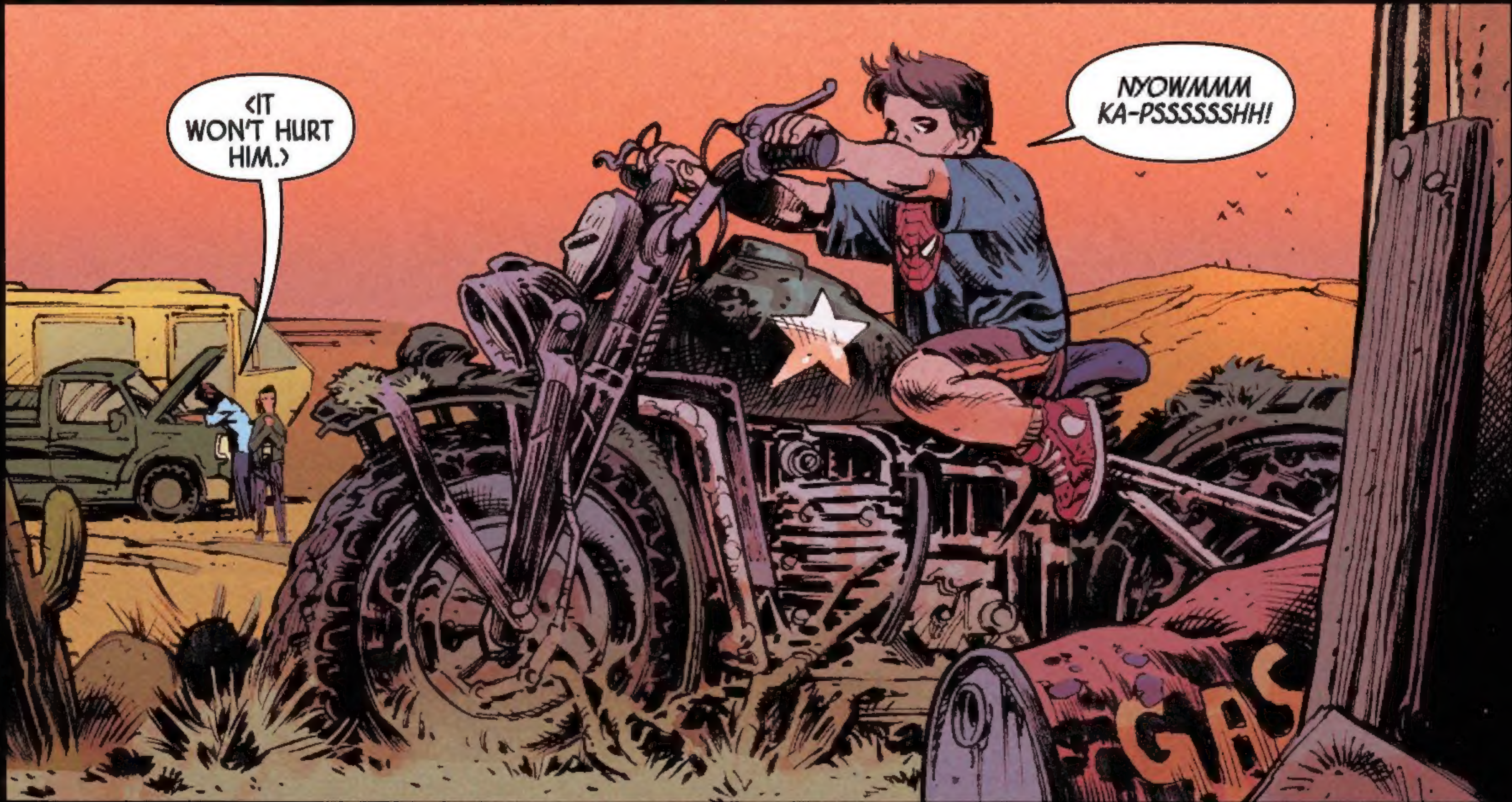
<AH,
HE'S HAVING
FUN.>
<BESIDES, IT
WAS SAL'S
BIKE.>

*TRANSLATED FROM SPANISH.



<IT
WON'T HURT
HIM.>

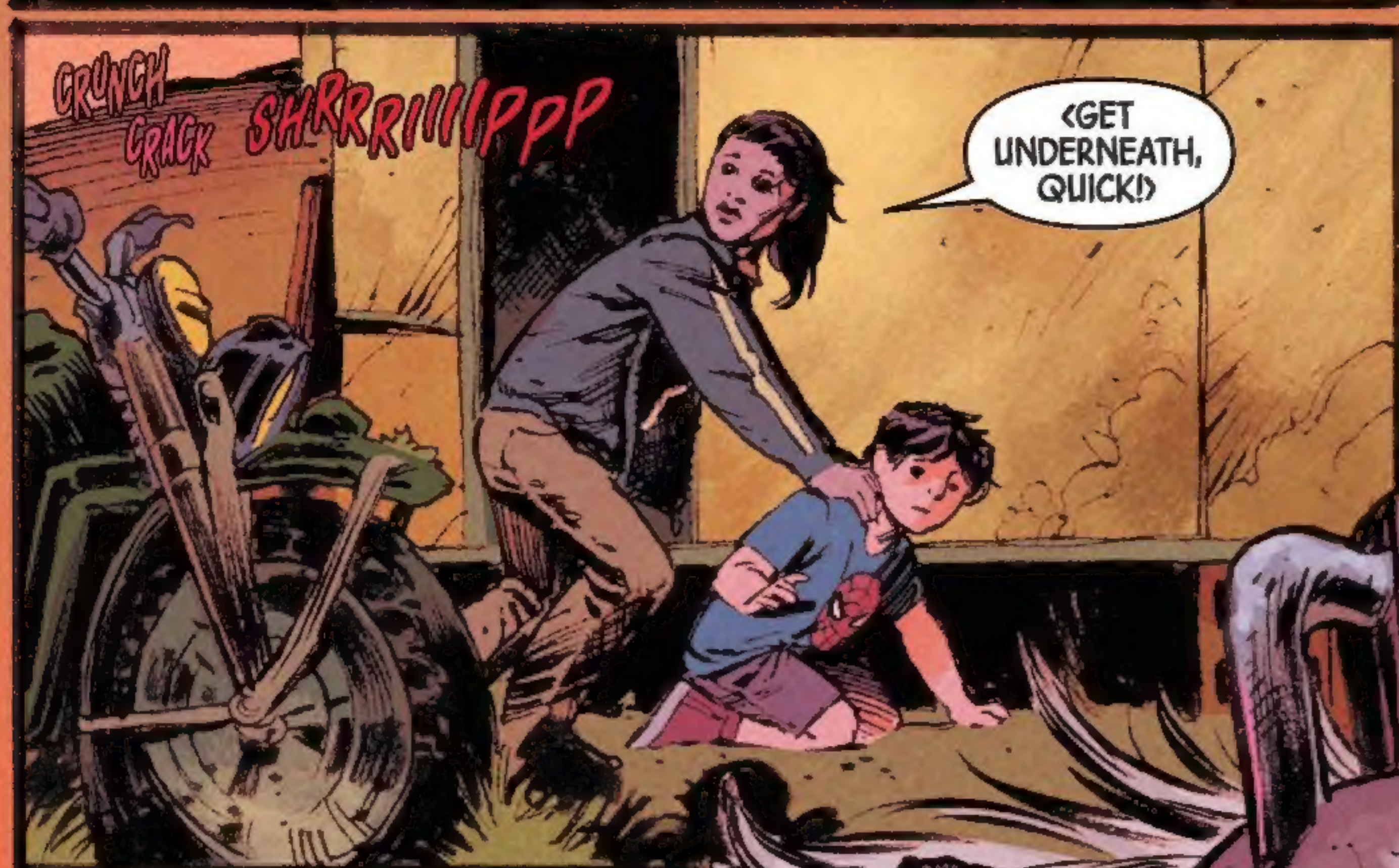
NYOWMMM
KA-PSSSSSHH!



<OH
GOD.>

RRRIIIMMM





«GET UNDERNEATH, QUICK!»



SWIFF
SWIFF

GRRRAWW

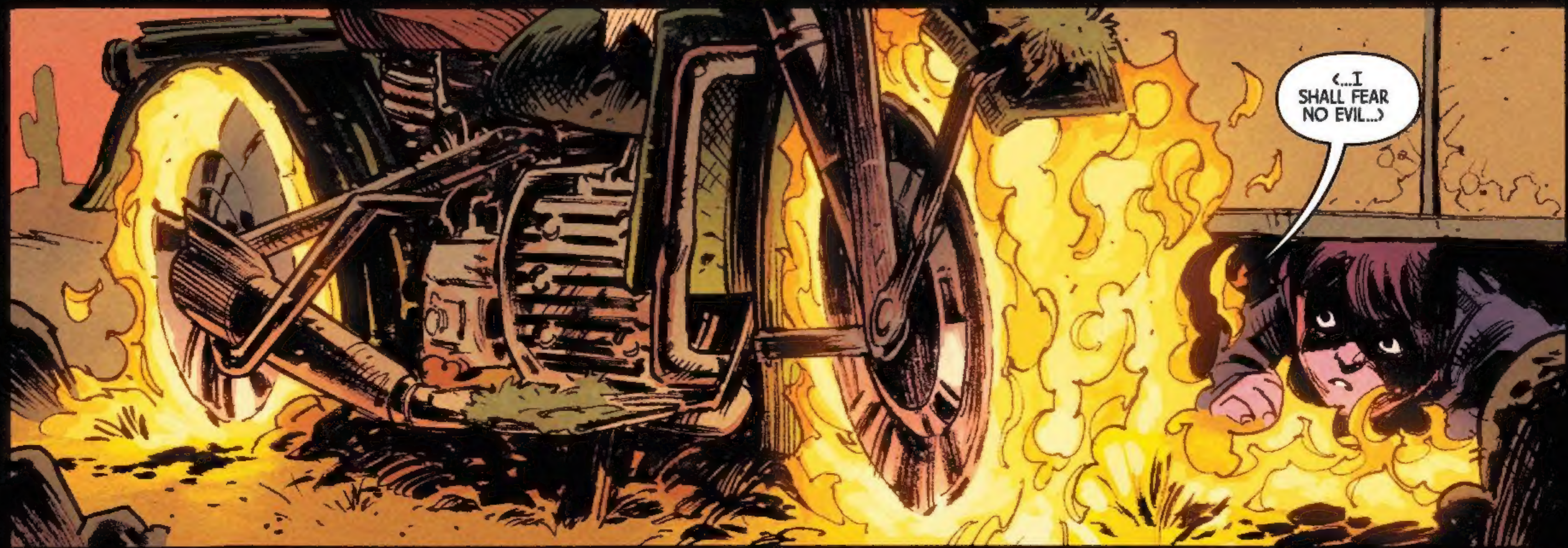


«C-CLOSE YOUR EYES, SWEETHEART.»

«PRAY WITH ME, OKAY?»



«THOUGH I WALK IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH...»



«...I SHALL FEAR NO EVIL...»

“...FOR THOU
ART WITH ME.”

ONE MONTH LATER.

WE'D LOOK
LESS SUSPICIOUS IF
YOU PULLED YOUR
HOOD DOWN.



NO
WAY.

SOMEBODY
MIGHT RECOGNIZE
ME.



WE SHOULD
GO BACK TO
THAT LAST
TOWN, THEN.

I TOLD
YOU, THAT COP
WAS LOOKIN' AT
ME WEIRD! WE'RE
NOT GOING
BACK THERE.



CHARLIE, WE
DON'T KNOW
HOW FAR IT IS TO
THE NEXT--

IS IT
TRUE WHAT
THEY SAID ON
THE NEWS,
BANNER?



DID I
KILL MY
DAD?





I DON'T
KNOW, CHARLIE.
I DIDN'T SEE WHAT
KIND OF SHAPE HE
WAS IN.

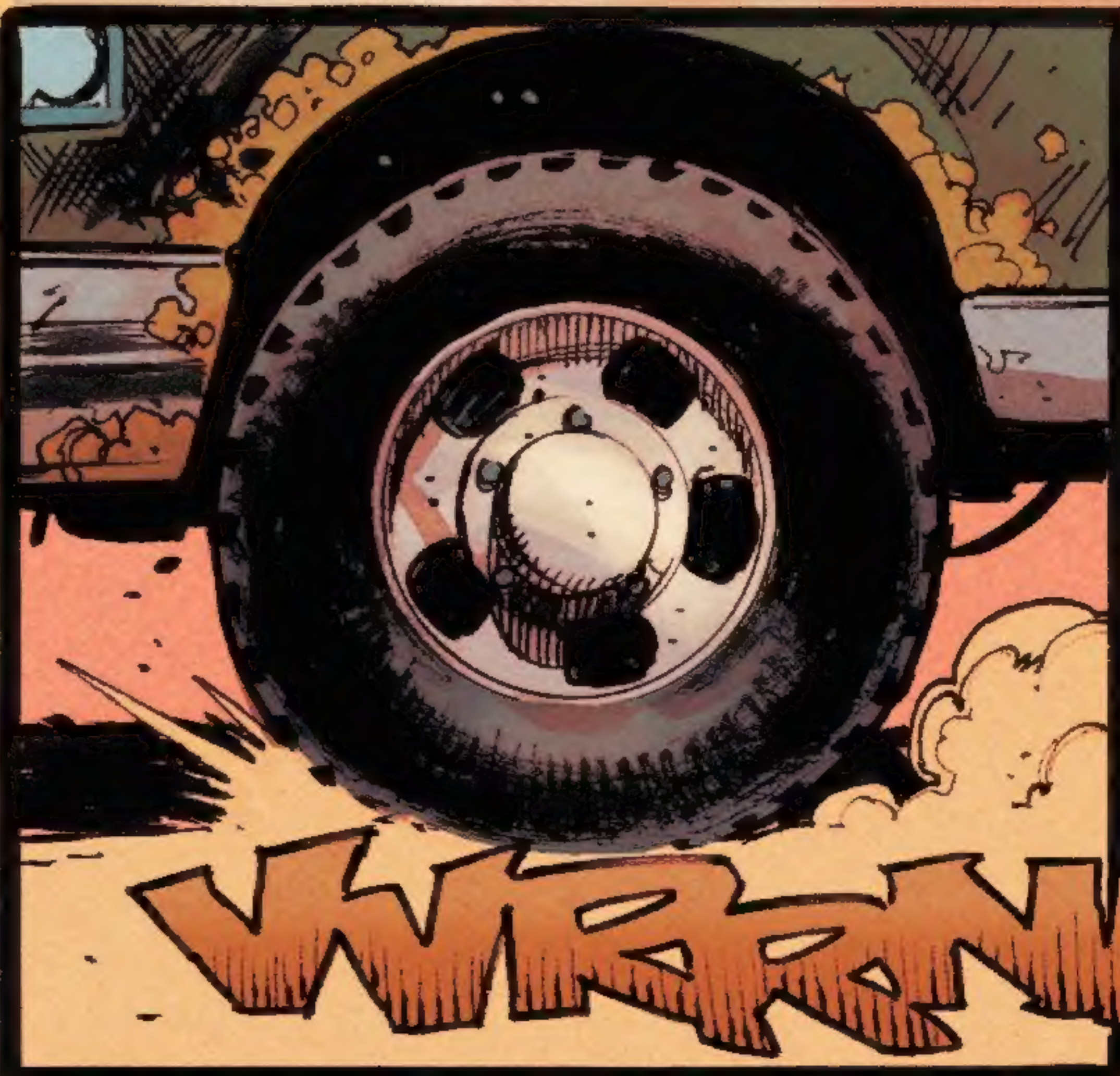
BUT YOU
SAID HE WRAPPED
HIS CAR AROUND
A **TREE** RIGHT
BEFORE THAT.

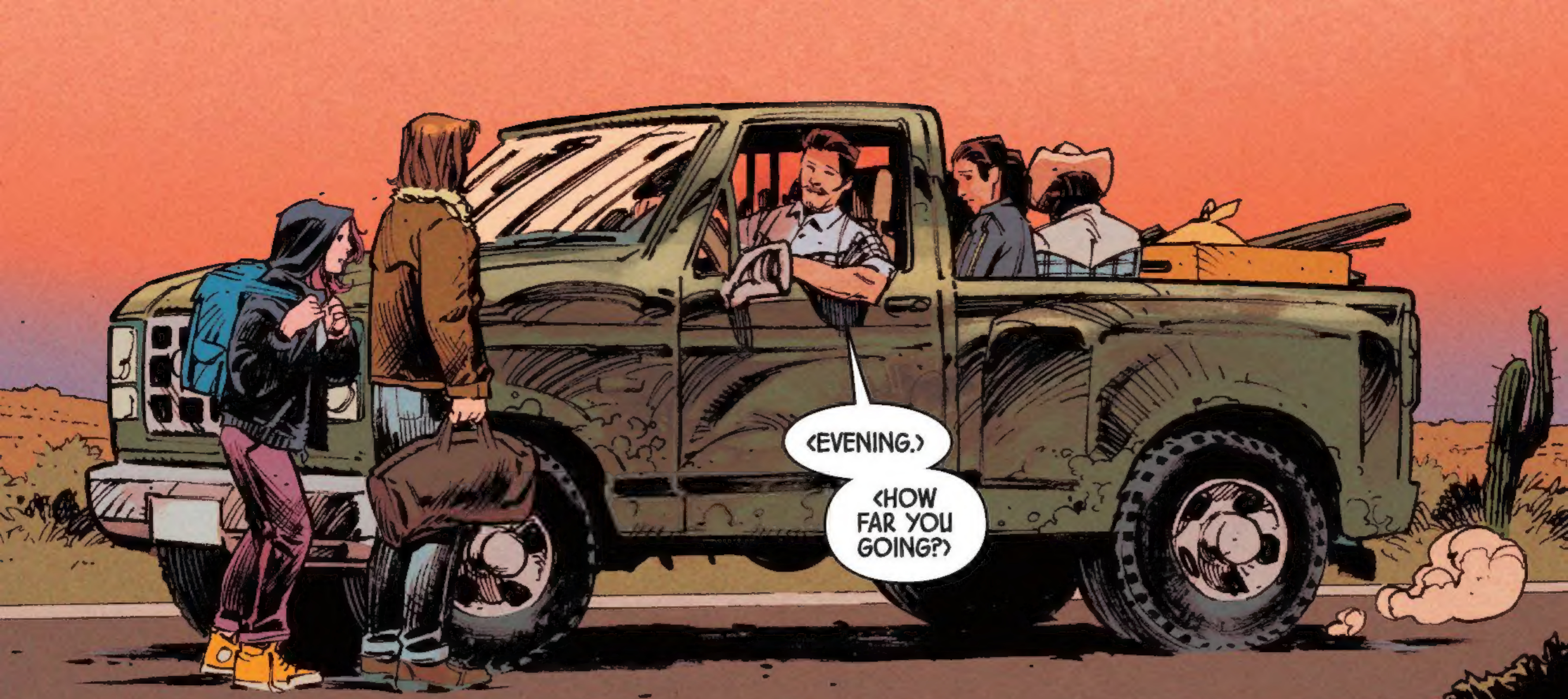
IF HE *IS*
DEAD, I'D BE MORE
INCLINED TO BLAME THE
CAR CRASH THAN THE
WELL-DESERVED
BEATING.

I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN
IN YOUR HEAD ABOUT
IT. **ANYBODY**
WOULD BE.

BUT THE WAY
HE TREATED YOU
AND YOUR BROTHER...
YOU'D BE HARD-PRESSED
TO FIND ANYONE
WHO'D BLAME--

⟨HEY.⟩





<EVENING.>

<HOW
FAR YOU
GOING?>



UM...N-NO
TENGO EL--

<ANYWHERE
IS FINE, EXCEPT
EAST. HOW FAR
TO THE NEXT
TOWN?>

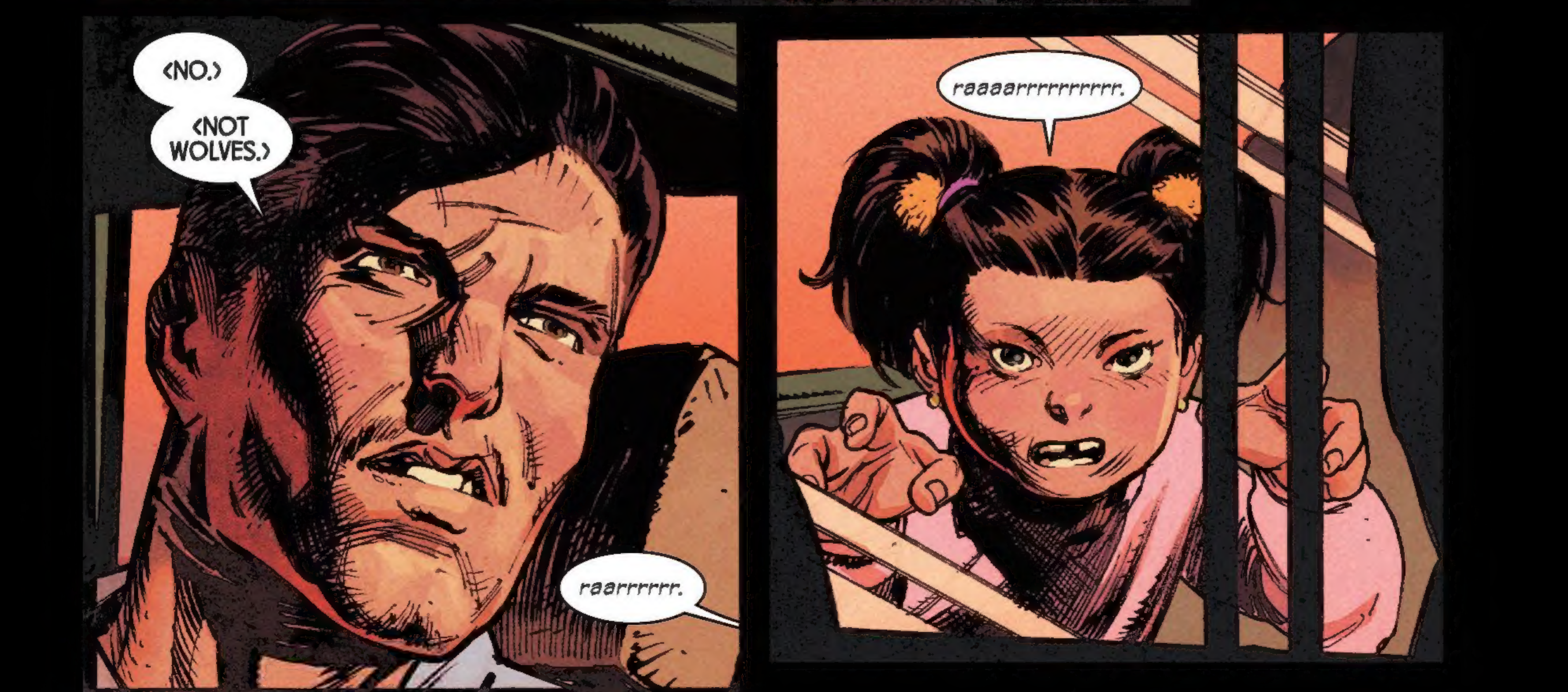
<TOO FAR
TO WALK.
ALMOST THIRTY
MILES.>



<YOU CAN'T
BE OUT HERE AT
NIGHT, ANYWAY.
SOMETHING HUNTS
THE ROADS AT
NIGHT.>

<"HUNTS"?>

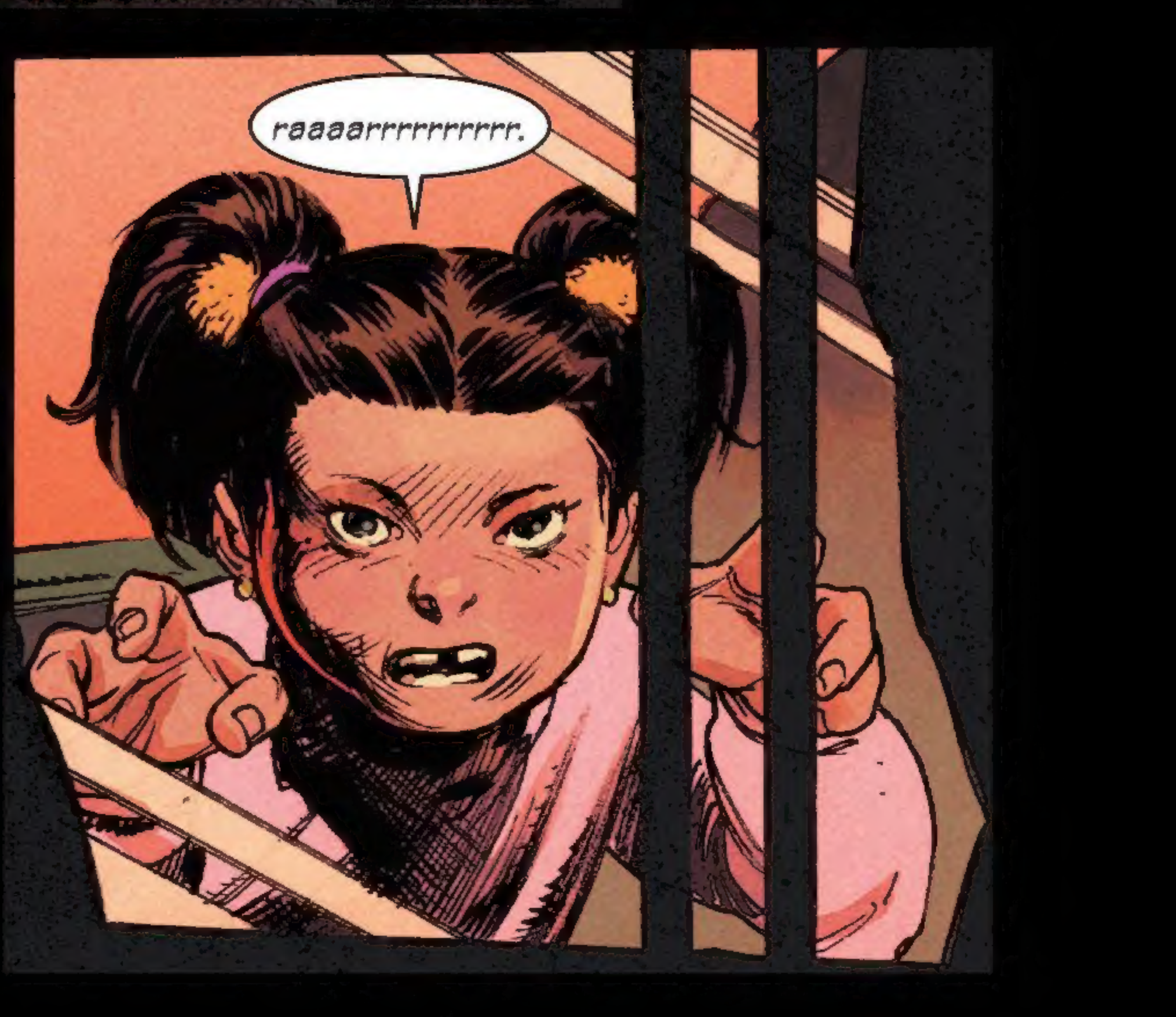
<WHAT DO
YOU MEAN?
WOLVES?>



<NO.>

<NOT
WOLVES.>

raaaaaa.



raaaaaa.

THIRTY
MILES
WEST.

I'M
HEADED
OUT, SHAKES.
GOT GROUP
TONIGHT.

MMM-KAY.

PUT THE
CANS ON THE
CURB WHEN YOU
GET HOME,
PLEASE.

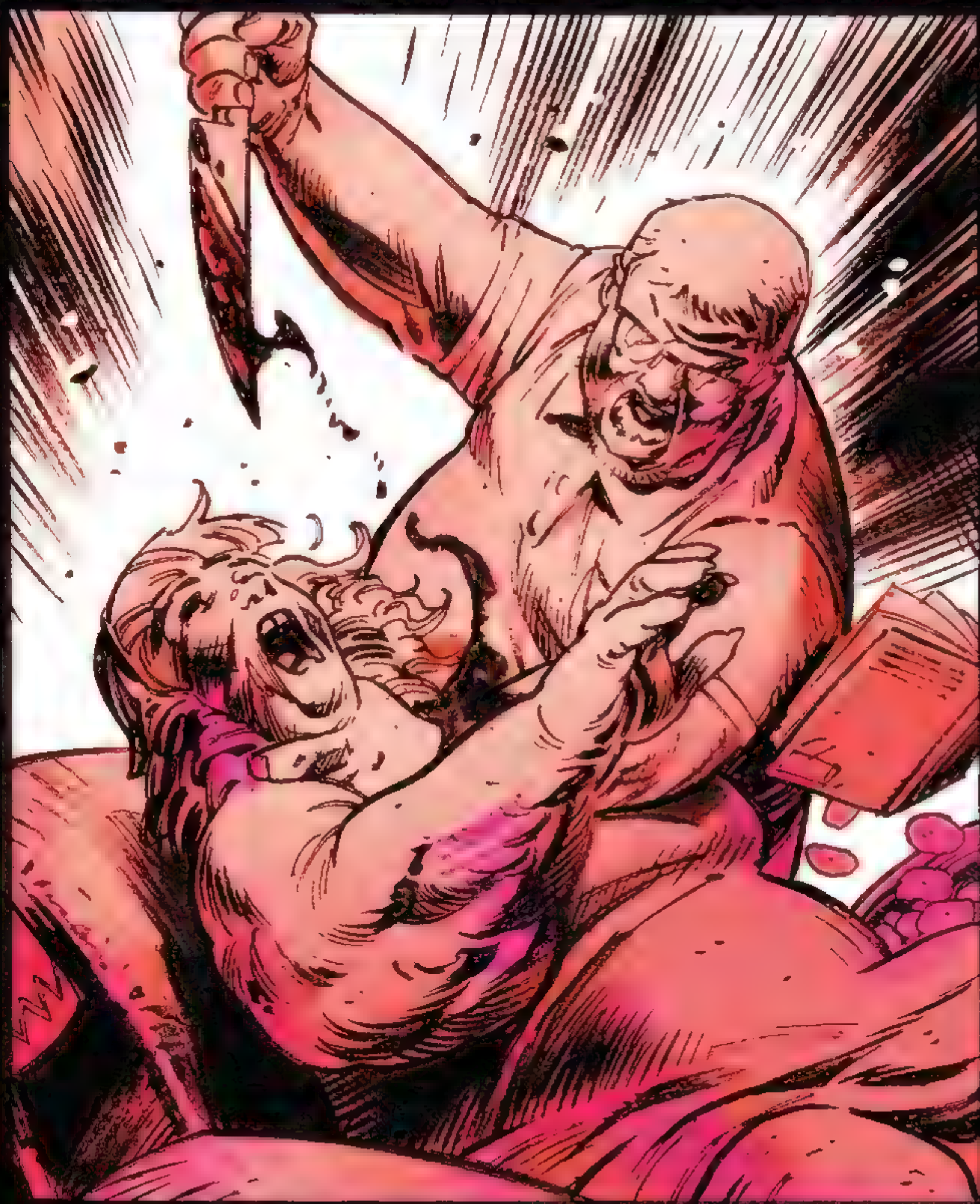
MIGHT BE
LATE--PAUL
ASKED ABOUT
BOWLING
AFTER. YOU MIND
WAITING TO WATCH
COLOR CREW
WITH ME?

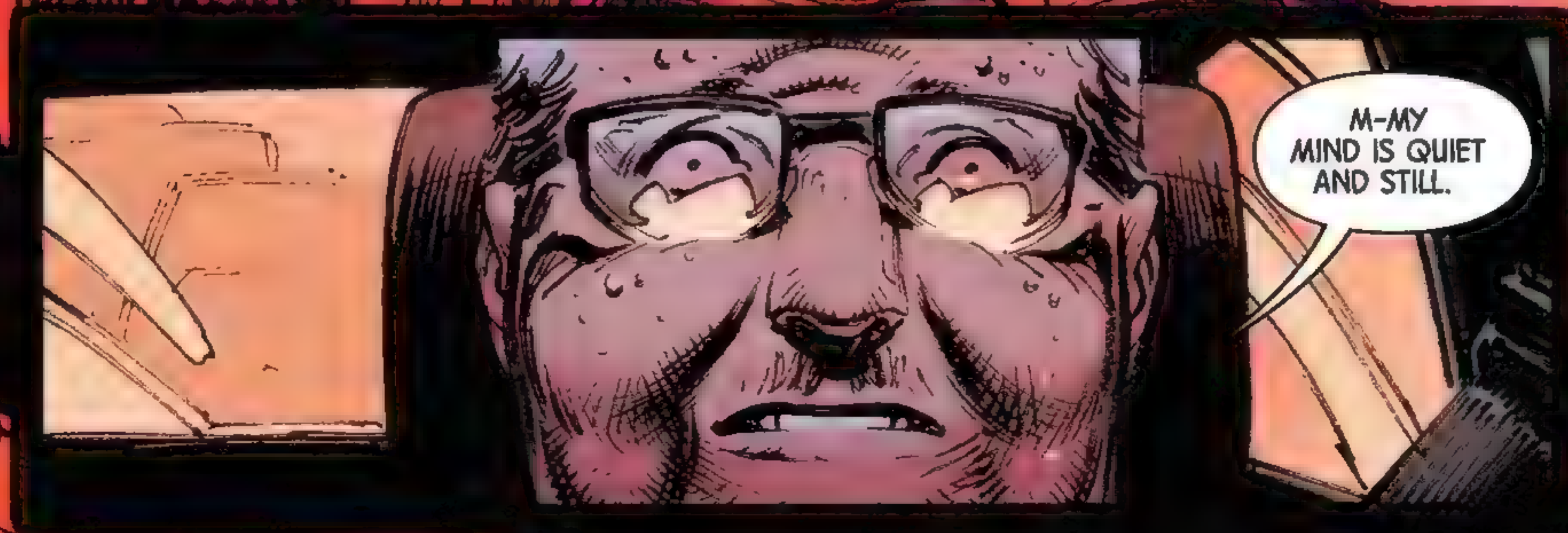


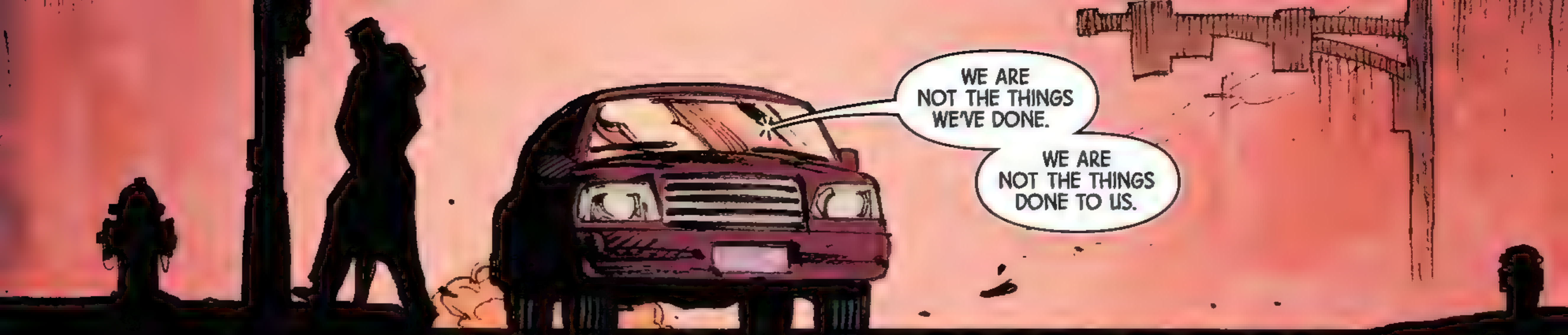
CAN
WAIT.

THANKS,
SHAKES. LOVE
YOU.

LOVE
YOU.







WE ARE
NOT THE THINGS
WE'VE DONE.

WE ARE
NOT THE THINGS
DONE TO US.

OUR
SERVICE HAD
MEANING...

...AND
OUR LIVES HAD...
H-HAVE VAL--



AAAGH!!!



IT'S NOT
REAL. J-JINNI
DAGAAL ISN'T
REAL.

MY MIND
IS QUIET AND
STILL.

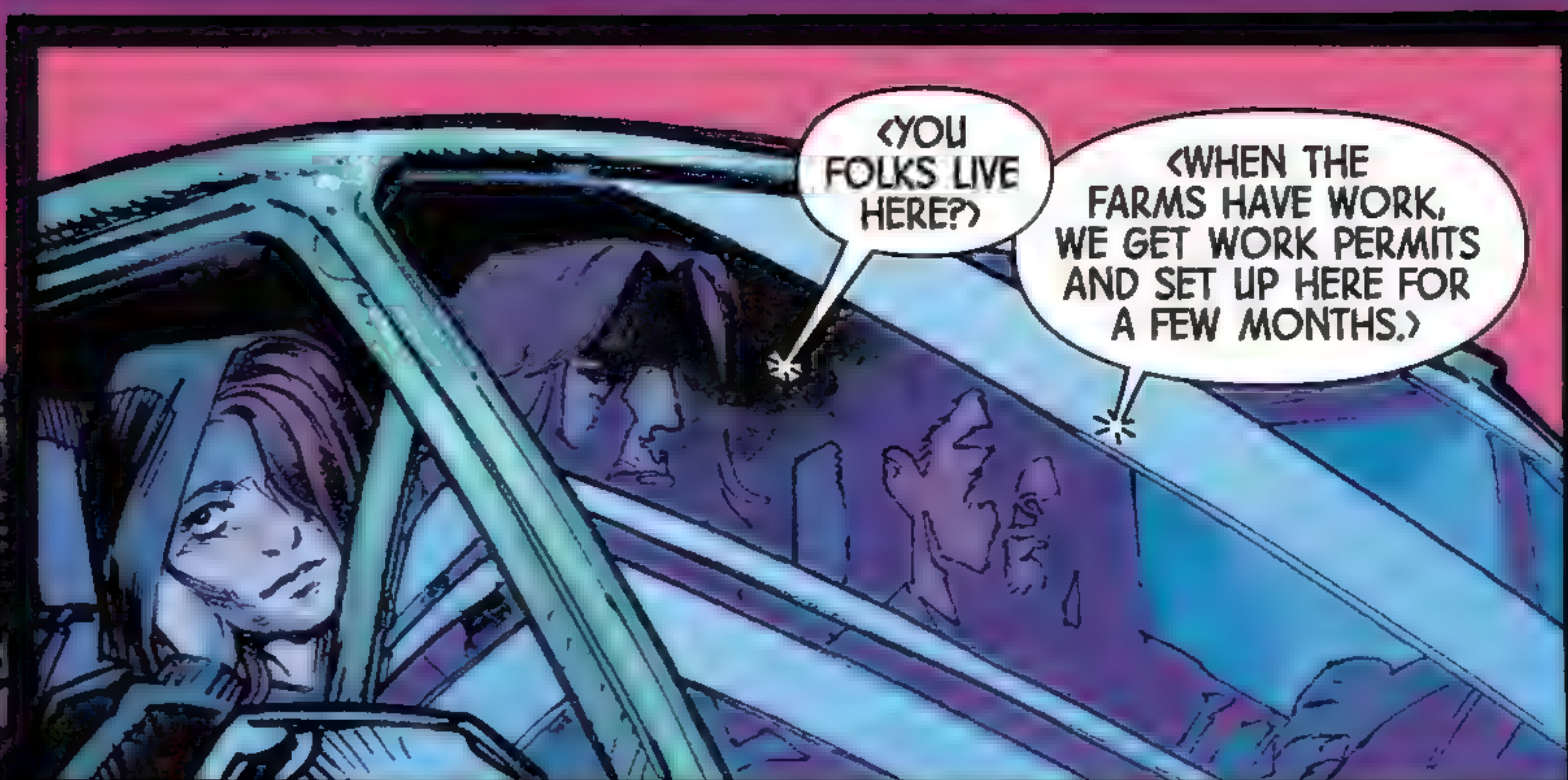


MY MIND
IS QUIET AND
STILL.

MY MIND
IS QUIET AND
STILL.



"MY MIND
IS QUIET
AND STILL."



<YOU
FOLKS LIVE
HERE?>

<WHEN THE
FARMS HAVE WORK,
WE GET WORK PERMITS
AND SET UP HERE FOR
A FEW MONTHS.>

<CLEAR SKY TONIGHT. IF
YOU DON'T MIND SLEEPING
OUTSIDE, I'LL DRIVE YOU
TWO INTO TOWN IN
THE MORNING?>

<A RIDE IN
THE MORNING
WOULD BE GREAT.
I APPRECIATE YOU
LETTING CHARLIE
SPEND A NIGHT
HERE.>

<I'LL SLEEP
OUTSIDE THE
CAMP, IF THAT'S
OKAY.>



<I TOLD
YOU, THERE'S
SOMETHING OUT
THERE. IT'S **NOT**
SAFE OUTSIDE
THE CAMP.>

<TRUST ME,
FRIEND.>



<IT'S BEST
IF I GIVE YOU
FOLKS A LITTLE
SPACE.>



FUTBOL?

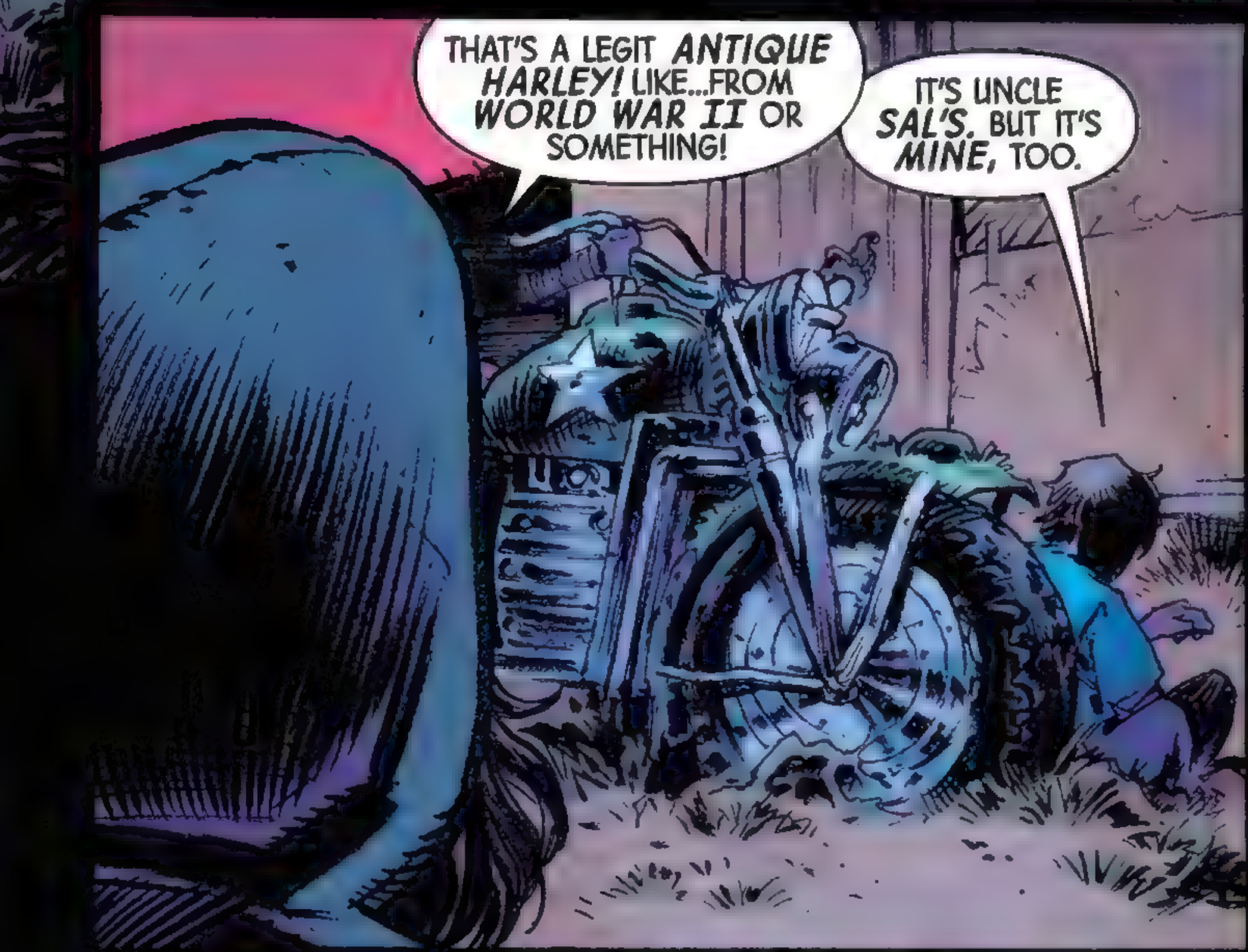
HUH? OH. I, UH... I DON'T REALLY KNOW HOW. NO...NO JUGAR?

I'LL WATCH YOU PLAY, THOUGH, IF YOU--



WHOA!!!

WHOSE OLD BIKE IS THAT?!



THAT'S A LEGIT ANTIQUE HARLEY! LIKE...FROM WORLD WAR II OR SOMETHING!

IT'S UNCLE SAL'S. BUT IT'S MINE, TOO.



"UNCLE SAL"?

UH-HUH. HE RIDES IT WHEN THE MONSTERS COME. HE'S LIKE AN ANGEL.

EXCEPT MEAN.



HEH.

I LIKE THAT.

I KNOW AN ANGEL LIKE THAT, TOO.





JAIME ASK
ME TO BRING
YOU FOOD.

OH.
UM...

OKAY.
THANK
YOU.



THEY
LOOK HAPPY,
EH?

THEY
DO.



NEVER
LEARN, DO
YOU?



KINDNESS
FROM STRANGERS...
WATCHING KIDS PLAY...
MINUTE TO CATCH
YOUR BREATH...

...THAT'S
ALL OVER FOR
YOU.

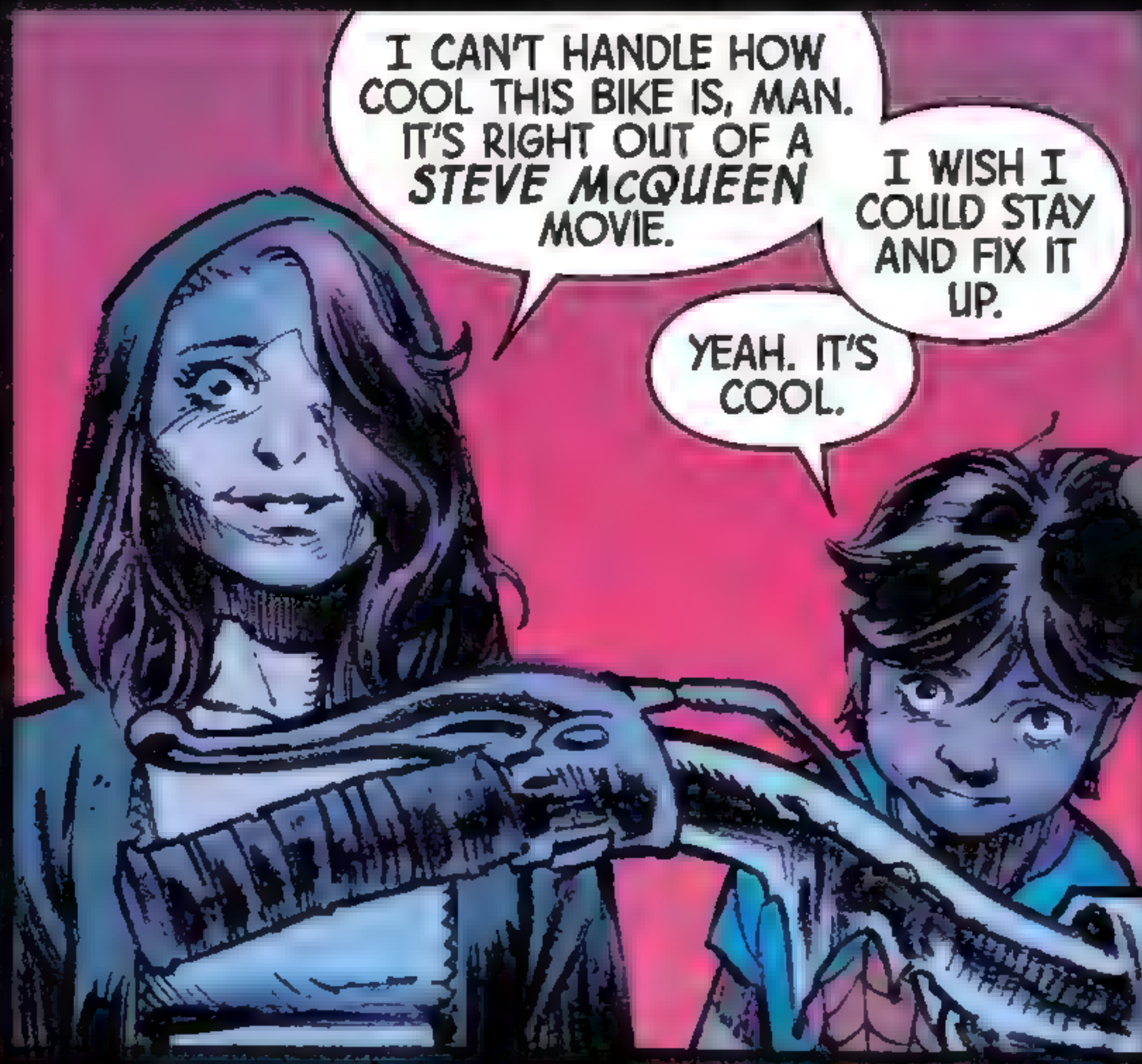


THERE'S
ONLY ME.

NOW RUN,
BANNER...



...UNLESS
YOU WANT
YOUR NEW
FRIENDS TO
PAY ALONG
WITH YOU.



I CAN'T HANDLE HOW COOL THIS BIKE IS, MAN. IT'S RIGHT OUT OF A **STEVE MCQUEEN** MOVIE.

I WISH I COULD STAY AND FIX IT UP.

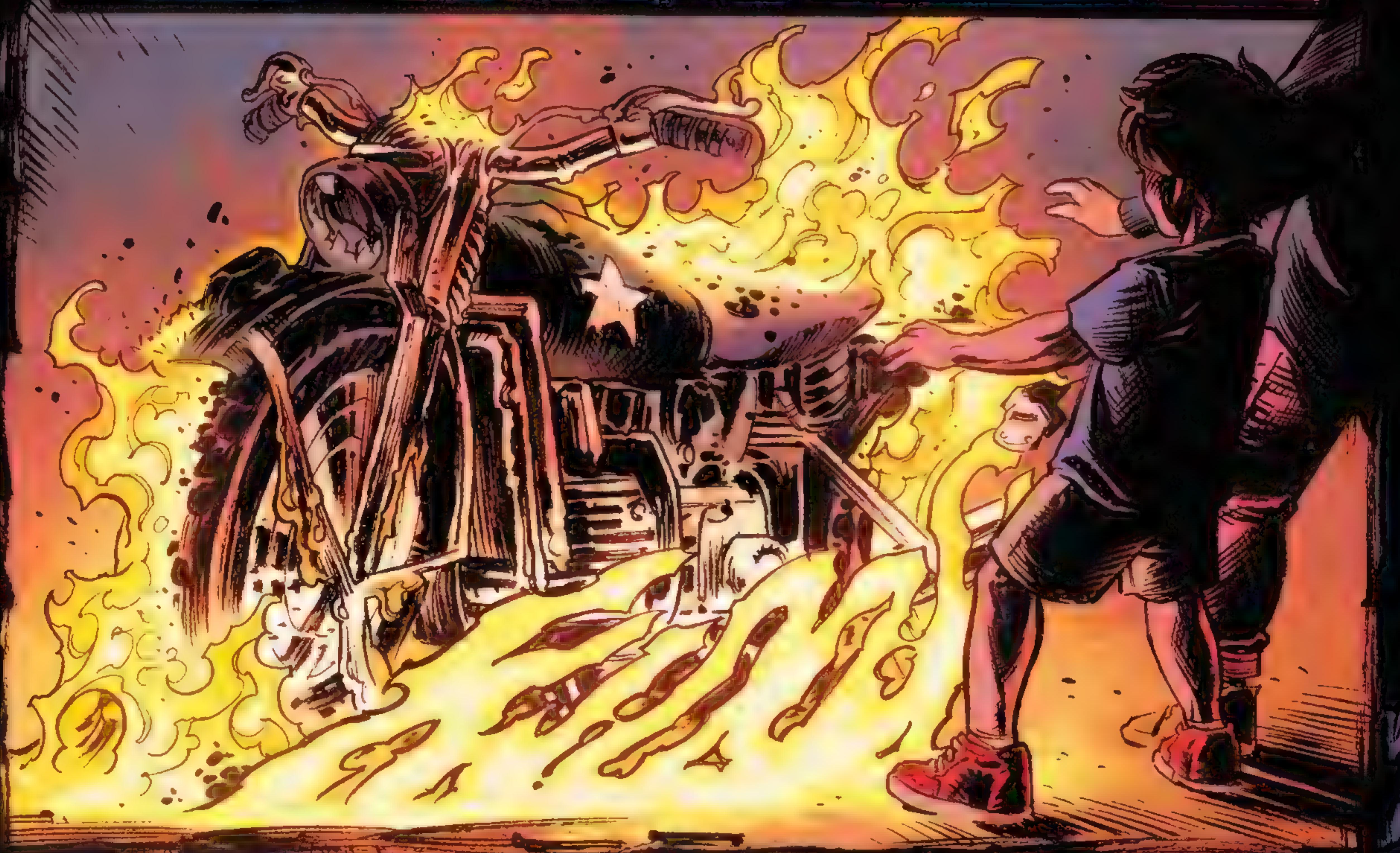
YEAH. IT'S COOL.



WHAT DID YOU MEAN BEFORE? "WHEN THE MONSTERS COME"?

A **BIG, FOR-REAL MONSTER** CAME. IT TOOK DAVID AWAY. BUT UNCLE SAL HURT IT.

NOW WHENEVER IT COMES, SAL SCARES IT AWAY. WHEN IT--



HE'S COMING.

SAL ONLY COMES WHEN SOMETHING **BAD** IS CLOSE...WHEN THE **MONSTERS** ARE CLOSE.



BANNER!

BANNER, SOMETHING'S--



OH NO.

OH-- OH MAN...

THIS MIGHT NOT BE THE MONSTER YOU THINK KID.

BOOM

CRASH

BOOM SLAM

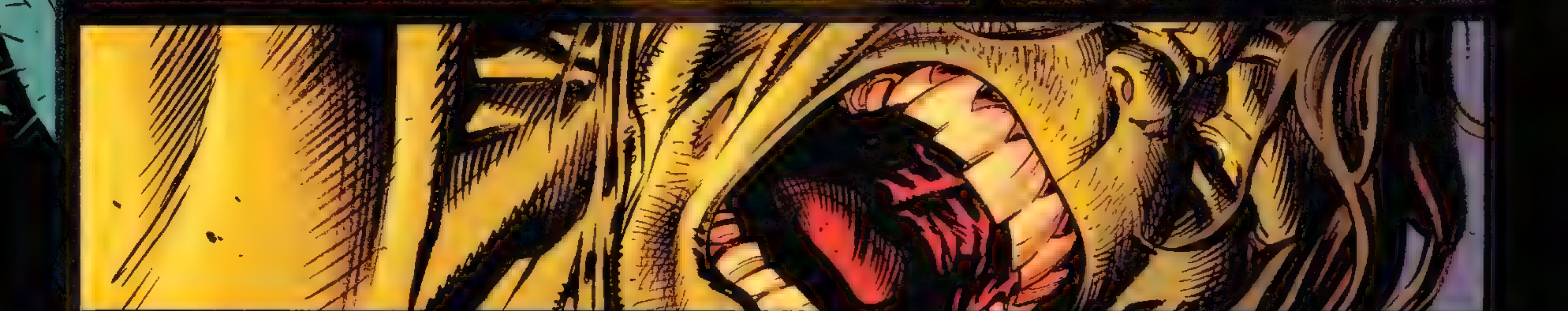
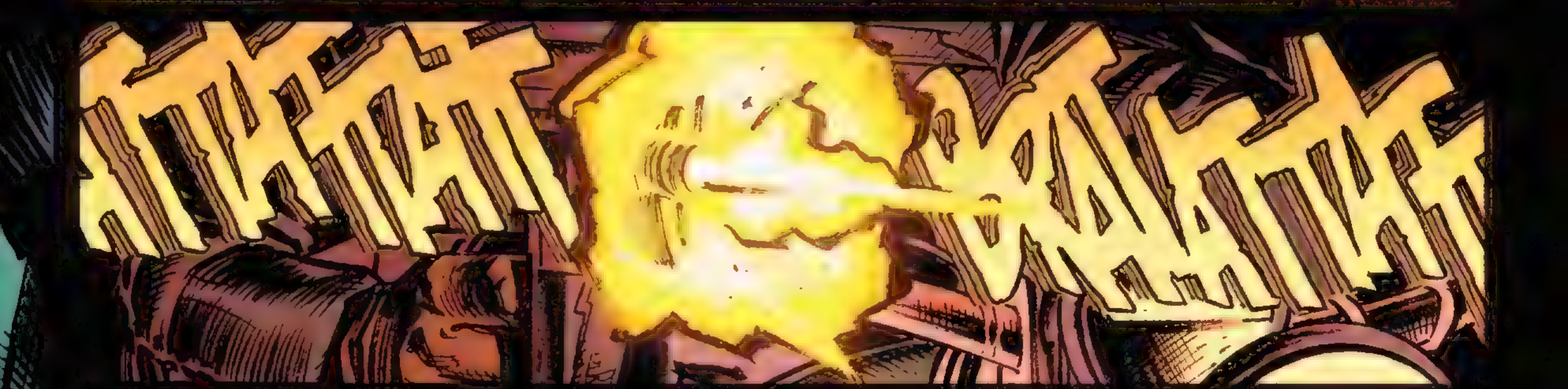
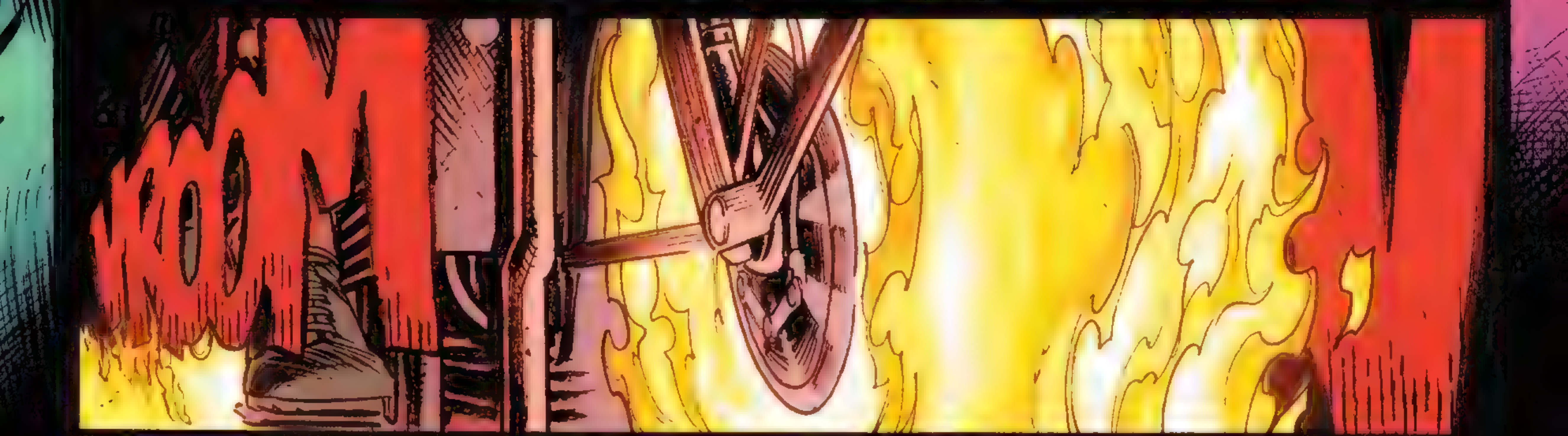
SKRIPP

A comic book panel featuring a close-up of a character with long, dark, wavy hair. The character's face is partially visible, showing a large, green, stylized letter 'K' in the background. The character has a serious expression, and their hand is visible near their face. The background is a bright yellow with green, jagged, lightning-bolt-like patterns. The art style is typical of 1990s comic books, with bold lines and a limited color palette.

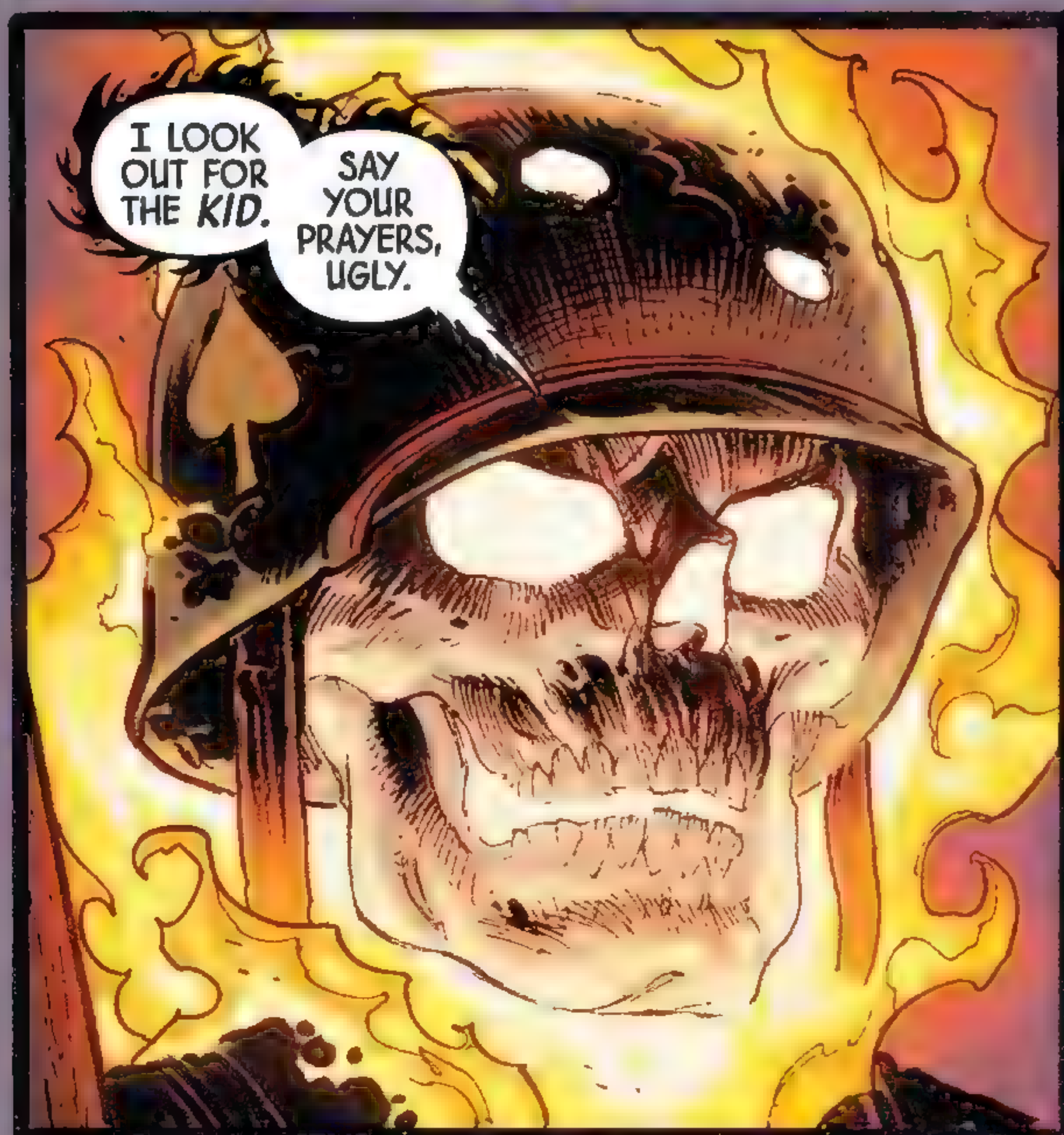


NEVER
LEARN,
BANNER.

SHOULD'VE
STAYED
AWAY.



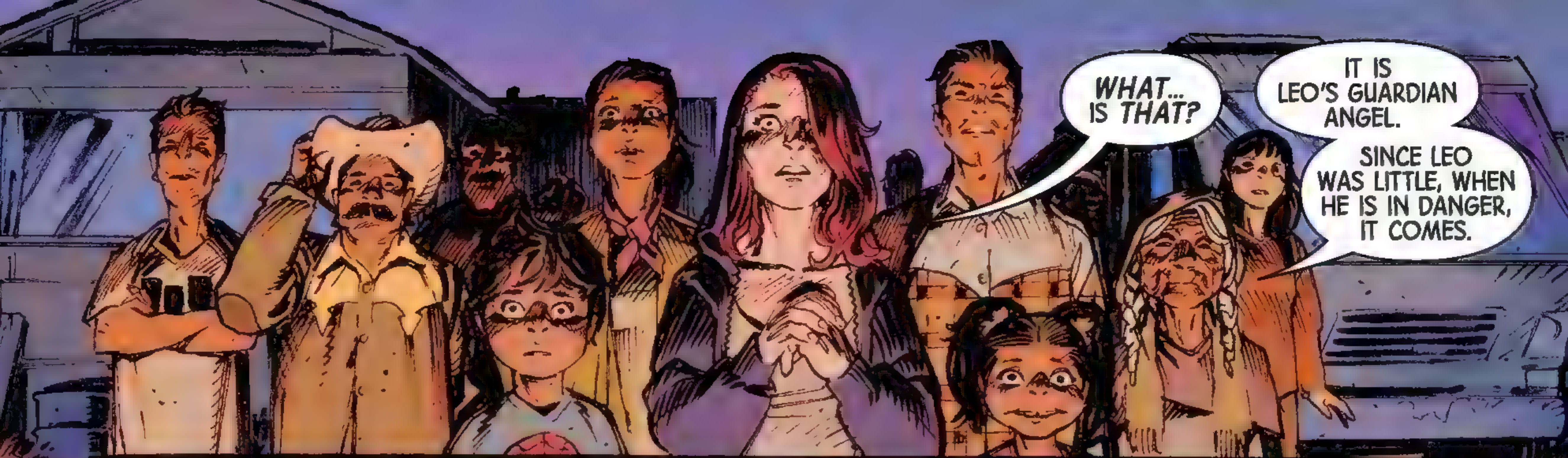






INCREDIBLE HULK #6 VARIANT BY SALVADOR LARROCA & EDGAR DELGADO





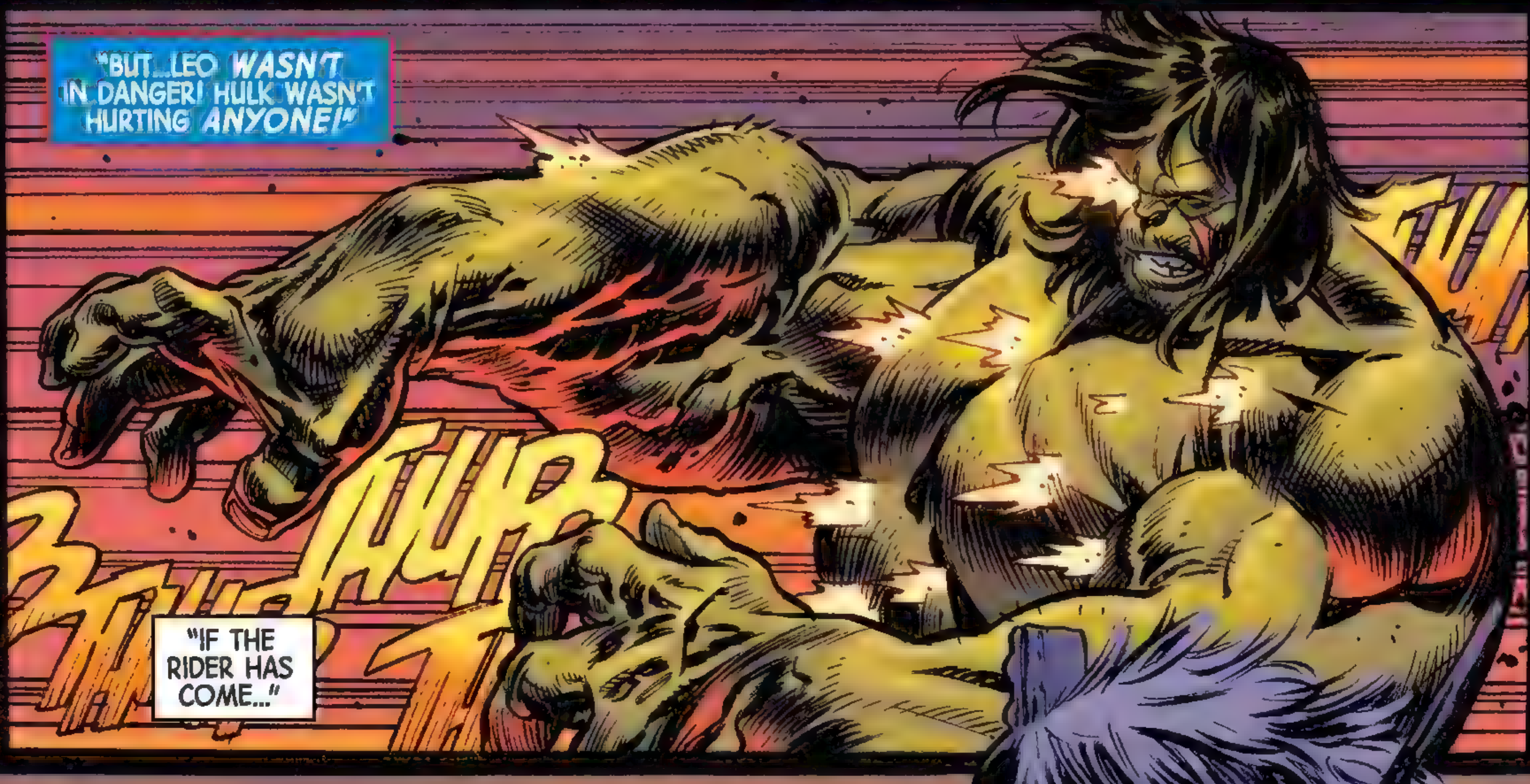
WHAT...
IS THAT?

IT IS
LEO'S GUARDIAN
ANGEL.

SINCE LEO
WAS LITTLE, WHEN
HE IS IN DANGER,
IT COMES.



"IT IS ONE OF THE
GHOST RIDERS."



"BUT...LEO WASN'T
IN DANGER! HULK WASN'T
HURTING ANYONE!"

"IF THE
RIDER HAS
COME..."



...DANGER
THERE IS.

RRRRRRLLLLL



RRRAAAAAAAA

BOOM

KING

LEO, CALL HIM OFF! HULK'S NOT HURTING ANY--

LEO DOESN'T CONTROL THE RIDER. PROTECTING LEO IS ALL IT KNOWS.

SOMEBODY LISTEN TO ME!

IF THE RIDER COMES WHEN THERE'S DANGER, THAT MEANS THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE OUT--

OH GOD. GET THE RIFLES!!!

GGRRRRRRRRR



RAAH!!!

FW OOOOOO SSSHHH



TOUCH THAT KID, I'LL PUT YOU IN THE GROUND.



"KID"?
I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO YOU'RE--



BAM

ARROOOO



«EVERYONE INSIDE!»

GREENAWWINK

BLAM

*TRANSLATED FROM SPANISH.



«STAY AWAY!»

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

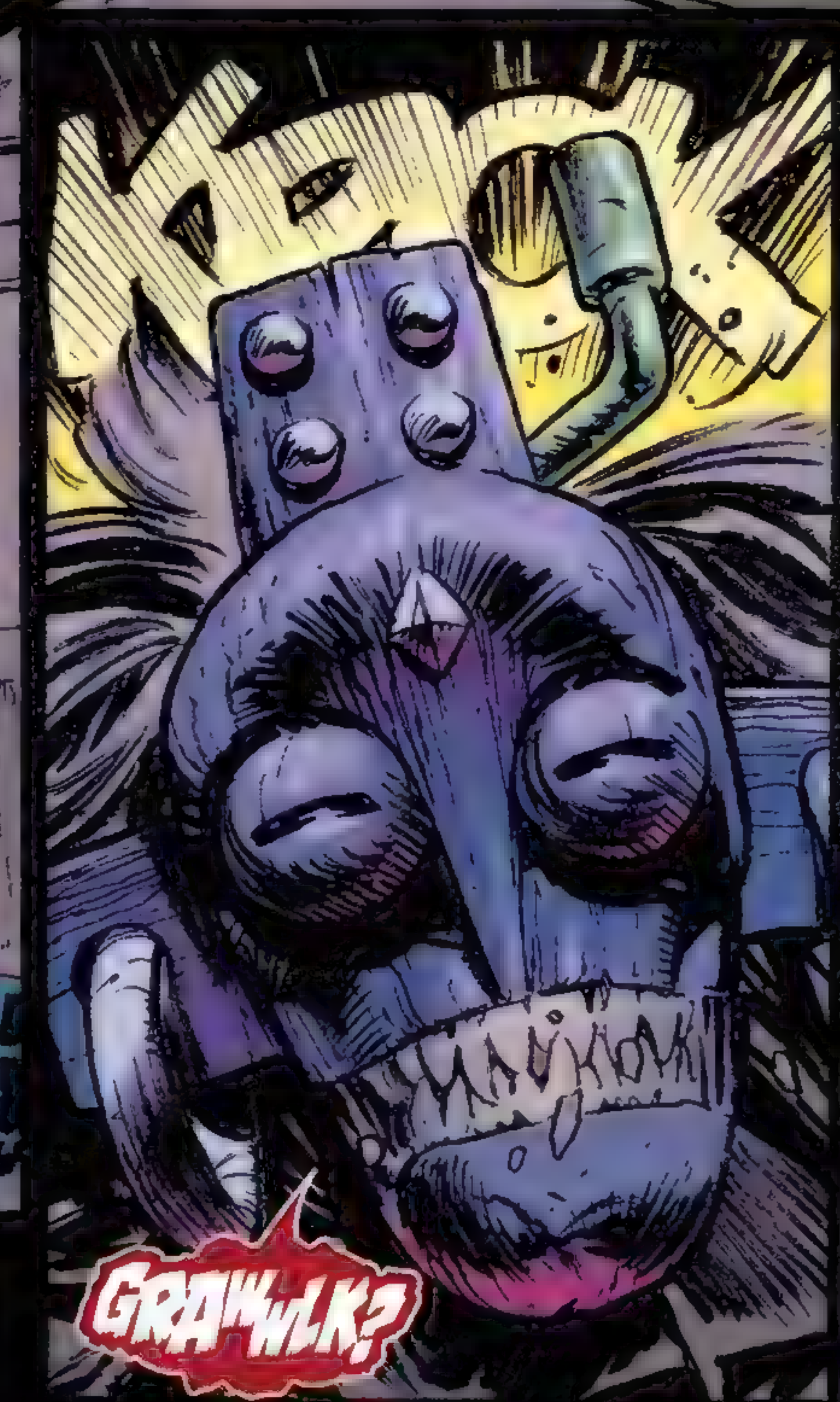


AAAAAHHH!!!



AAAAA!!!!!!!

BLAM
BLAM



GRWWLK?



WH-WHAT'RE YOU LOOKING AT, MAN?!

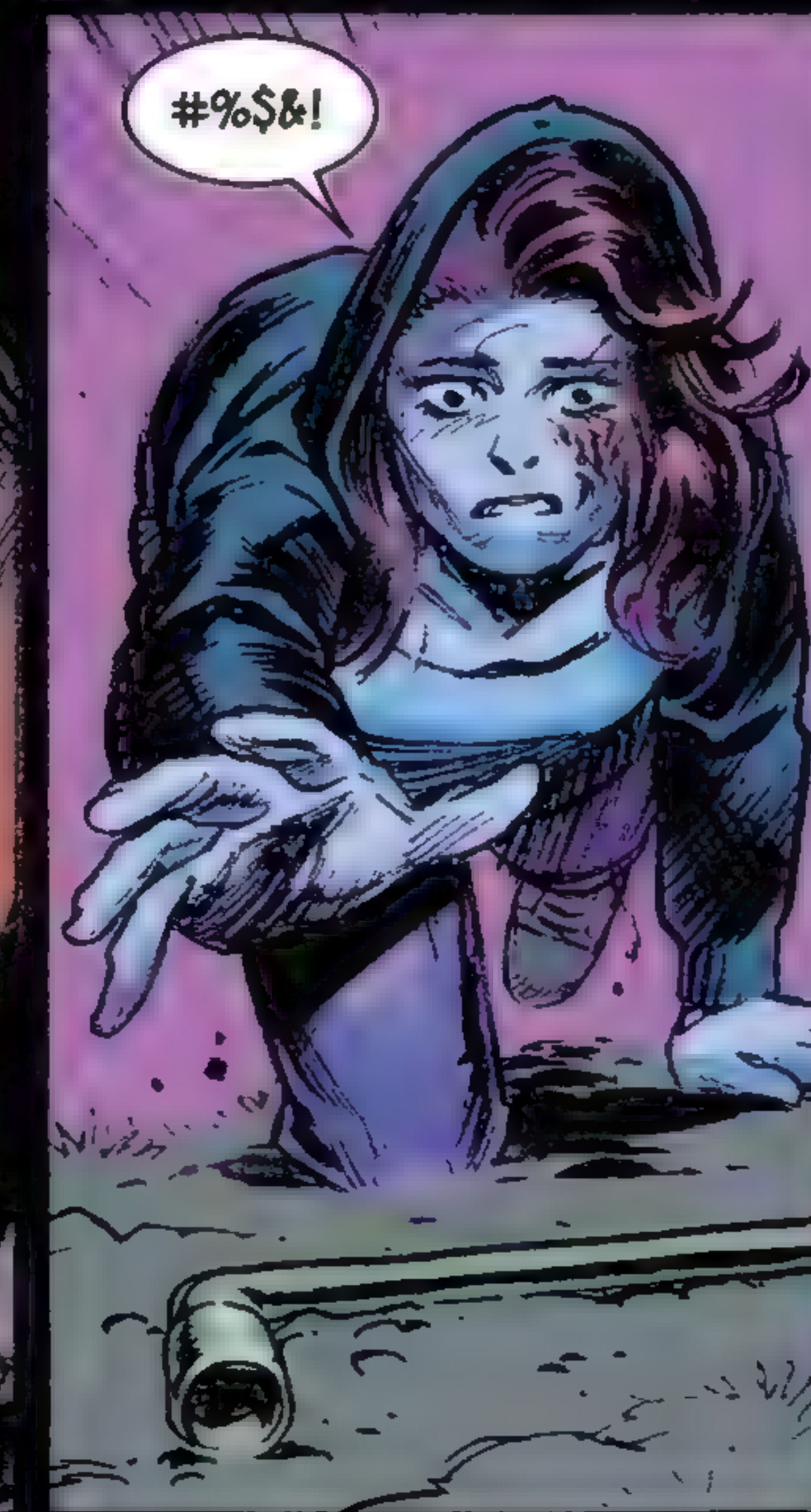
I'M CHARLIE TIDWELL, %\$#@, BRING IT IF YOU THINK YOU'RE--



SKRREEEEAAHK!

BLAM

AAAGH!

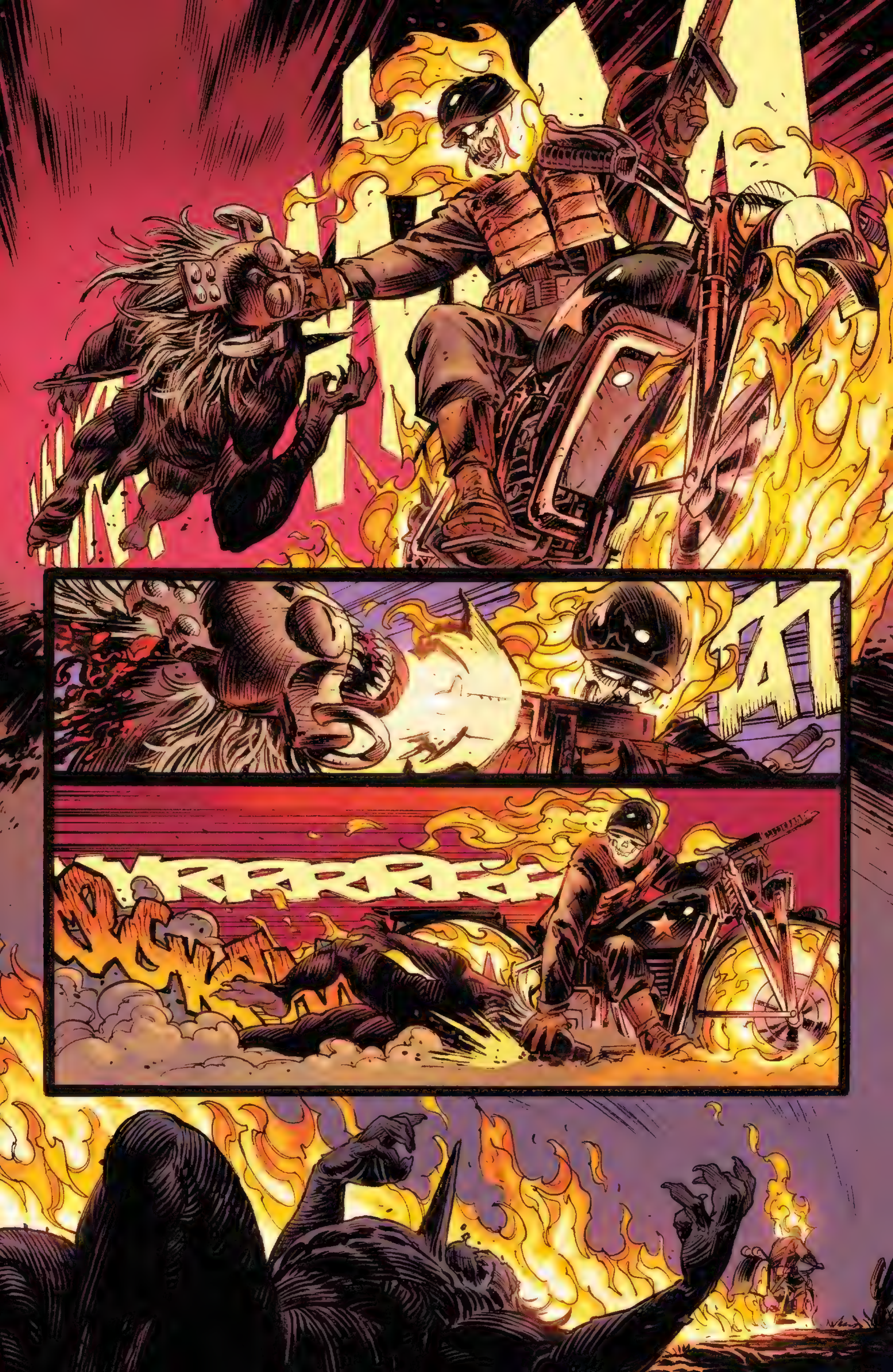


%\$#@!



NOT SCARED O' YOU, YOU STUPID--

RRRRRR



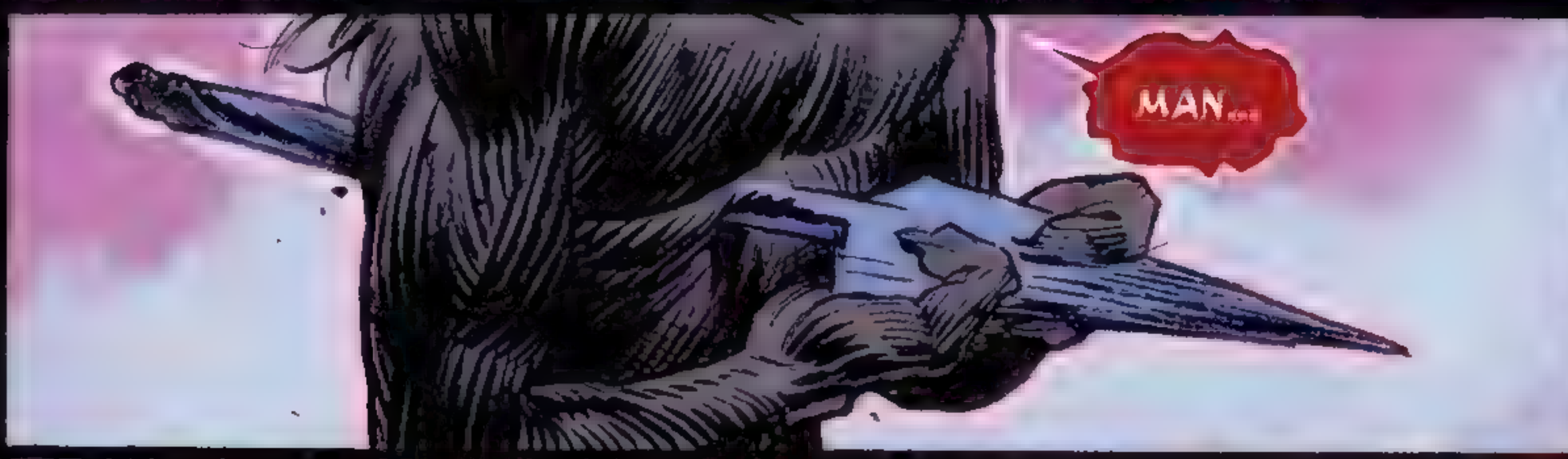


GRRLLONK!

YOU'RE
ONE OF
HERS.



WHERE'S
ELDEST?



MAN...



HAS NO
PLACE...

SHUUK



IN THE
GARDEN



STUPID.



SHOOT
AT ME
AGAIN...

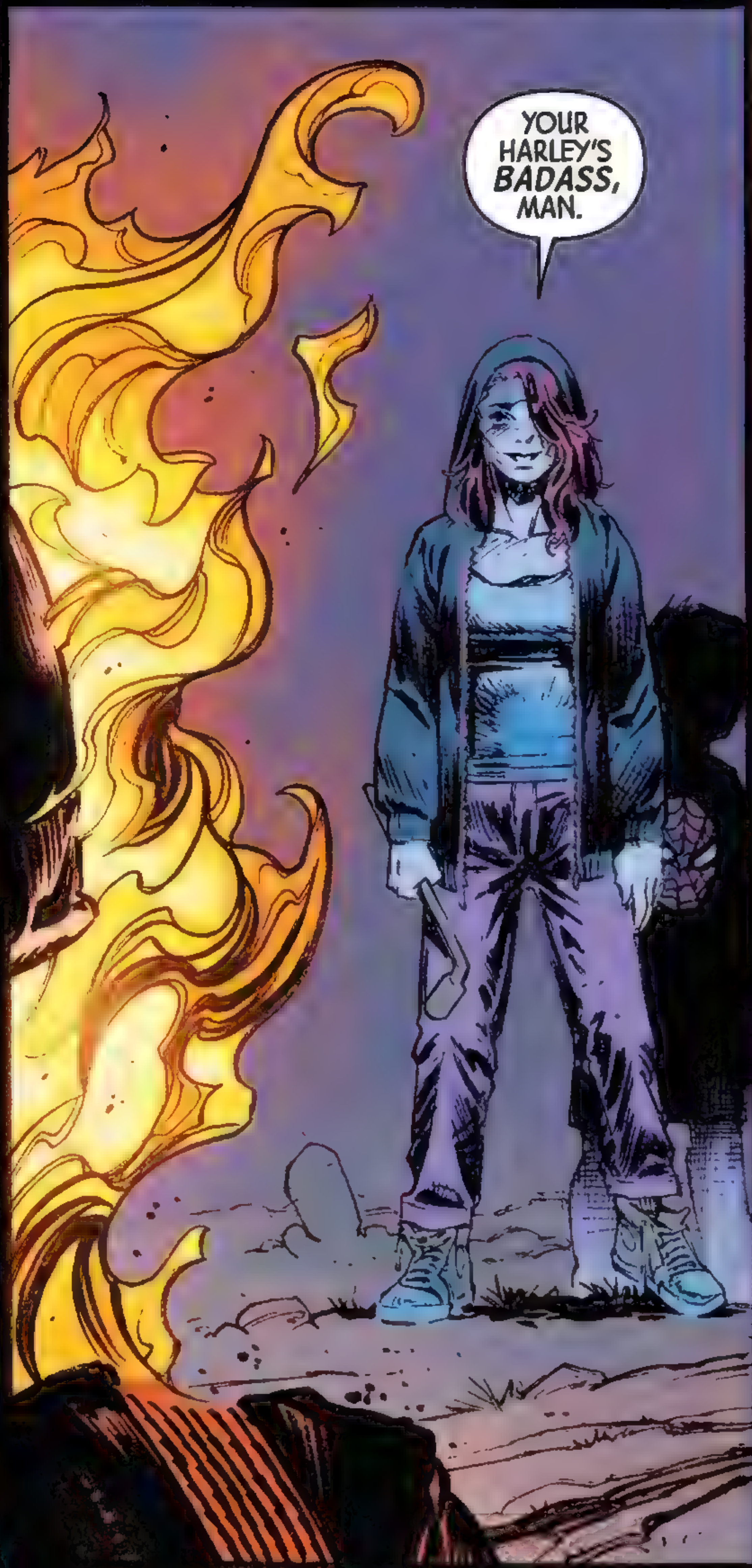


...BEING
DEAD WON'T
SAVE YOU.

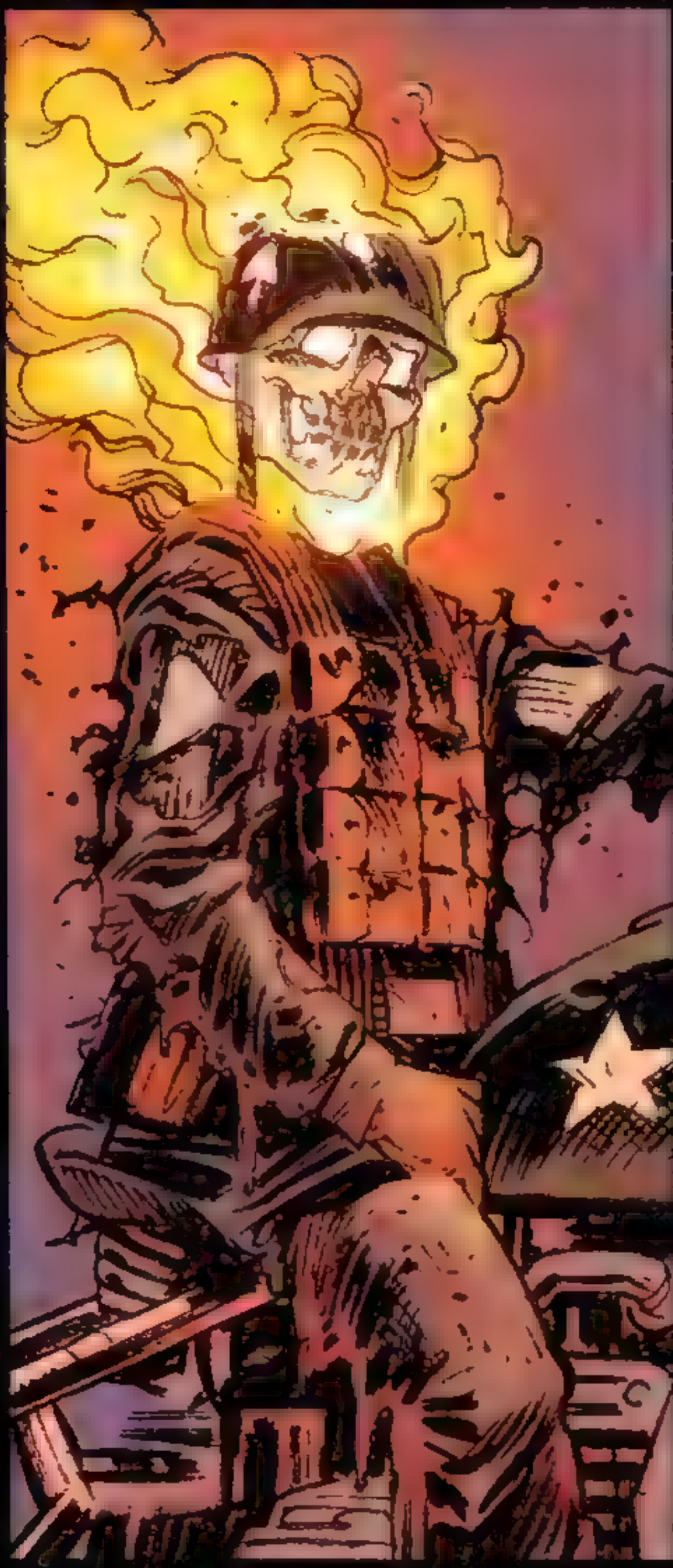


HEY.





YOUR HARLEY'S BADASS, MAN.

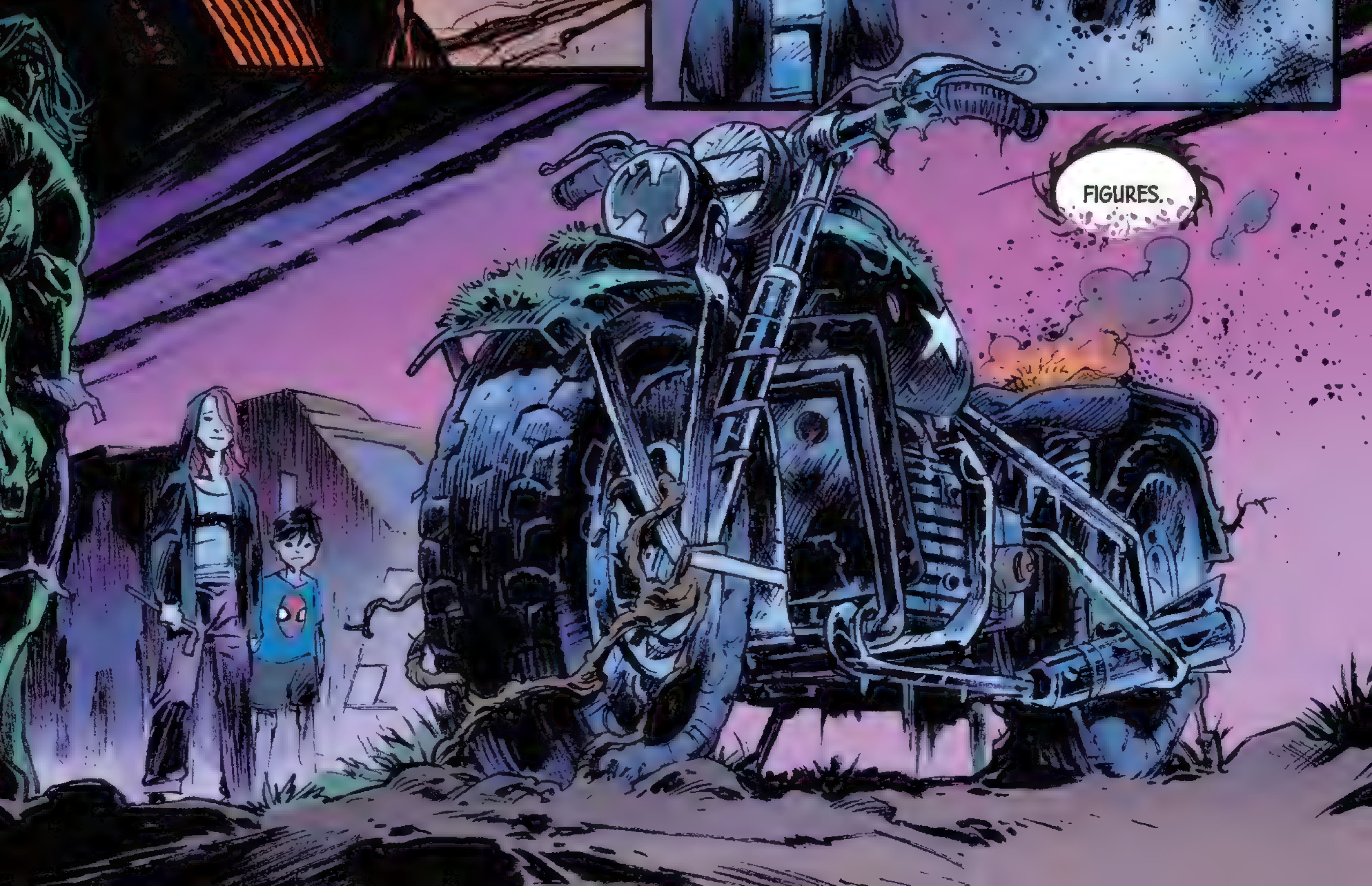


DON'T HAVE A CIGARETTE, DO YA?



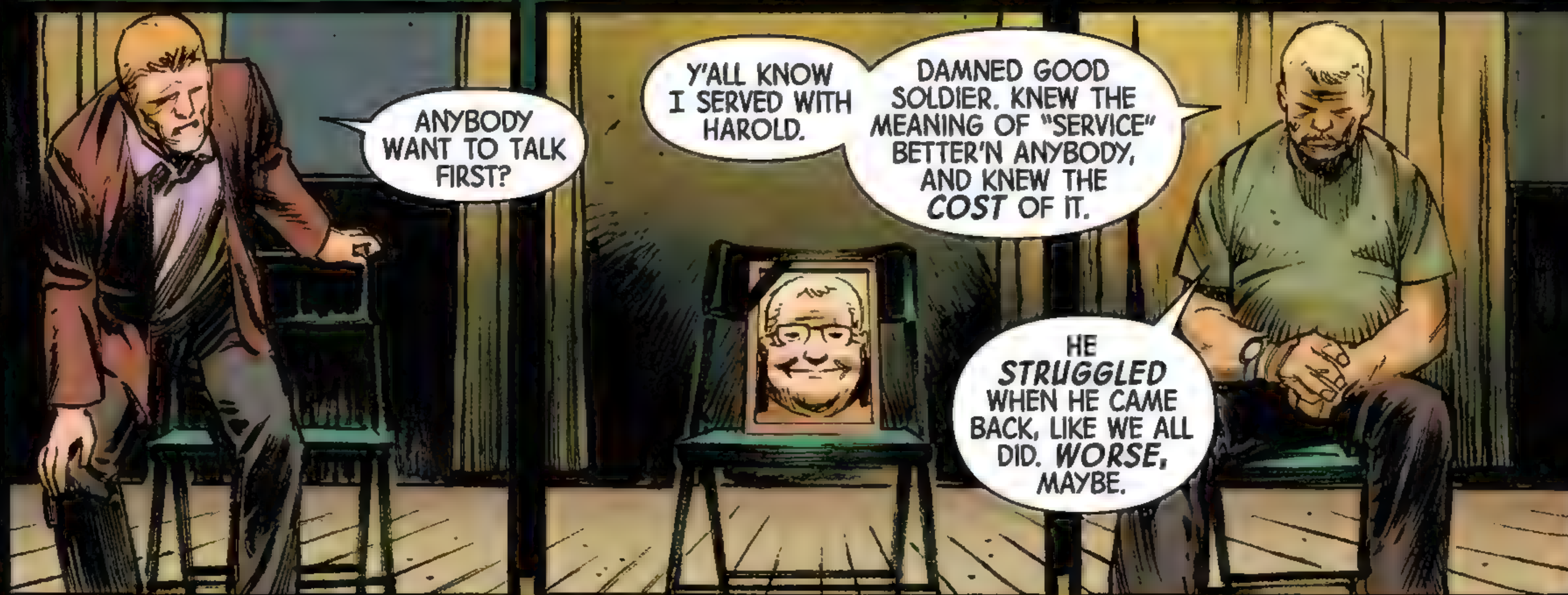
HUH?

OH. UM... NO.



FIGURES.

THIRTY MILES WEST.
THE NEXT NIGHT.





HAROLD
SHOULDA HAD A
LONG LIFE, FULL
O' GRANDKIDS'
BIRTHDAYS AND
COOKOUTS.

QUIET,
PEACEFUL
NIGHTS, NO MORE
NIGHTMARES OF
SCREAMIN' IN THE
DESERT.

MAYBE
HE'S GOT THAT
NOW.



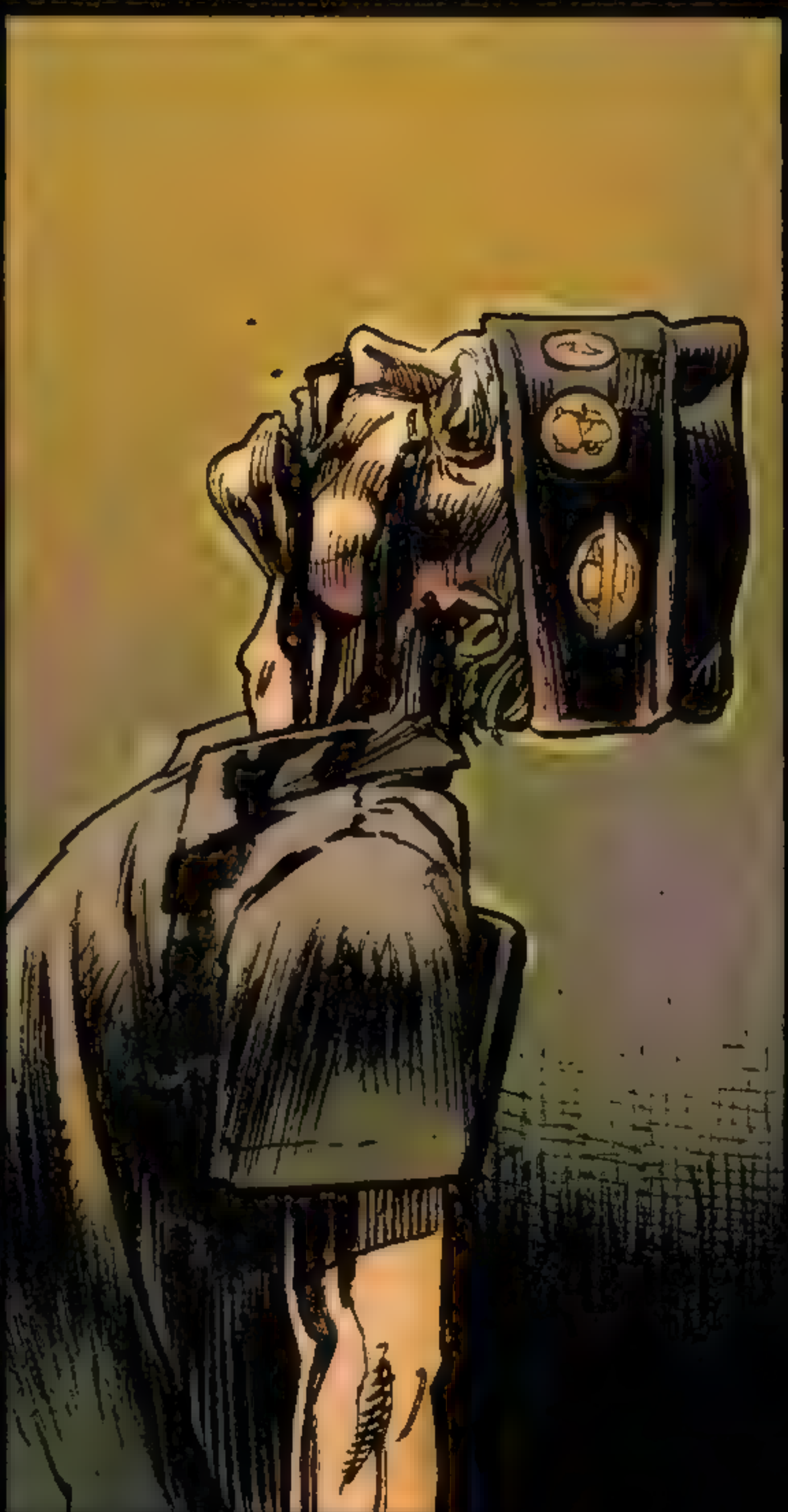
I HOPE
WE ALL WILL
SOMEDAY.

YEAH.



HOPE
WE...ALL
DO.

AMMMENN.



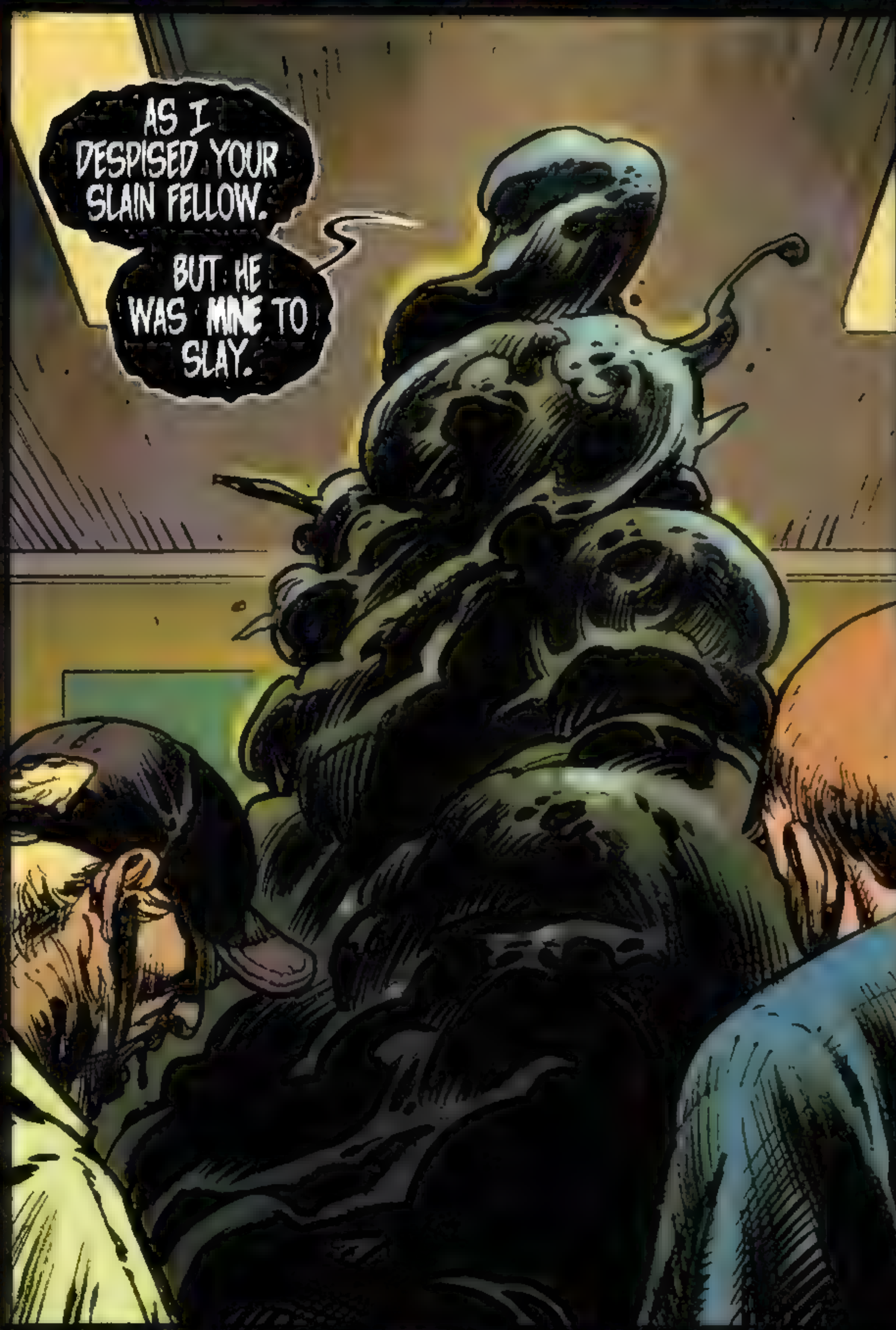


FOUL
RAVAGERS.

GLUTTONOUS
DEVOURERS.

UNBIDDEN
TRESPASSERS.

LOCUSTS
INSATIABLE, HOW I
DESPISE YOU.



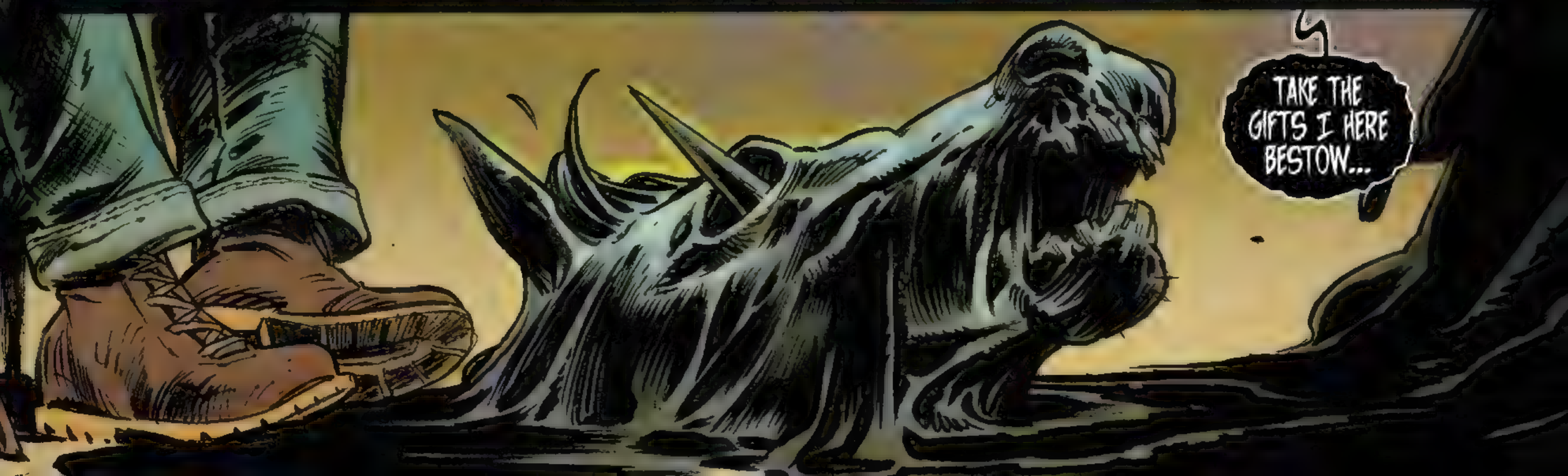
AS I
DESPISED YOUR
SLAIN FELLOW.

BUT HE
WAS MINE TO
SLAY.



THEY WHO
FELLED HIM ARE
KNOWN TO ME.

HUNTERS OF
DEVILS AND MEN
FROM ACROSS
THE SEA.



TAKE THE
GIFTS I HERE
BESTOW...

"...AND WATER
MY GARDEN WITH
THEIR BLOOD."

MAN.

THIS PLACE IS
AWESOME.

THIS IS
WHAT I THOUGHT
THIS WAS GONNA BE,
YOU KNOW?

I USED TO
DREAM CAP WOULD
PICK ME UP ON HIS
HARLEY AND TAKE ME
ON ADVENTURES... SAVIN'
PEOPLE, KICKIN' ASS, BEIN'
HEROES, AND NOW
WE'RE **DOIN' IT**
AND IT'S LIKE...

...BAAAAHHHH.

I JUST
LOVE THIS.

IF
YOU LIKE,
STAY. WORK
WITH US.

I KNOW
YOU HIDE FROM
SOMETHING. NO
ONE COMES HERE.
AND THE THING THAT
HUNTS US IS GONE,
THANKS TO YOU.

HULK,
WE SHOULD
TOTALLY
STAY!

NO.



"NO."

"NO.
LEMM
'LONE, LEMME
'LONE."

HAHAHA!



HEH.



...HRRN?



RRRM.

SO HOW'S
IT WORK WITH
YOU AND BANNER,
ANYWAY?

IF YOU'RE
HERE...WHERE'S
HE?

WHERE
I PUT
HIM.



"WHERE HE
BELONGS."



DON'T
TALK ABOUT
BANNER.



OKAY,
OKAY, GEEZ.
SORRY,
GROUCHY.

HULK...

...YOUR
EYES.



RAVAGING
BRUTE...

...YOU HAVE
NO PLACE IN
MY GARDEN.





HRRNGG.

RUN.

HULK?
WHAT'S WR--

RUN.

OH GOD!

THAT THING
WE FOUGHT...I-IT
INFECTED HIM OR
SOMETHING!

GET THE
KIDS OUT OF
HERE!



◀IT'S COME
BACK!▶

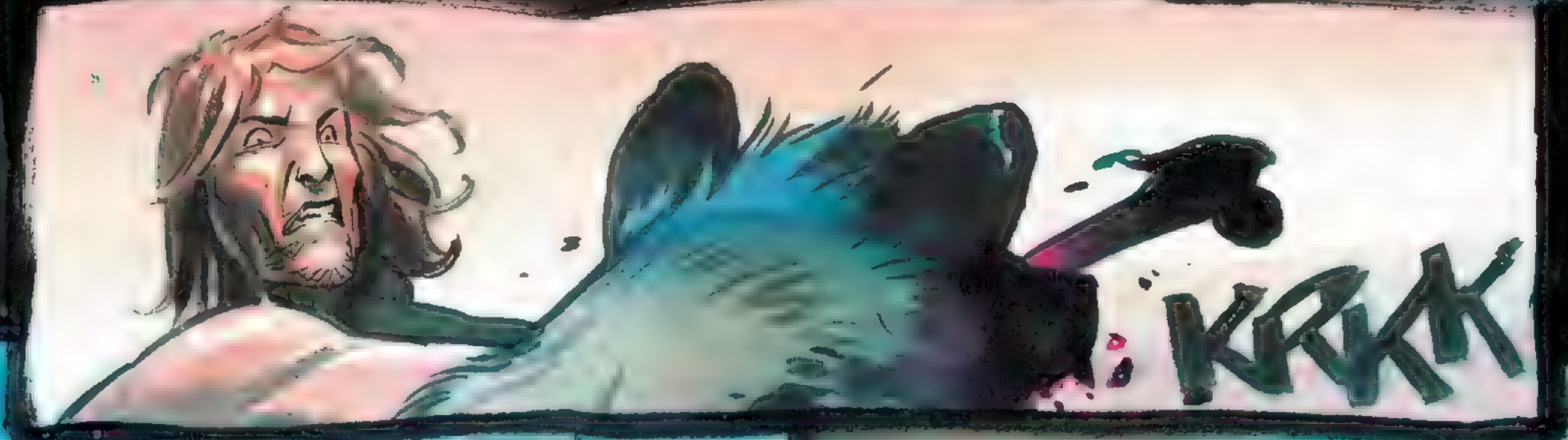
◀THE
WAR DEVIL
HAS COME
BACK!▶



INCREDIBLE HULK #6 VARIANT BY MR GARCIN









HULKI!
HULK,
SNAP OUT
OF IT! WHAT'S
WRONG WITH
YOU?!!

I WILL
KILL YOU,
LITTLE
LOUST.



"HEROES"
ARE ONLY IN
TALES.



AMONG
MEN...
...THERE
ARE ONLY
MONSTERS.



"YOU AND ALL
YOUR KINDZ."



HULKI!
IT'S ME!



IT'S
CHARLIE!

YOU USETA
BE AN AVENGER!
THESE PEOPLE
NEED US TO BE
HEROES!



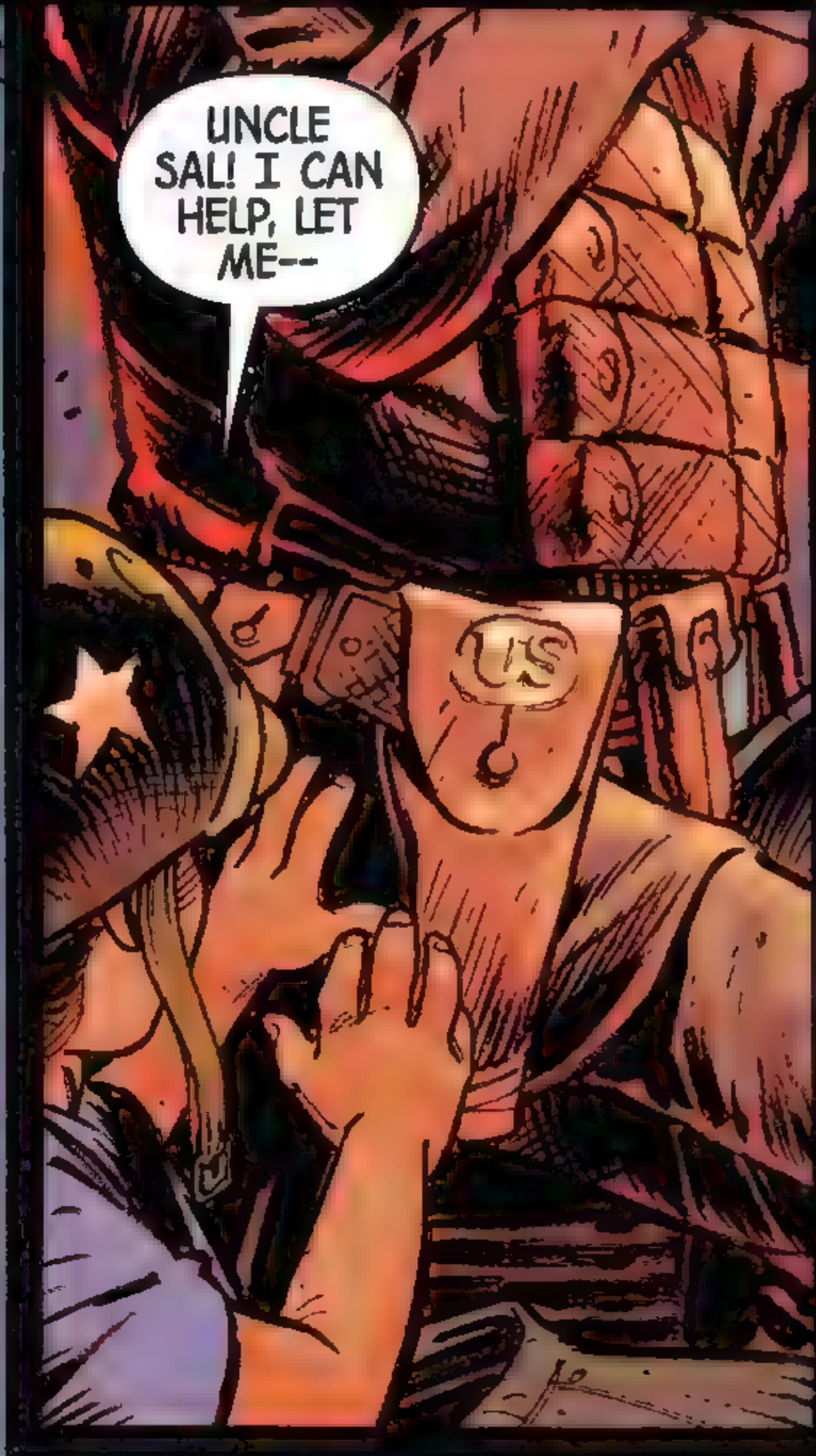
SEE,
JERK?

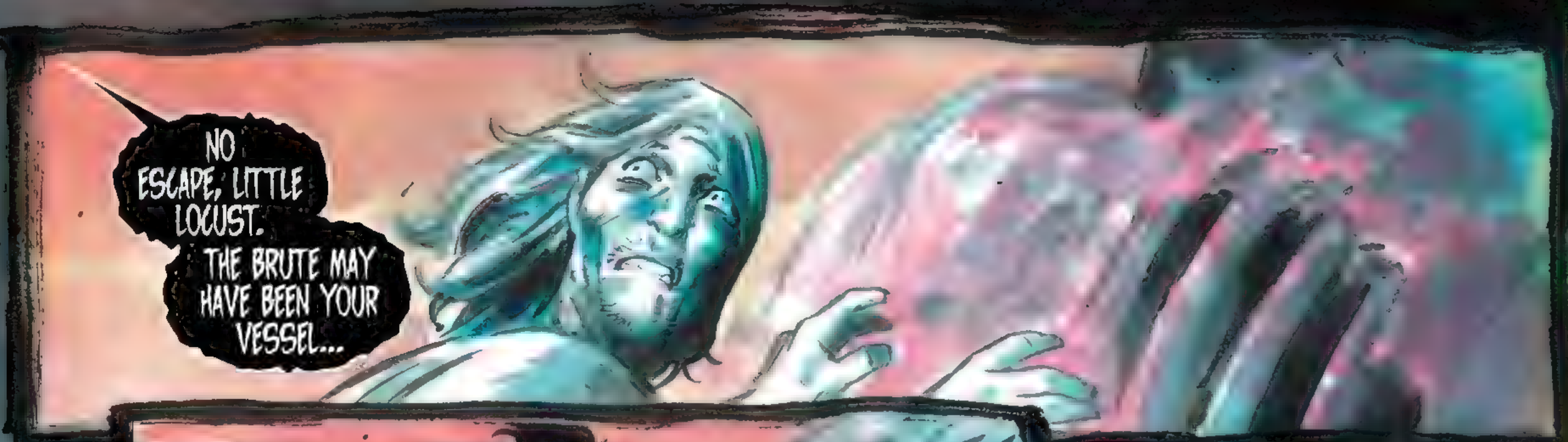


SEE,
JERK?

HEROES
ARE REAL







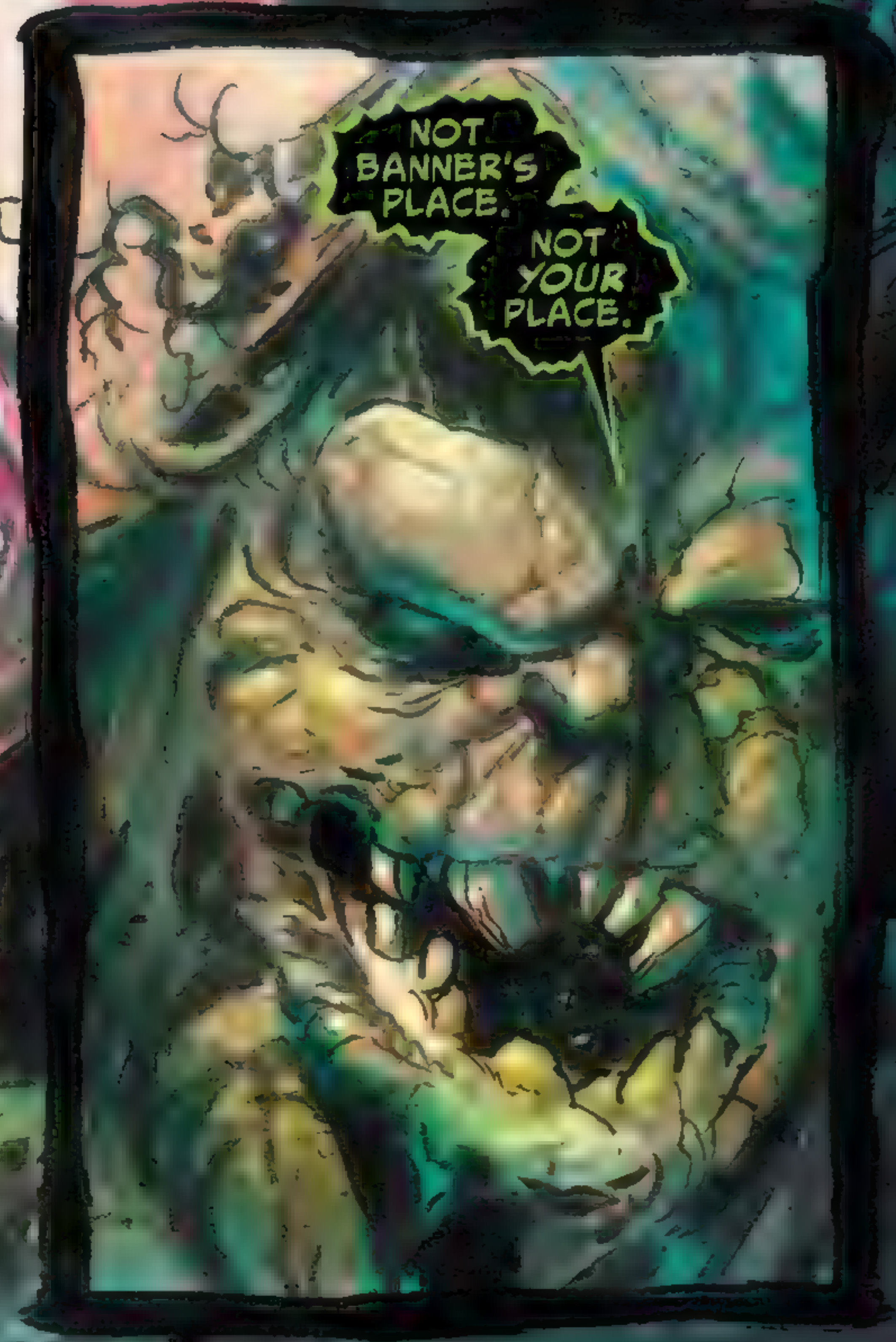
NO
ESCAPE, LITTLE
LOCUST.
THE BRUTE MAY
HAVE BEEN YOUR
VESSEL...



...BUT
NOW HE IS
MINE.



STUPID.



NOT
BANNER'S
PLACE.
NOT
YOUR
PLACE.



MINE.

GET
OUT.

SLA
AM

GET
OUT.



I NEED
NOT YOUR FLESH,
FRACTURED SON.

I AM
JANN DAGAAL,
THE FIRST HUNTER
OF MEN...



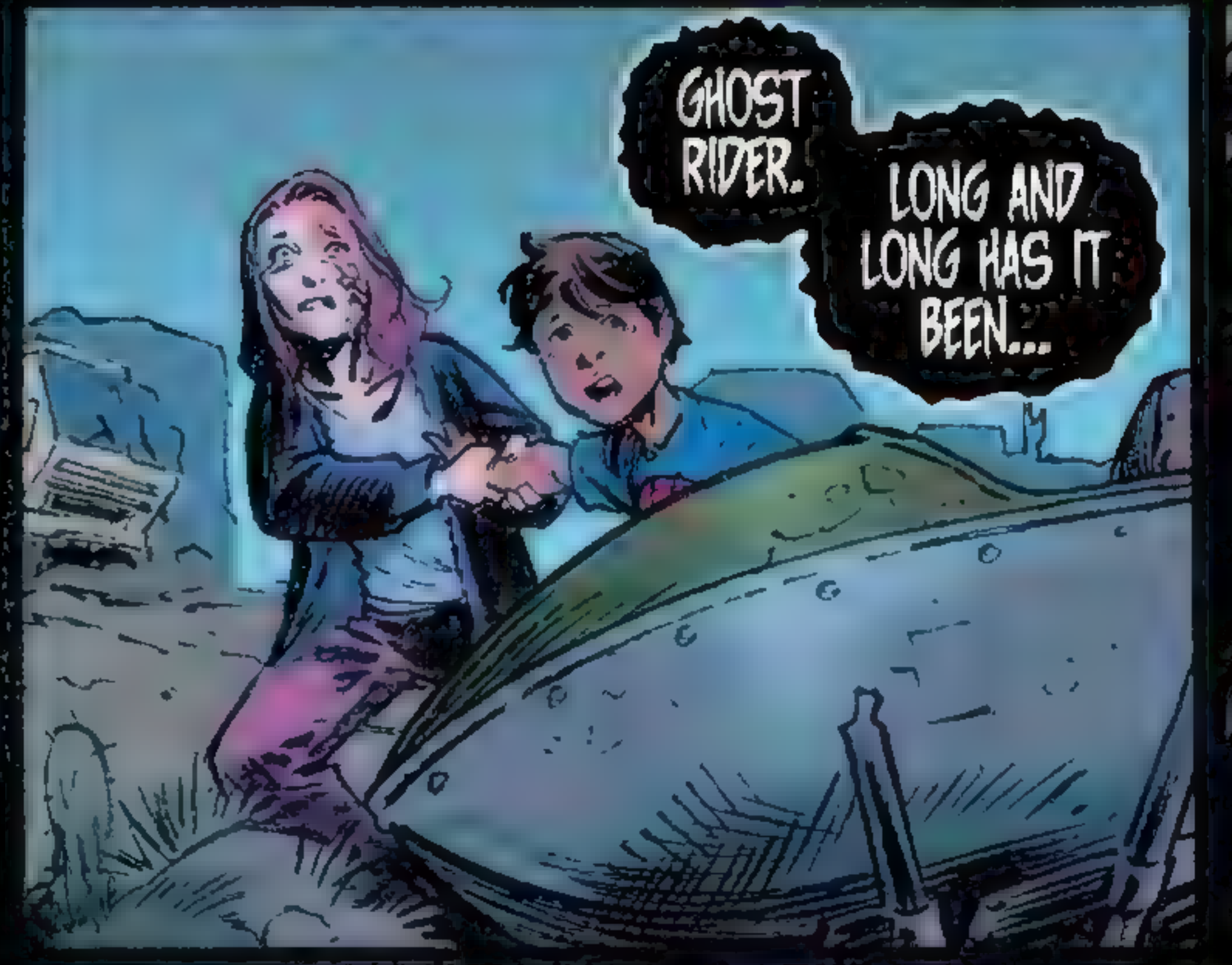
"...AND I COMMAND
LEGIONS BEYOND COUNTING."



MAN HAS
NO PLACE IN
THE--



FRACTURED SON.



GHOST RIDER.

LONG AND LONG HAS IT BEEN...



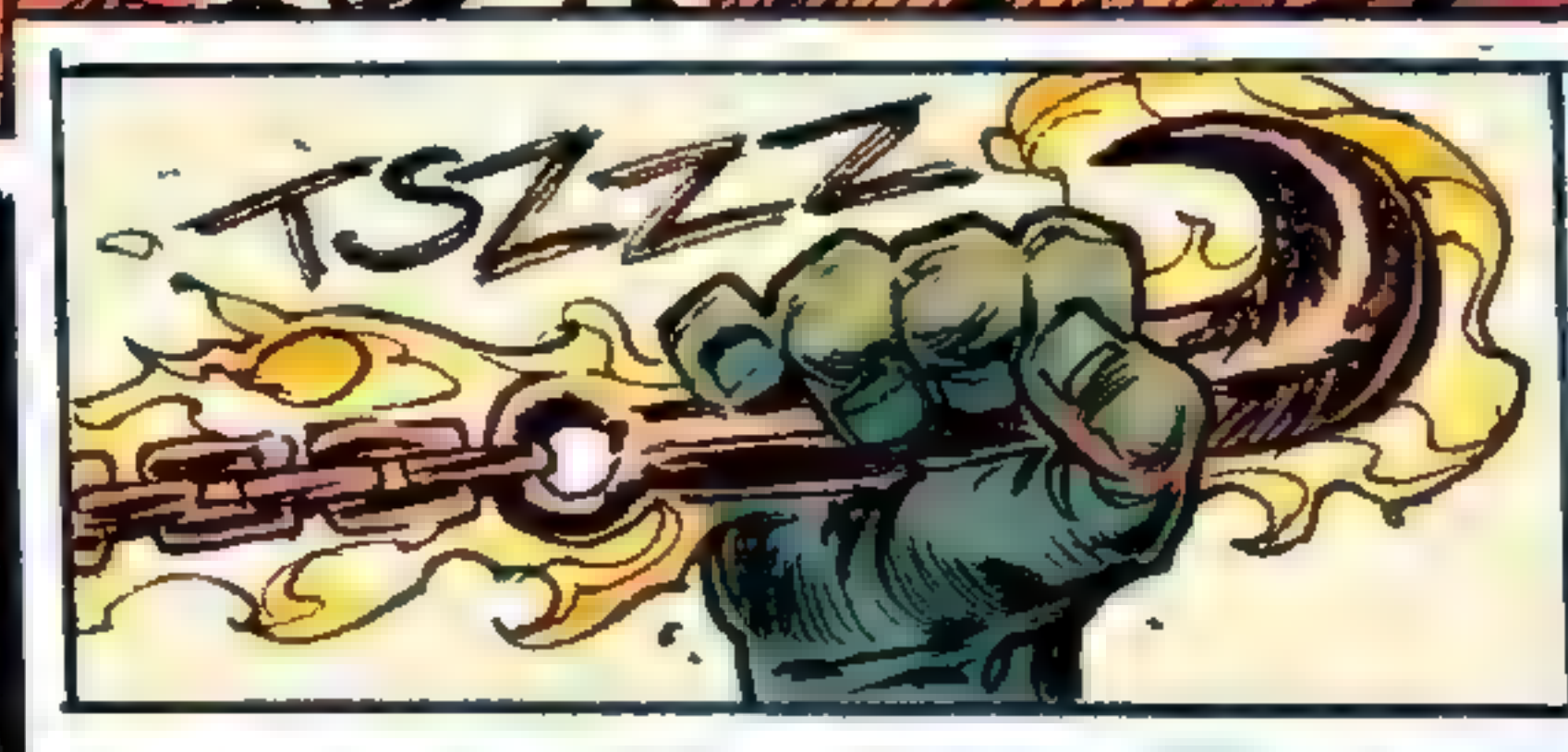
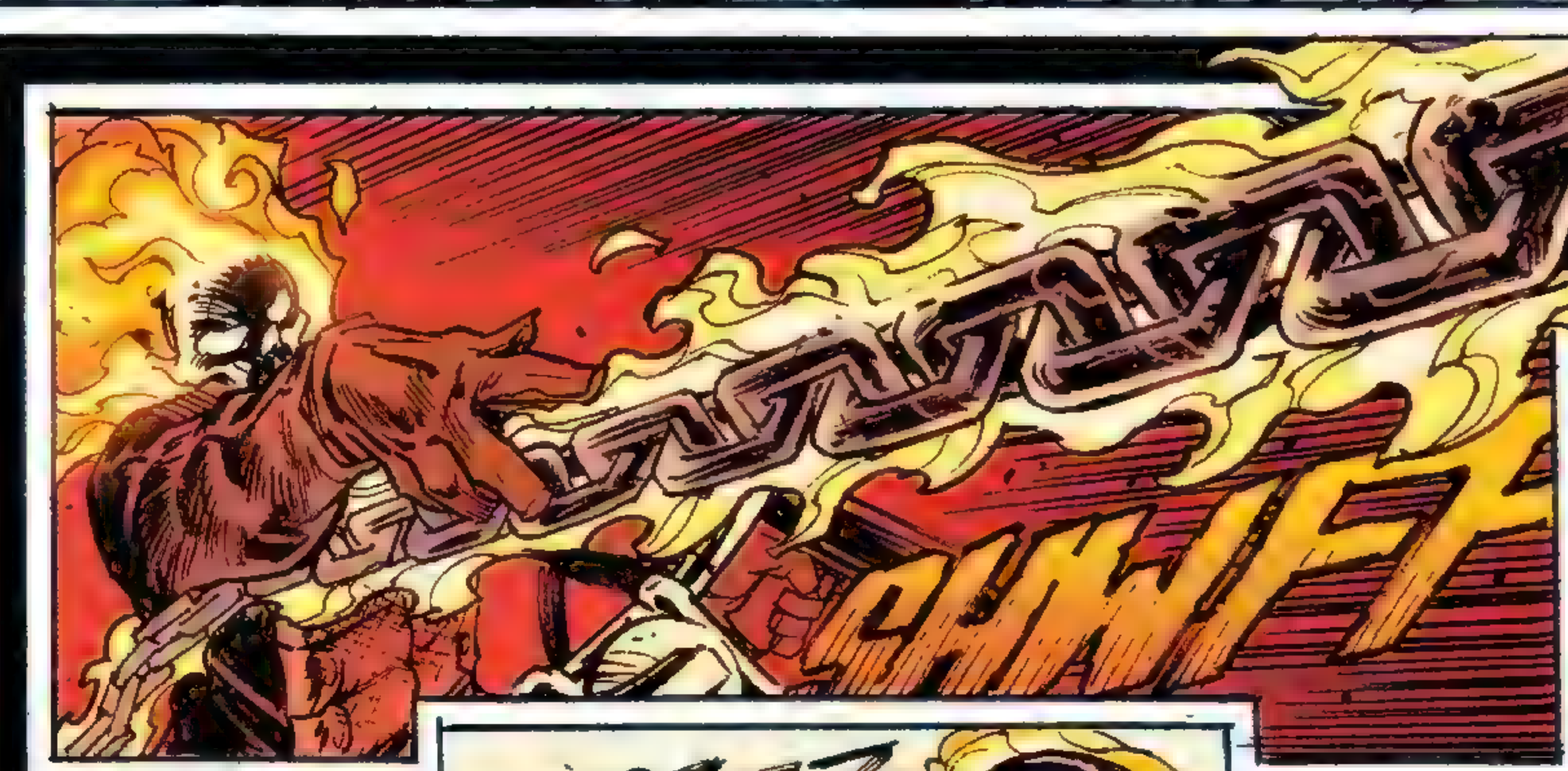
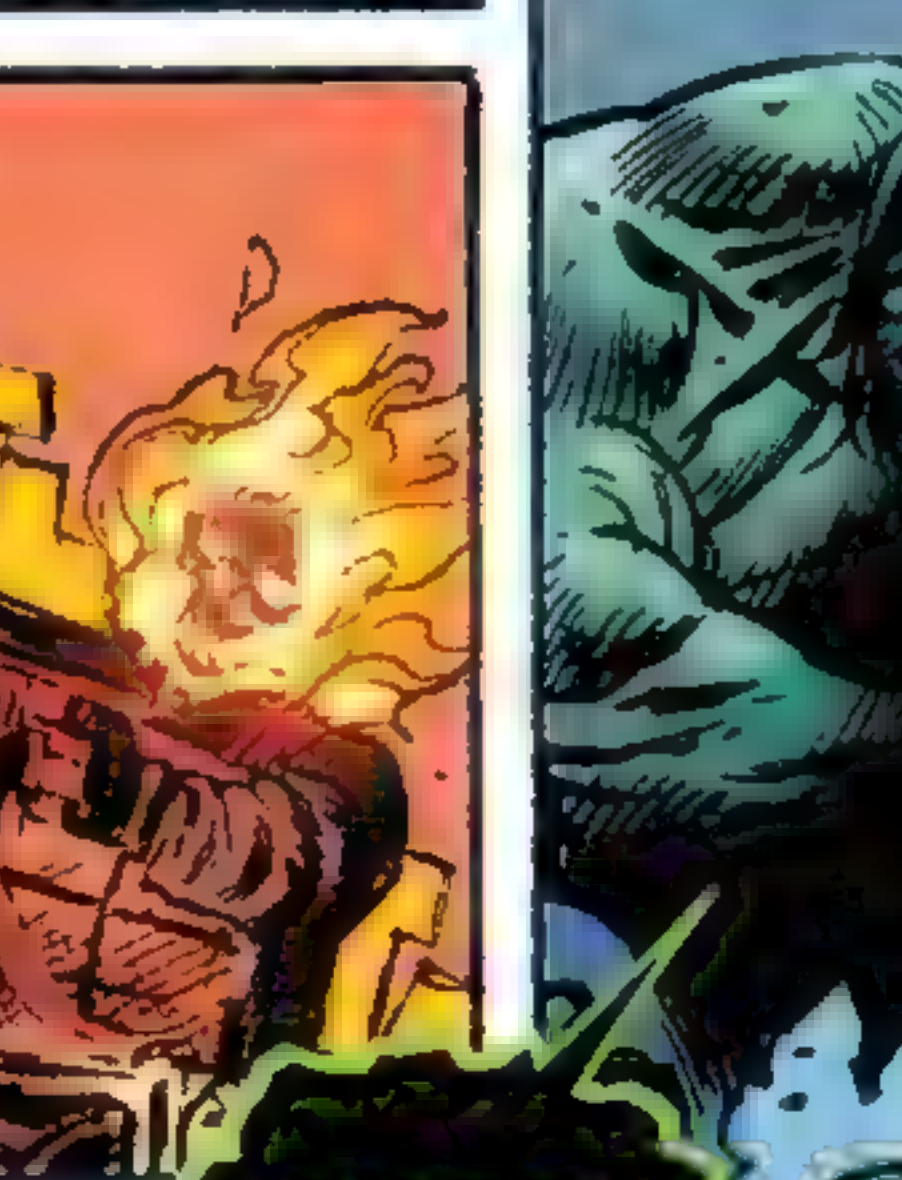
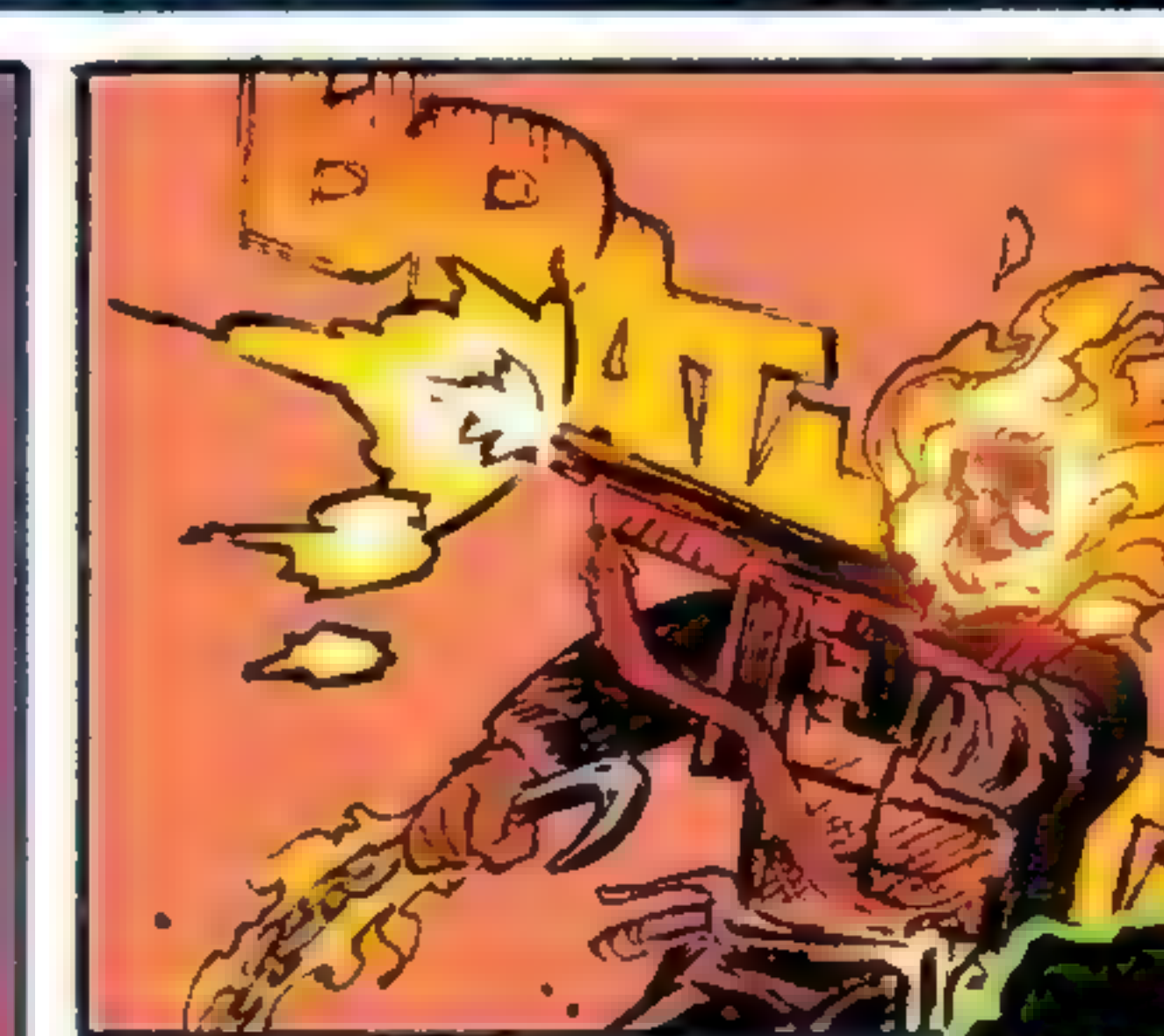
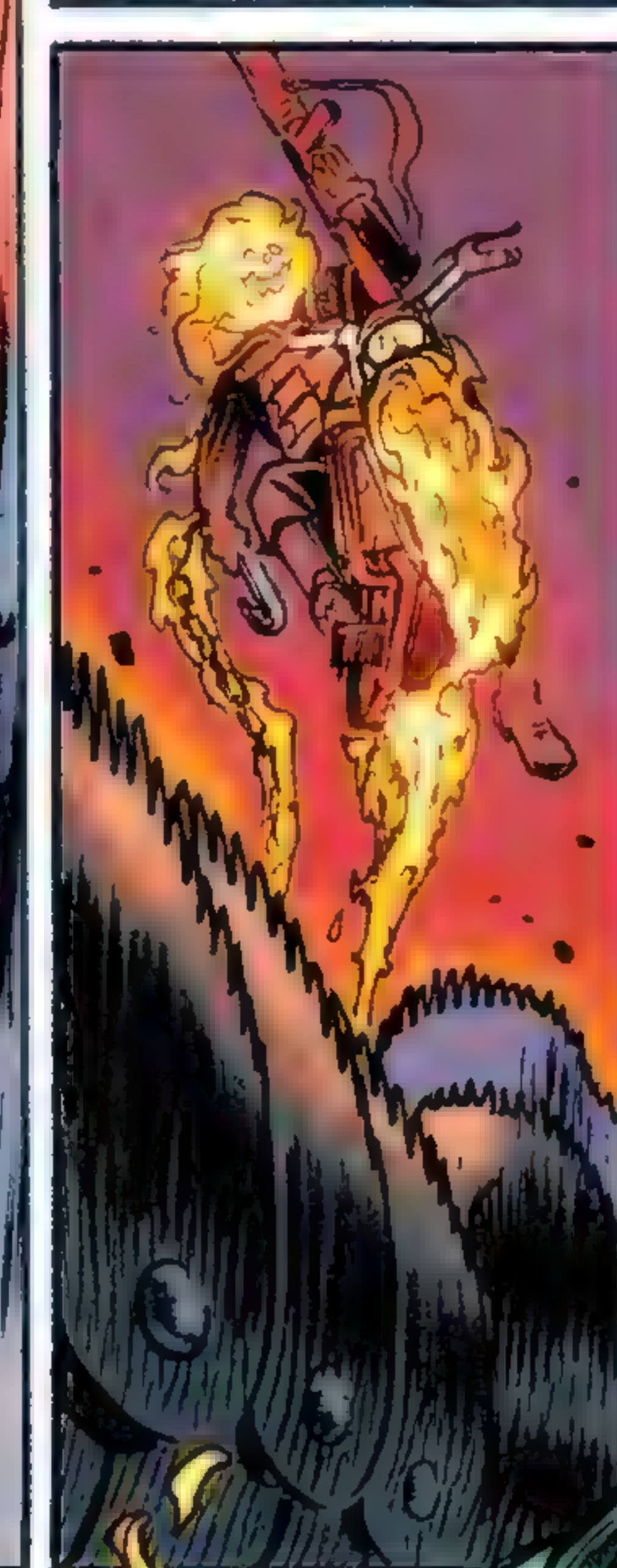
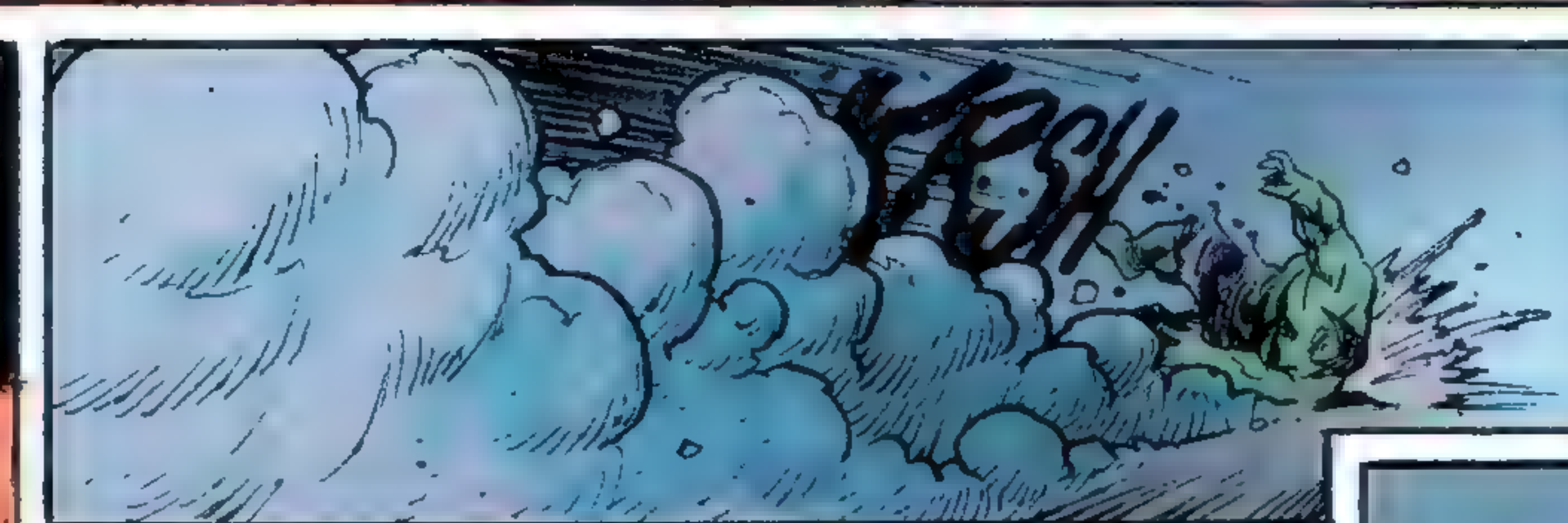
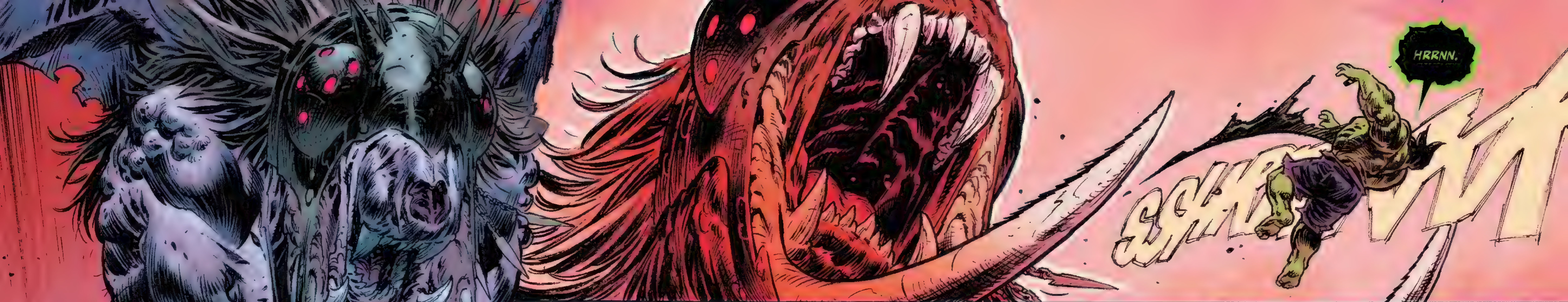
NO MATTER.

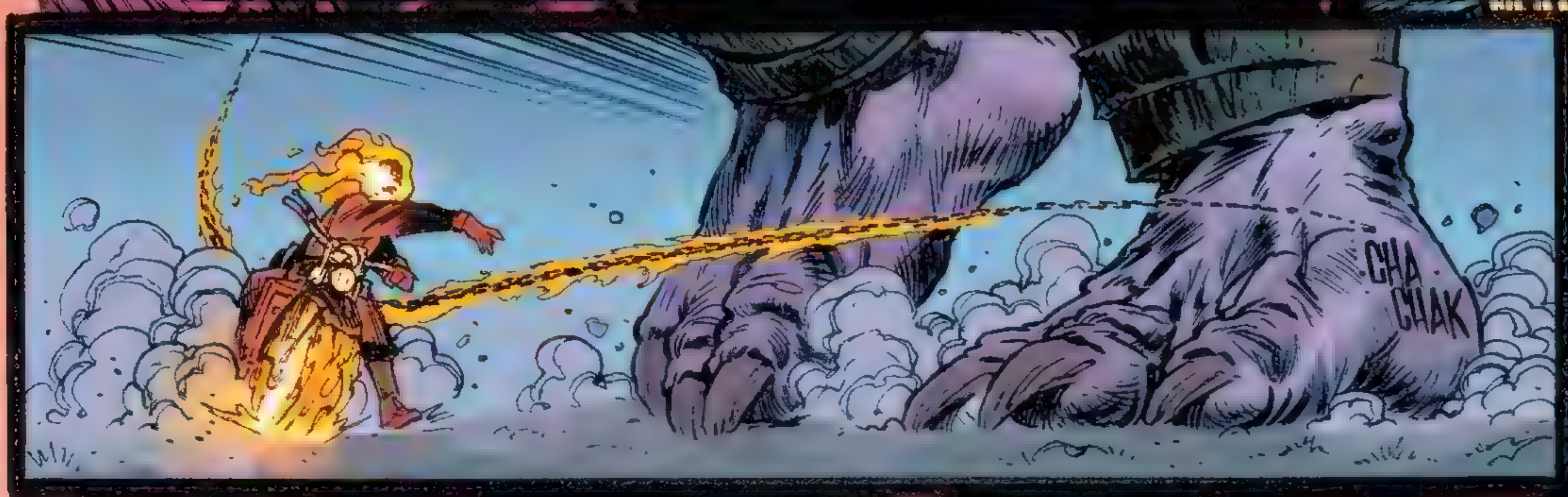
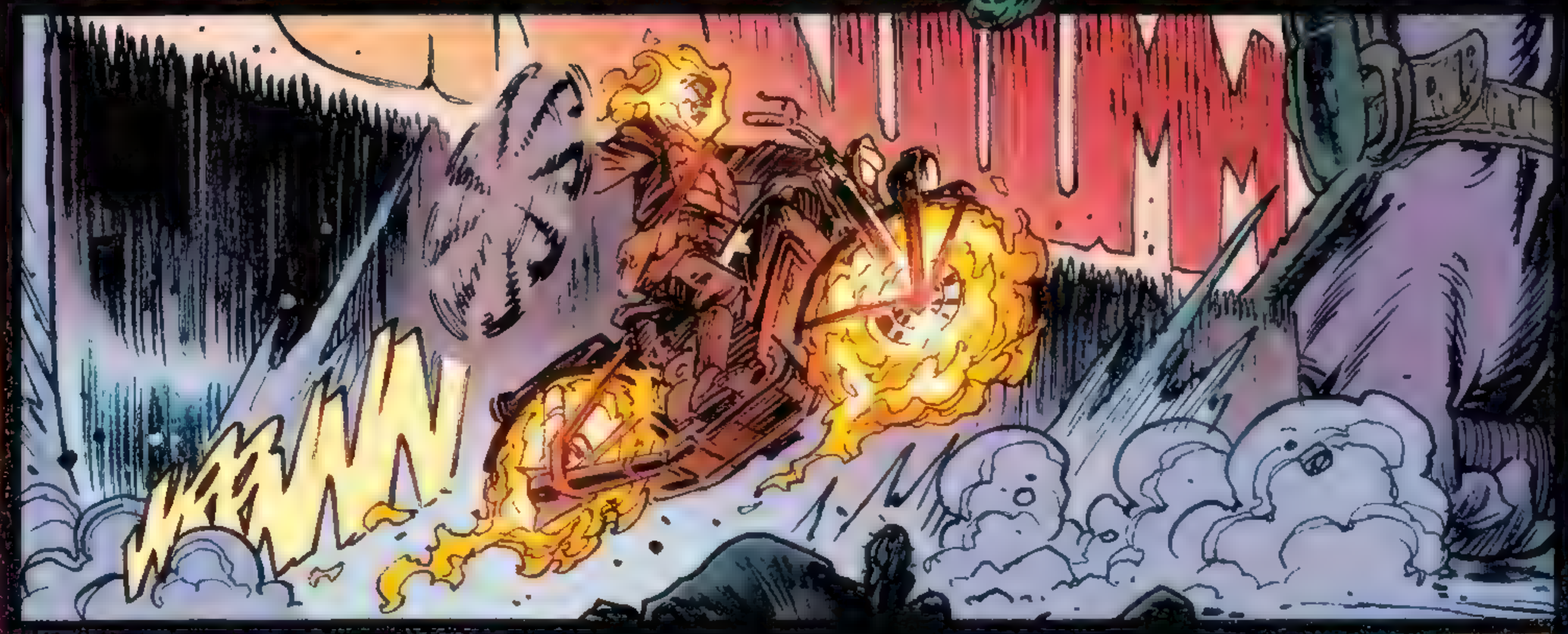
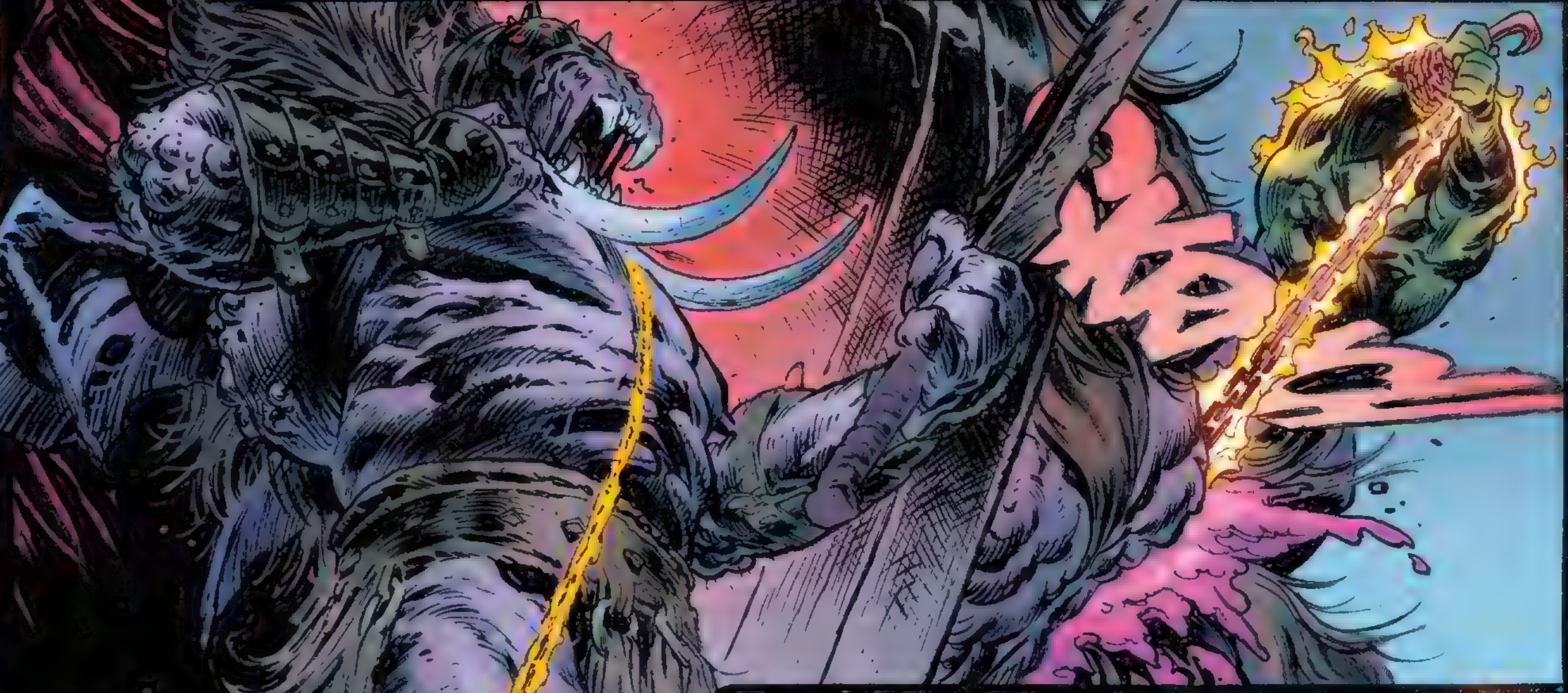
I WAS THERE WHEN THE FIRST LIVING MAN ENTERED MY GARDEN...

...I WILL
SEE THE LAST OF
YOU DEAD, EACH AT
THE OTHER'S
HAND.











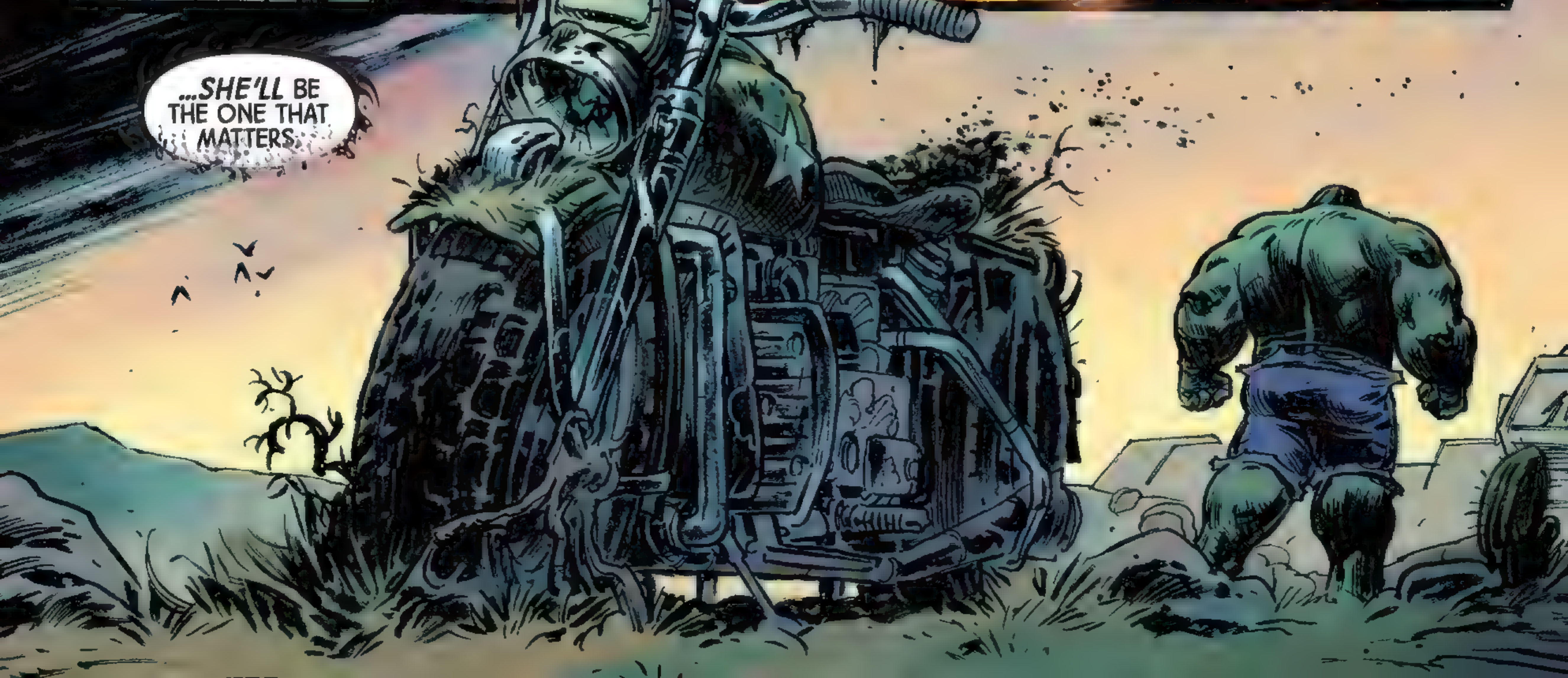
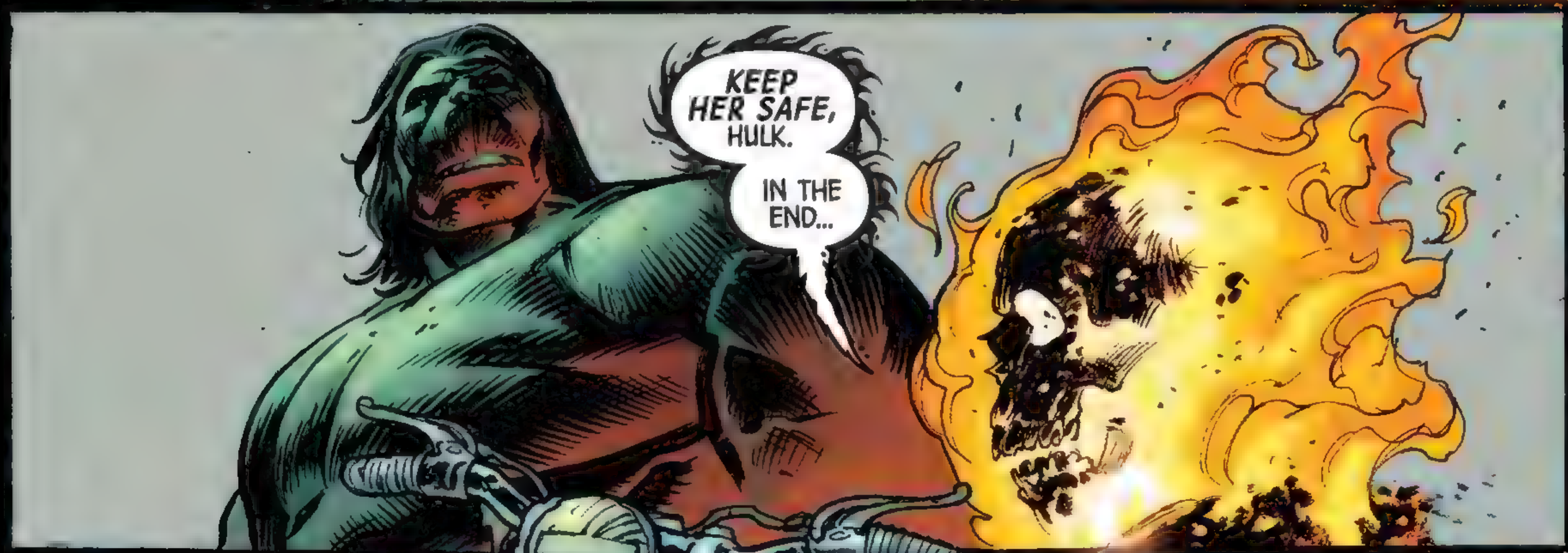
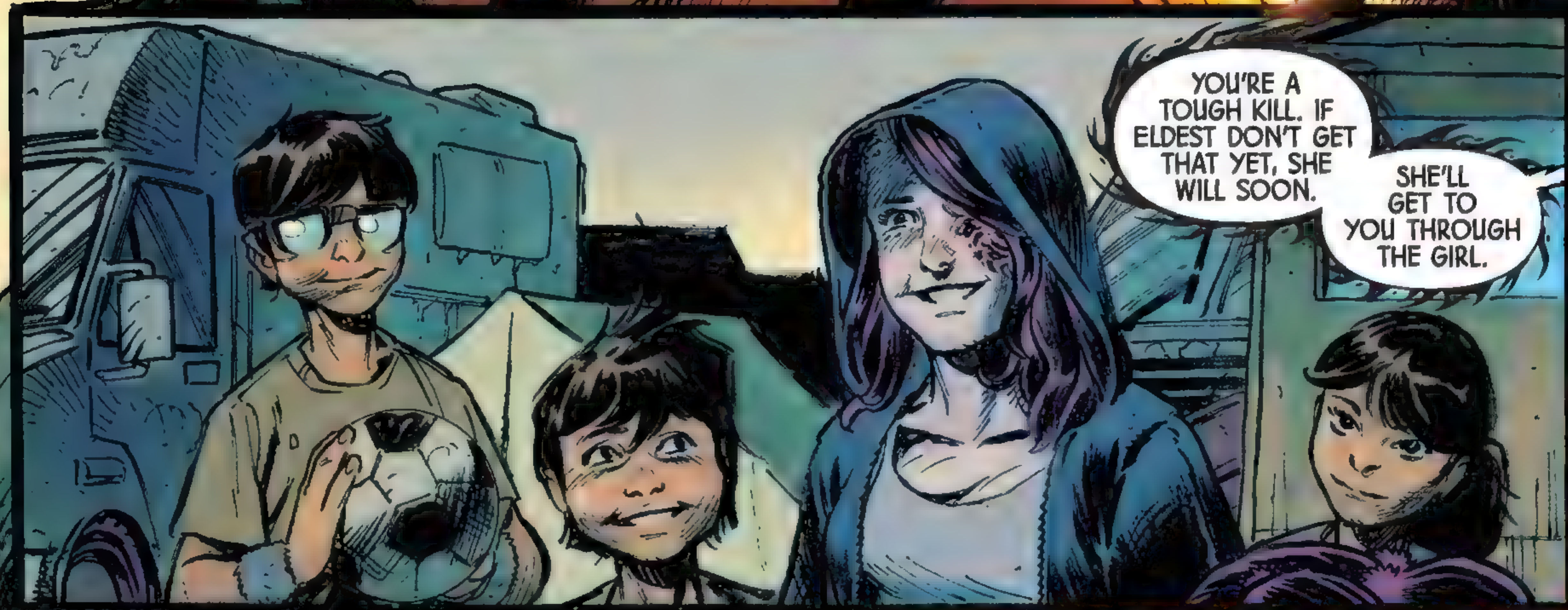
ELDEST
WILL
HAVE YOU,
FRACTURED
SON.



YOUR
FLESH IS THE KEY,
AND IS MINE BY
RIGHT.

BY ELDEST'S
HAND, THE MOTHER
OF HORRORS WILL
RETURN...

...AND SHE
WILL GRANT ME
VENGEANCE UPON
ALL MANKIND.





11/2/2011

NEW ORLEANS.

TH-THREE LEFT-SIDE
VERTEBROSTERNAL RIBS
M-MISSING, SAWN FREE
WITH A FINE-TOOTH
SERRATED BLADE...



...APPROXIMATELY
150 GRAMS TISSUE
MISSING FROM LEFT
FOREARM...R-RADIUS
AND ULNA...EXPOSED
B-BENEATH.

...LEFTMOST
P-PORION OF
THE LOWER MANDIBLE,
THREE T-TEETH STILL
ATTACHED...



AMOUNT
OF MISSING H-HAIR...
UNDETERMINABLE...



YOUNGEST
VICTIMS LACKED
APPROXIMATELY FIFTY
TO EIGHTY HAIRS APIECE...
P-PLUCKED FROM
UPPER SCALP...

...THOUGH
F-FAR FEWER...







GO HOME, IT'S LATE!

SSHHH, C'MON, BABE, LEAVE HER ALONE.

WE'RE SORRY, MA'AM! HAVE A GOOD NIGHT!



YOU'RE SO NIIIIICE. I WISH I WAS NICE LIKE YOU.

YOU'RE NICE SOMETIMES.

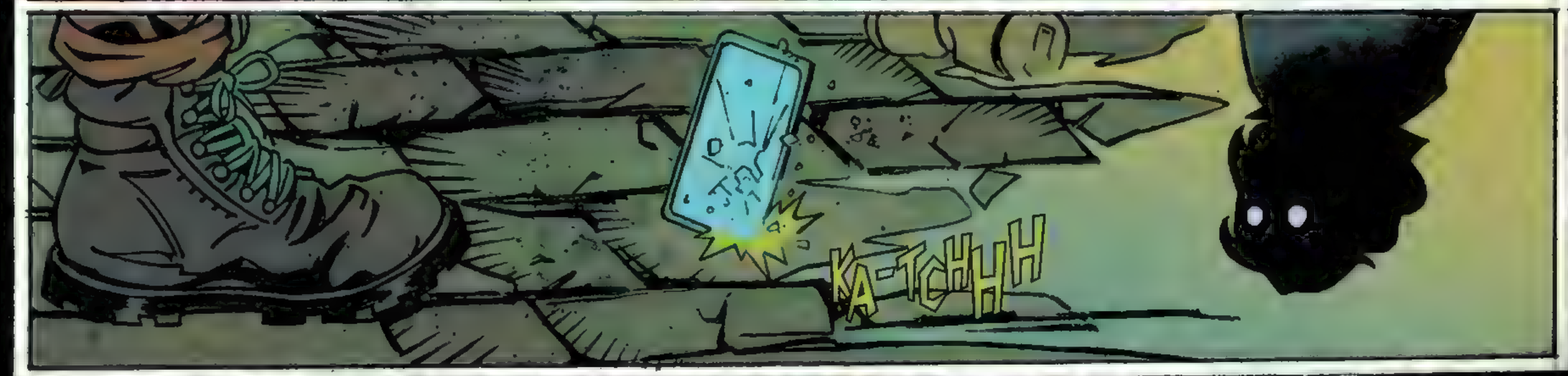
YEAH, I THINK THIS IS OUR STREET UP HERE.

COOOOOOOOL COOL COOL...



WHAT A LOVELY YOUNG MAN.

AAAHH! #%\$&!



KA-TCHHH



GEEZ,
LADY, DON'T
SNEAK UP--

A YOUNG
MAN HALE AND
FAIR AND KIND
OF SPEECH...

...DESERVES
BETTER THAN
SUCH A TALLOW-
FACED TROLLOP
AS THEE.



...UH,
A WHAT
NOW?



IT'S OKAY,
PAULA. LET'S
GO HOME.

NO! I DON'T
EVEN KNOW WHAT
SHE SAID, BUT IT WAS
DEFINITELY *BITCHY*!
I DON'T CARE HOW--

CRICK



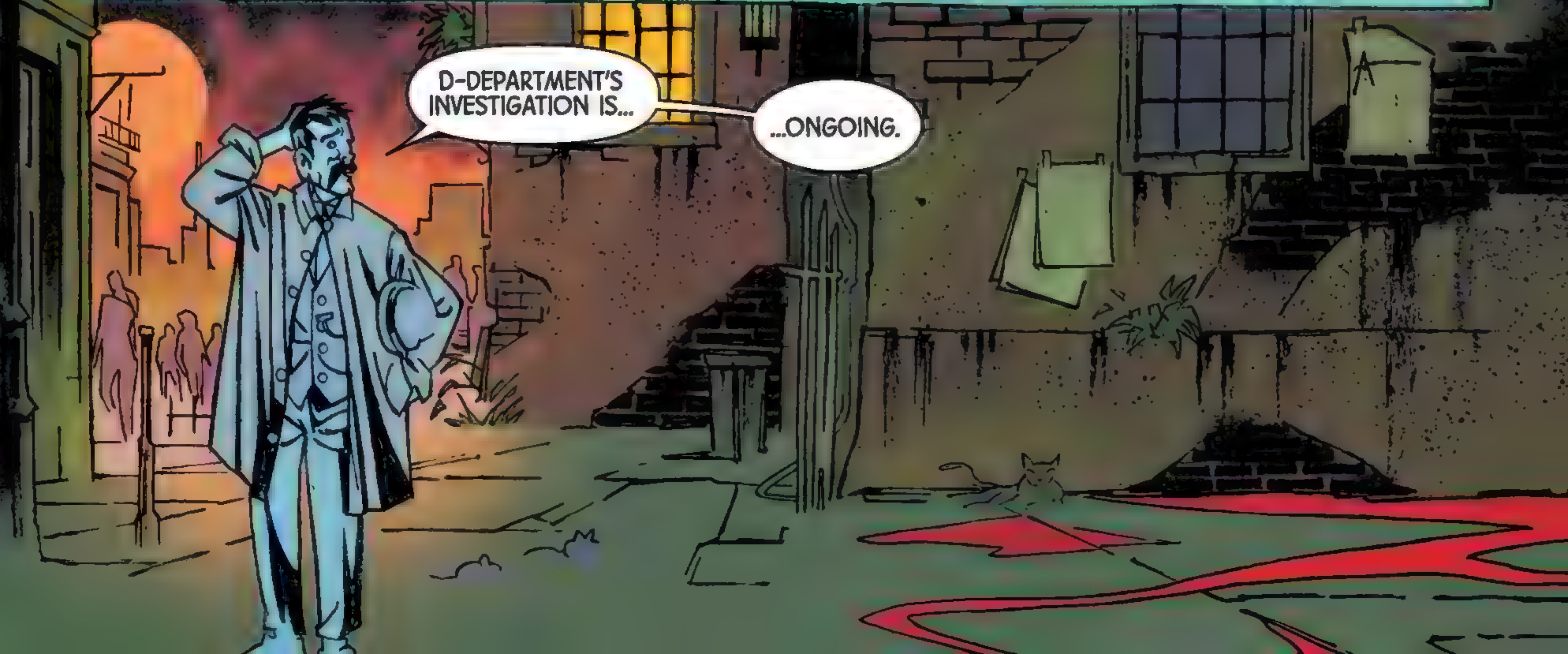
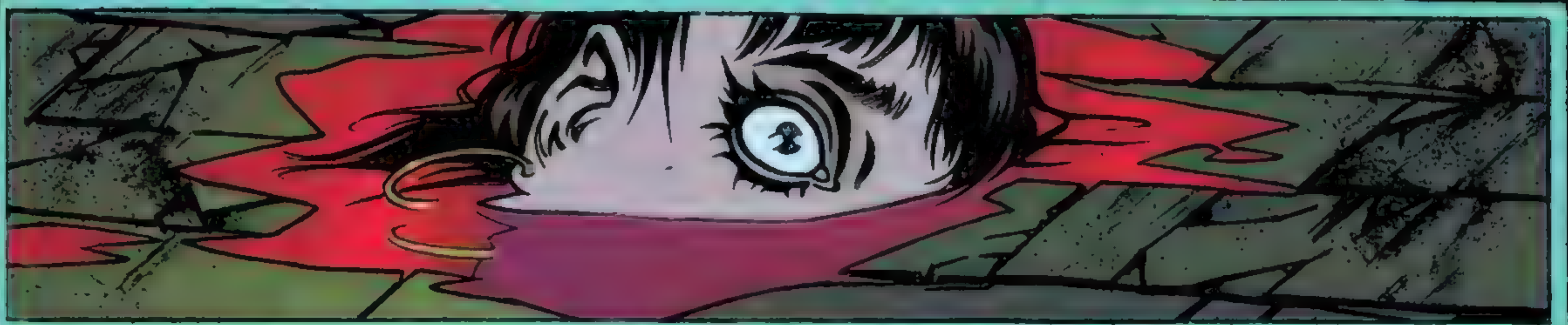
TROLLOP,
I SAY.

SHPOp

POP

SHRRRIIP







⇒COUGH
COUGH⇐

MAN.

BANNER,
WHAT IS
THIS?



WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN? ⇒KOFF⇐
CEMETERY.

YEAH, BUT
WHY'S IT **LOOK**
LIKE THIS? ALL THE
GRAVES ARE ON
TOP OF THE
GROUND.



THE WATER
TABLE IN NEW
ORLEANS IS BASICALLY
GROUND LEVEL, CHARLIE.
YOU'D BE HARD-PRESSED
TO FIND A CELLAR
ANYWHERE IN
TOWN.

IF A CASKET
WERE BURIED HERE,
IT'D FLOOD AND
EVENTUALLY RISE TO
THE SURFACE.

GROSS!
REALLY?



YEAH.
→KAFF←

IN NEW ORLEANS, THE LIVING AND THE DEAD LIE SHOULDER TO SHOULDER.

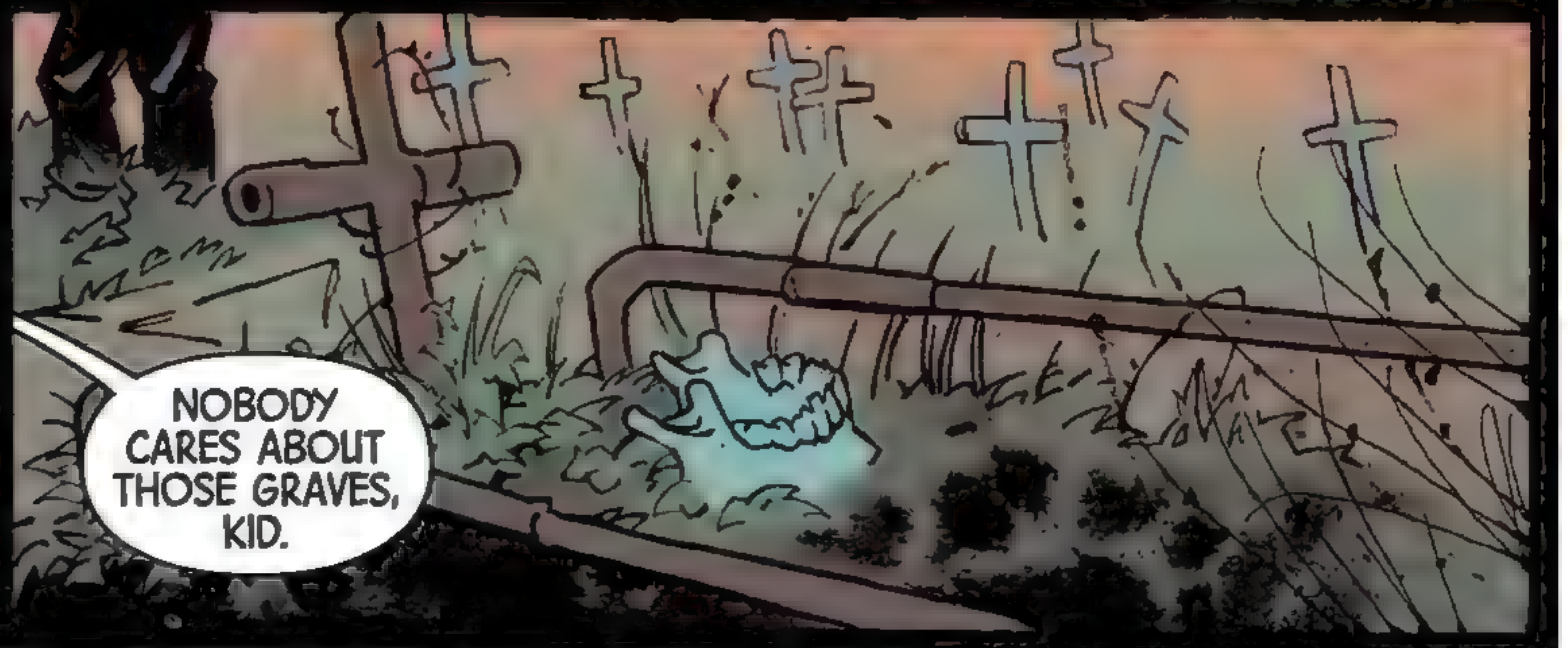


HOW COME THOSE GRAVES AREN'T RAISED UP?

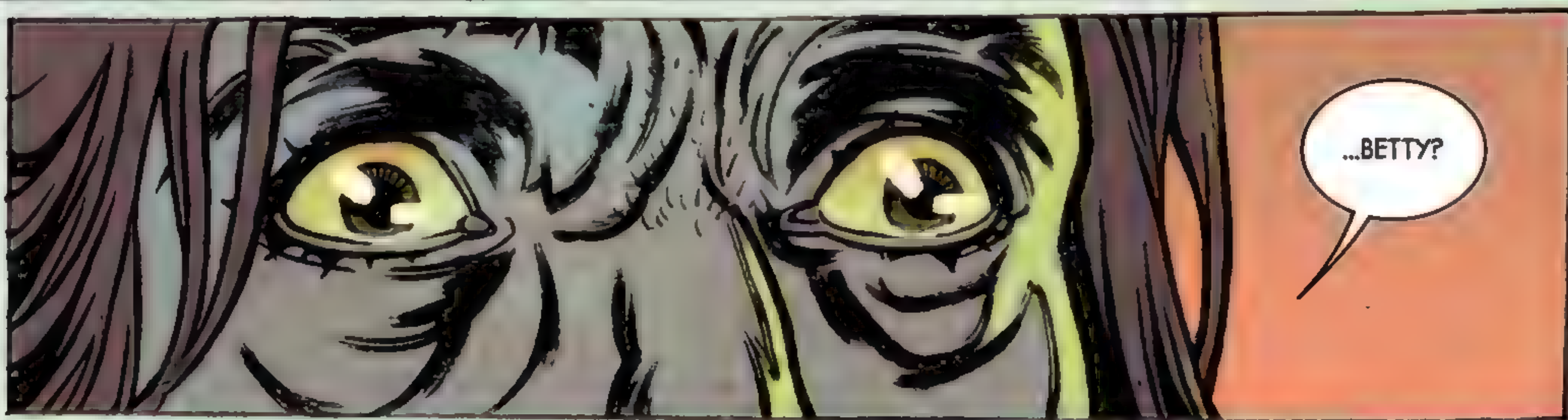


THAT'S A **POTTER'S FIELD**. FOR THE POOR AND HOMELESS, OR BODIES THAT GO UNCLAIMED.

YEAH, BUT WON'T THEY COME BACK UP LIKE YOU SAID?



NOBODY CARES ABOUT THOSE GRAVES, KID.



...BETTY?



→NNG←

BANNER?
YOU DON'T LOOK
SO--



I'M
FINE.



OH #%\$&.
IT'S HAPPENING,
ISN'T IT? YOU'RE
HULKING OUT!

NO.
YES.

I CUH...
I C-CAN'T...



HERE.

GO UP THIS STREET ANOTHER MILE OR TWO, 'TIL YOU SEE A HOSTEL CALLED THE **AUBERGE**. IT'S NOT FANCY, BUT--

NO WAY, MAN. YOU'LL JUST **DITCH ME** AGAIN. I CAN HANDLE HULK FINE--HE LIKES ME.

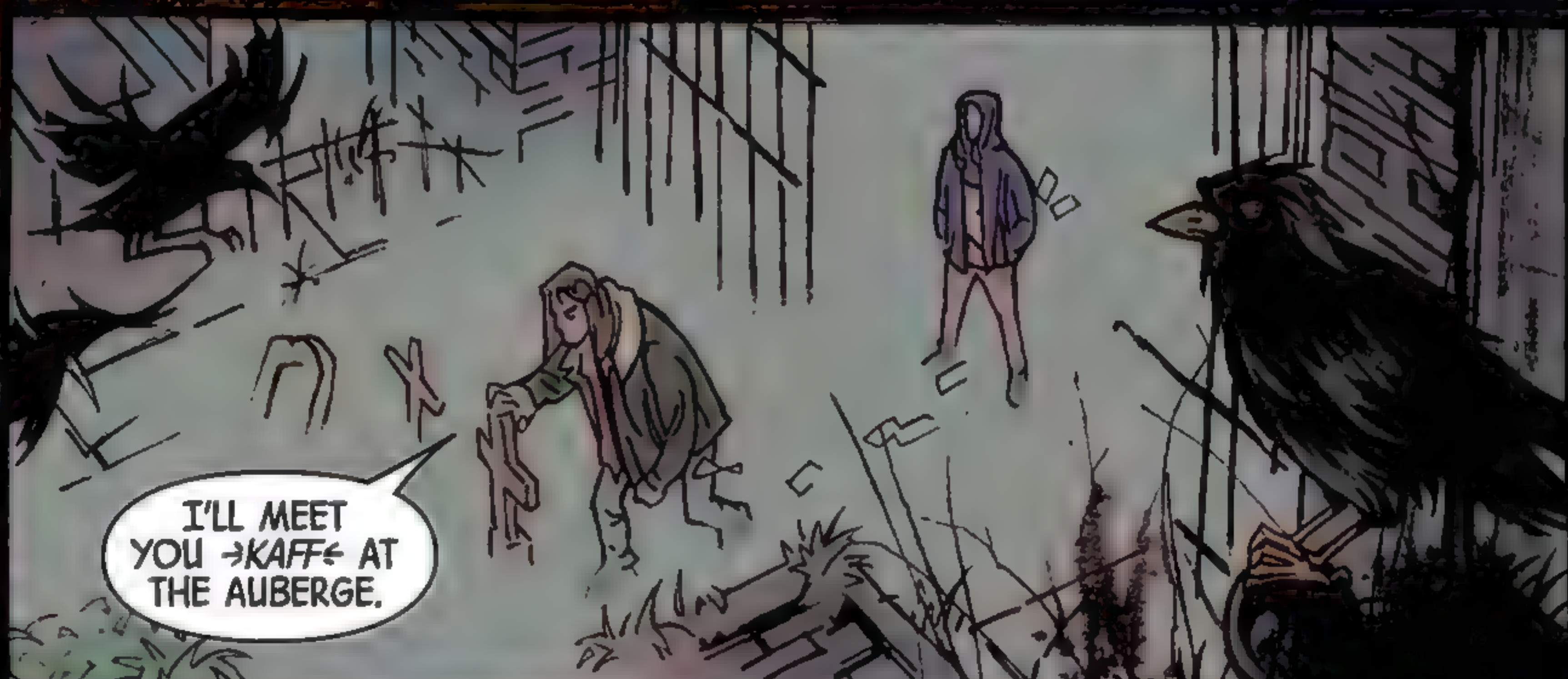


DON'T BE... STUPID.

IF HULK TAKES OVER, THIS PLACE'LL LOOK LIKE A **BOMB** WENT OFF. THERE'LL BE **COPS**. THE COPS'RE LOOKING FOR YOU.

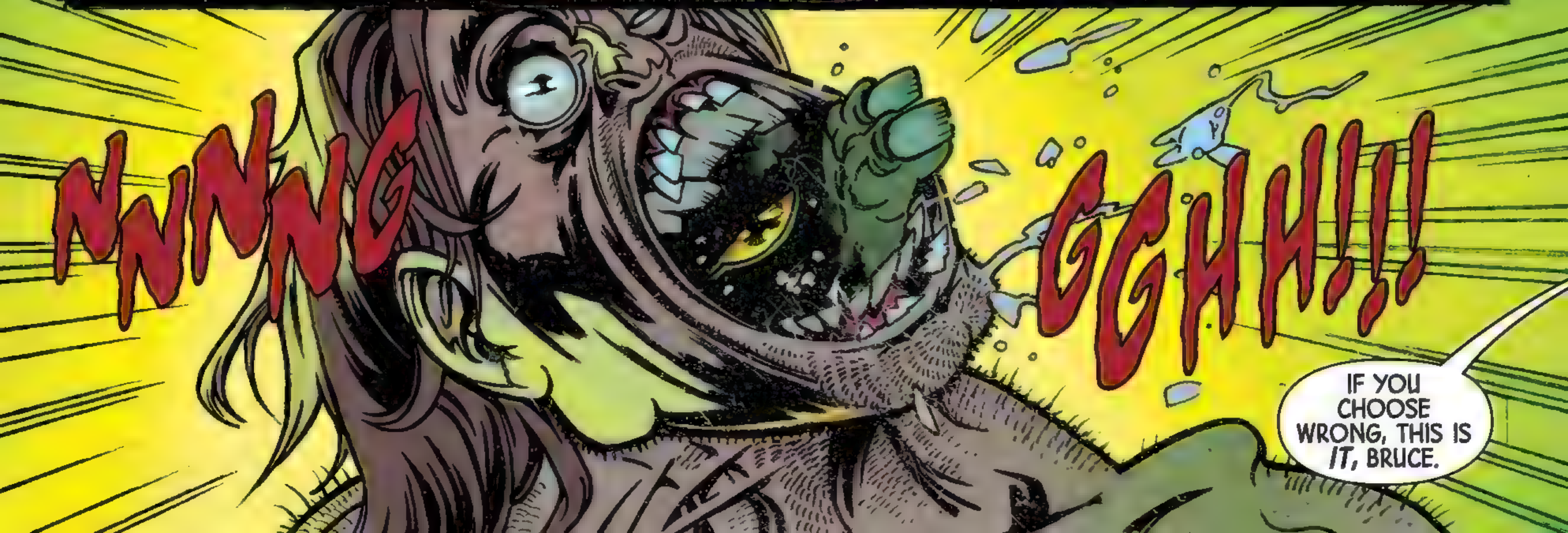
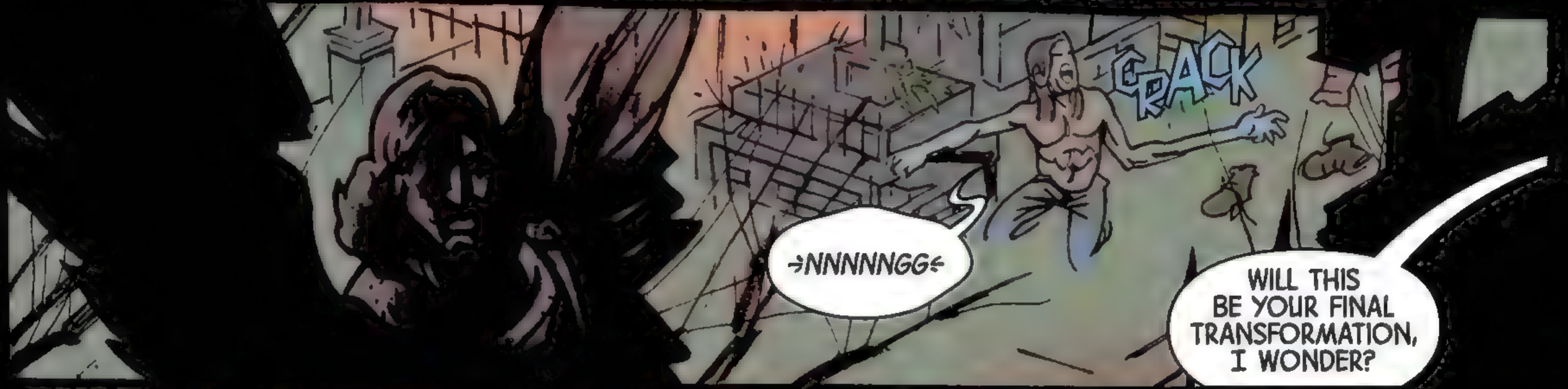
YOU'RE A KID. YOU'VE NEVER ~~→COUGH←~~ TRAVELED BEFORE. SEE NEW ORLEANS.

TRY SOME FOOD, HEAR SOME MUSIC...BUT **DON'T TRUST ANYONE.**

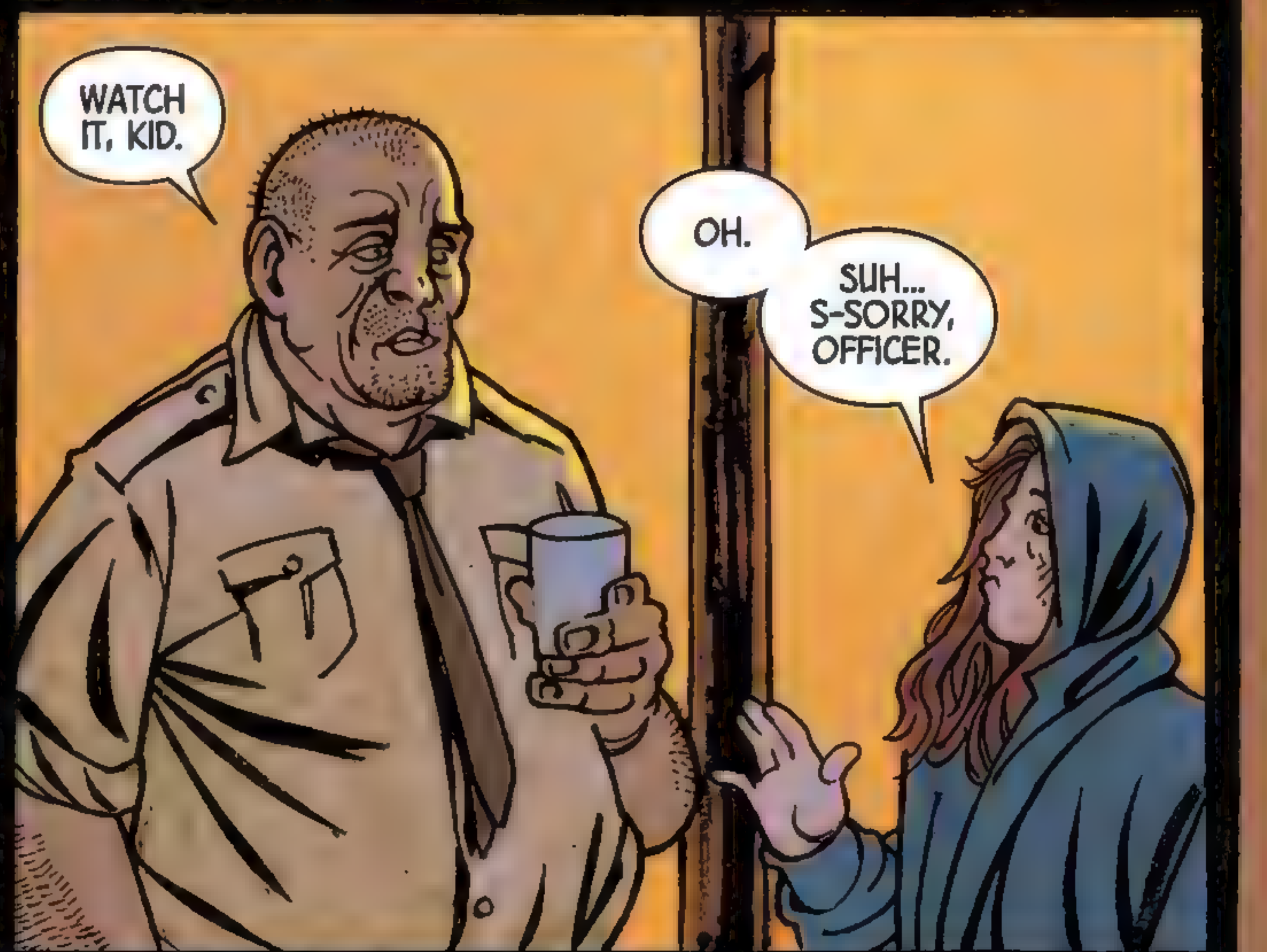
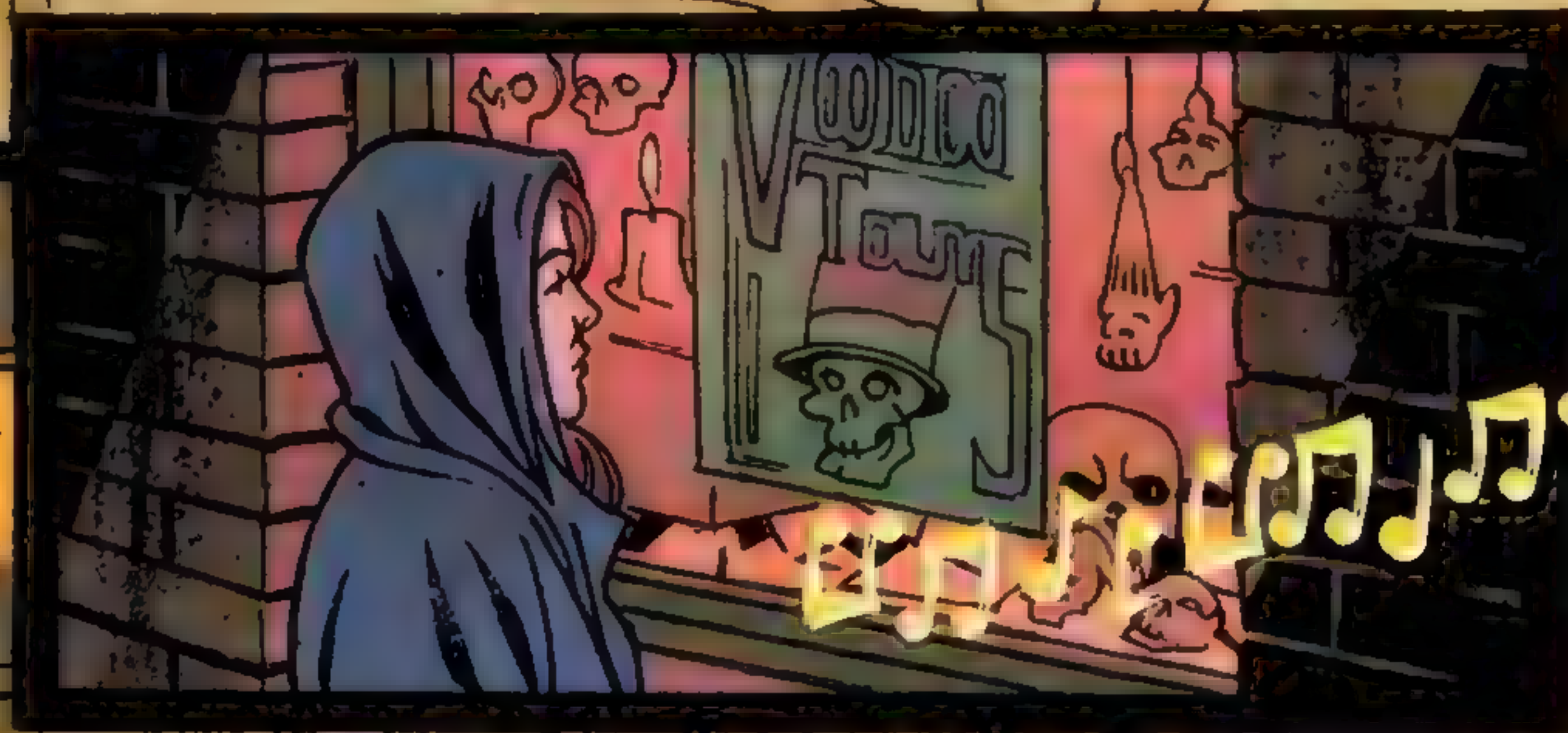


I'LL MEET YOU ~~→KAFF←~~ AT THE **AUBERGE**.





"THE LAST
DECISION YOU
EVER MAKE"





GET
OOOOOUUUUT!!

GIVE HULK
TO ELDEST, BRUCE.
WE CAN BE HUMAN
AGAIN...START
OVER.

I...I
CAN'T...THERE'S
THIS...



SHE'S...
IN TROUBLE...
NEEDS US...

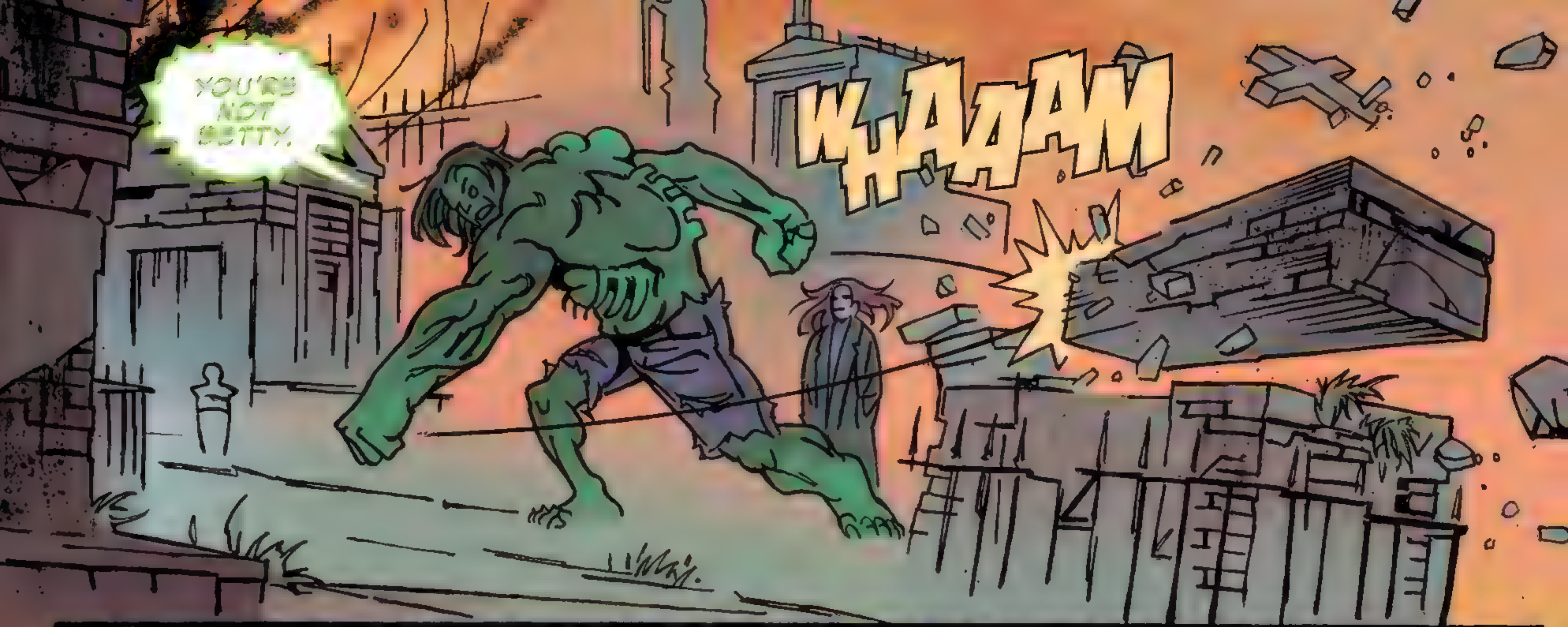
I'M SURPRISED
BY THE HOLD THE
KID HAS ON YOU, BRUCE.
SHE'S PREVENTING YOU
FROM SEEING WHAT'S
BEST FOR YOU.

BUT
REGARDLESS,
CHARLENE TIDWELL'S
NOT A CONCERN
ANYMORE.

WHAT?!
→HRRRK←

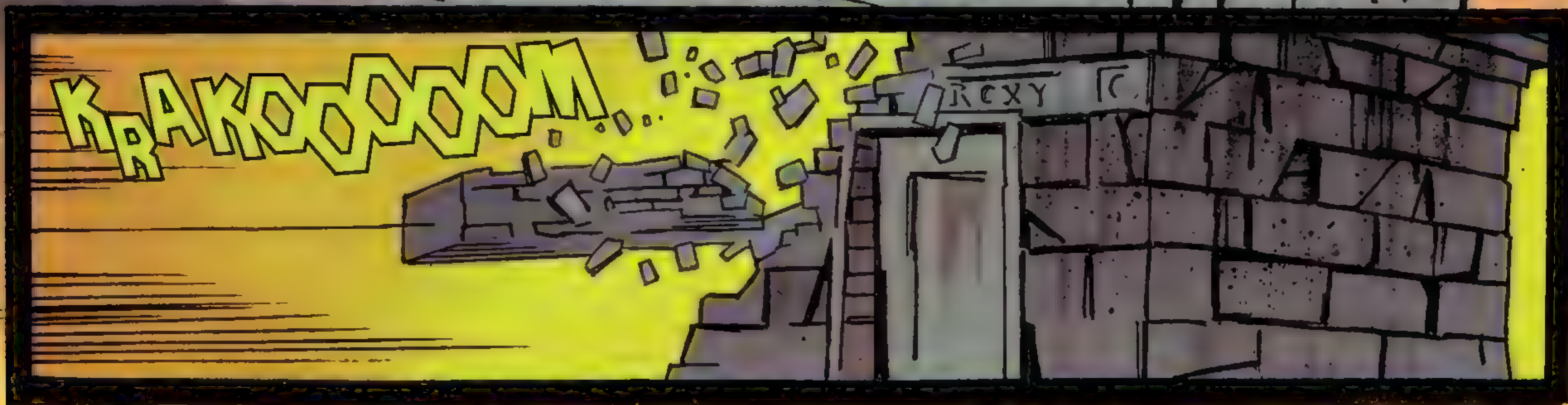


WHAT
DID YOU
DO?

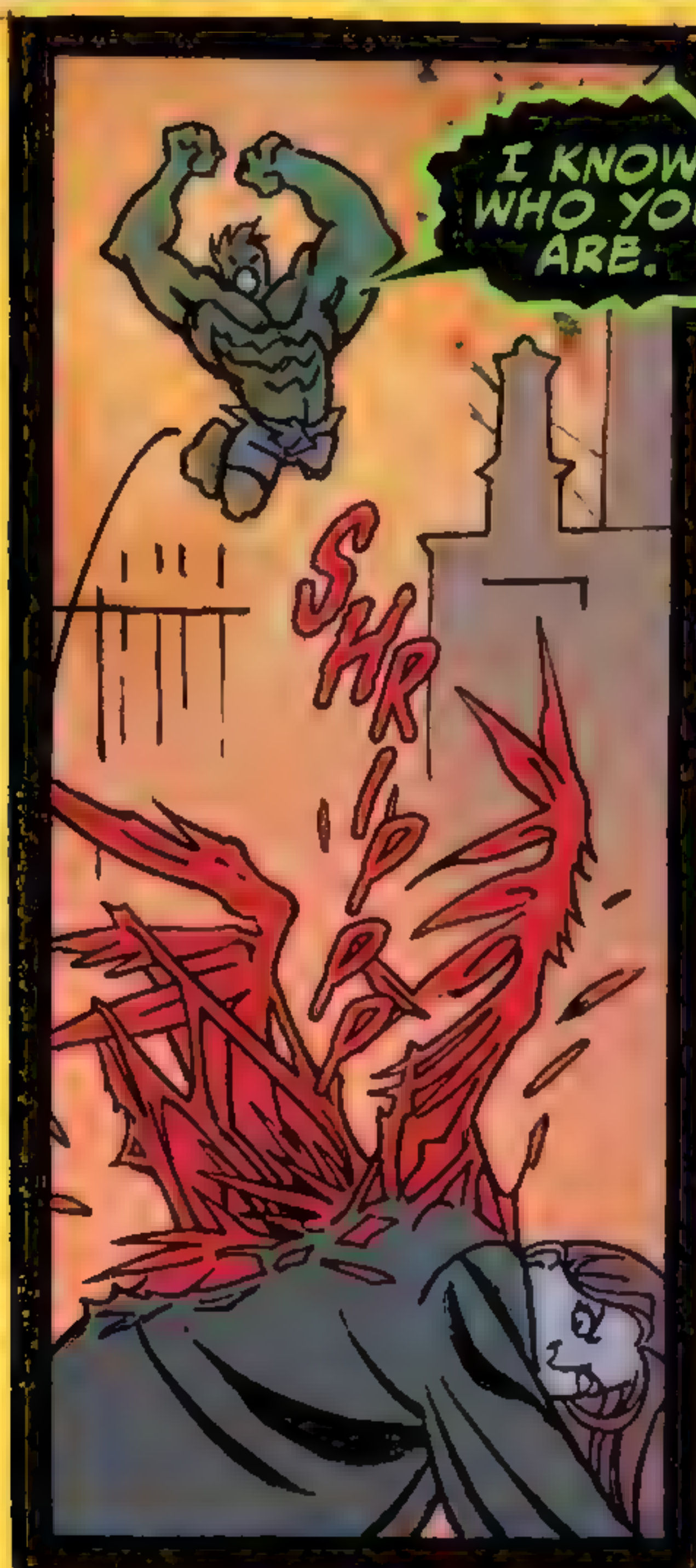


YOU'RE NOT BETTY.

WHAM



KRAKOOOOOM



I KNOW WHO YOU ARE.

SHR



IT'S STILL ME, BRUCE. I'M JUST PART OF SOMETHING BIGGER.

BETTY WOULDN'T HURT A KID.

YOU KNEW THE DANGER YOU WERE PUTTING HER IN.

YOU KNOW BETTER THAN ANYONE...



"MONSTERS
FIND EACH
OTHER."

WAS THERE
SOMETHING YOU
WERE LOOKING
FOR, DEAR?

UH...
ACTUALLY...IS
THERE A BACK
DOOR TO THIS
PLACE?

OH.

I'M...
AFRAID NOT,
NO.

THEN, AH...
WHAT DO YOU
HAVE IN THE BACK?
THIS LOOKS COOL,
BACK HERE.
WHAT'S THIS?

THAT IS A COUESNON B-FLAT CORNET.
MADE IN FRANCE IN 1902, PLAYED IN
1905 BY **BUDDY BOLDEN**
HIMSELF.

BUT I DON'T
SUPPOSE YOU'D
KNOW THAT NAME, IN
THESE FORGETFUL
TIMES.

WELL...
NO. BUT
THAT SOUNDS
COOL.

DEAR, IF I MAY SAY SO...
I KNOW A GOOD SOUL
WHEN I SEE ONE.

AND I
REMEMBER WHAT
IT WAS LIKE TO BE
YOUNG AND PRETTY,
AND **IN DANGER**
BECAUSE OF IT.

YOU SEEM
LIKE A GOOD SOUL.
KIND, AND SAD...AND
FIERCE.

BUT ALSO
AFRAID, I
THINK.

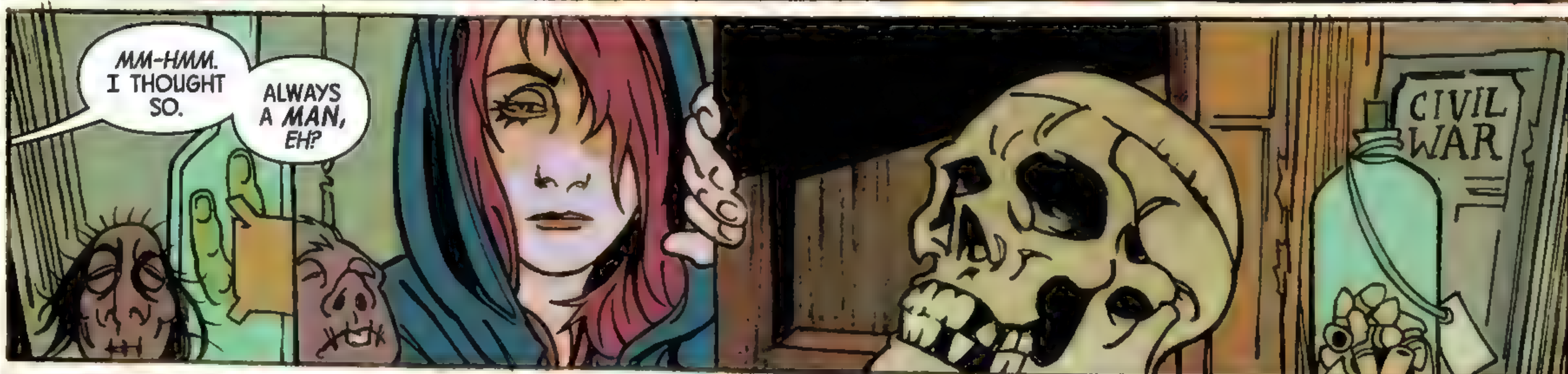
ARE YOU
IN SOME KIND
OF TROUBLE?

DA-DINNN



HELLO?

ANYBODY
WORKING?



MM-HMM.
I THOUGHT
SO.

ALWAYS
A MAN,
EHP?



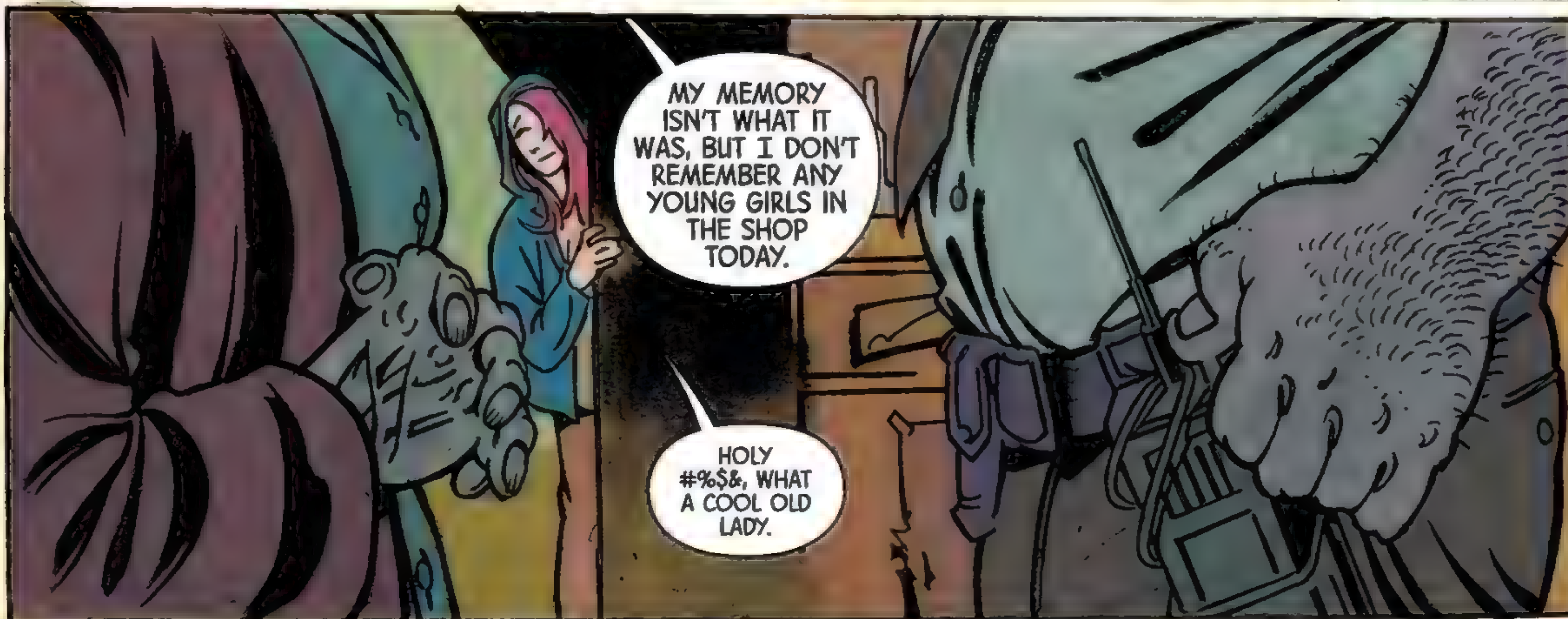
HAVE A
RUMMAGE
THROUGH THE
BACK, DEAR. STAY
QUIET, IF YOU
CAN.

IT'LL
COME OUT
ALL RIGHT.



GOOD
EVENING,
OFFICER. WHAT
CAN I--

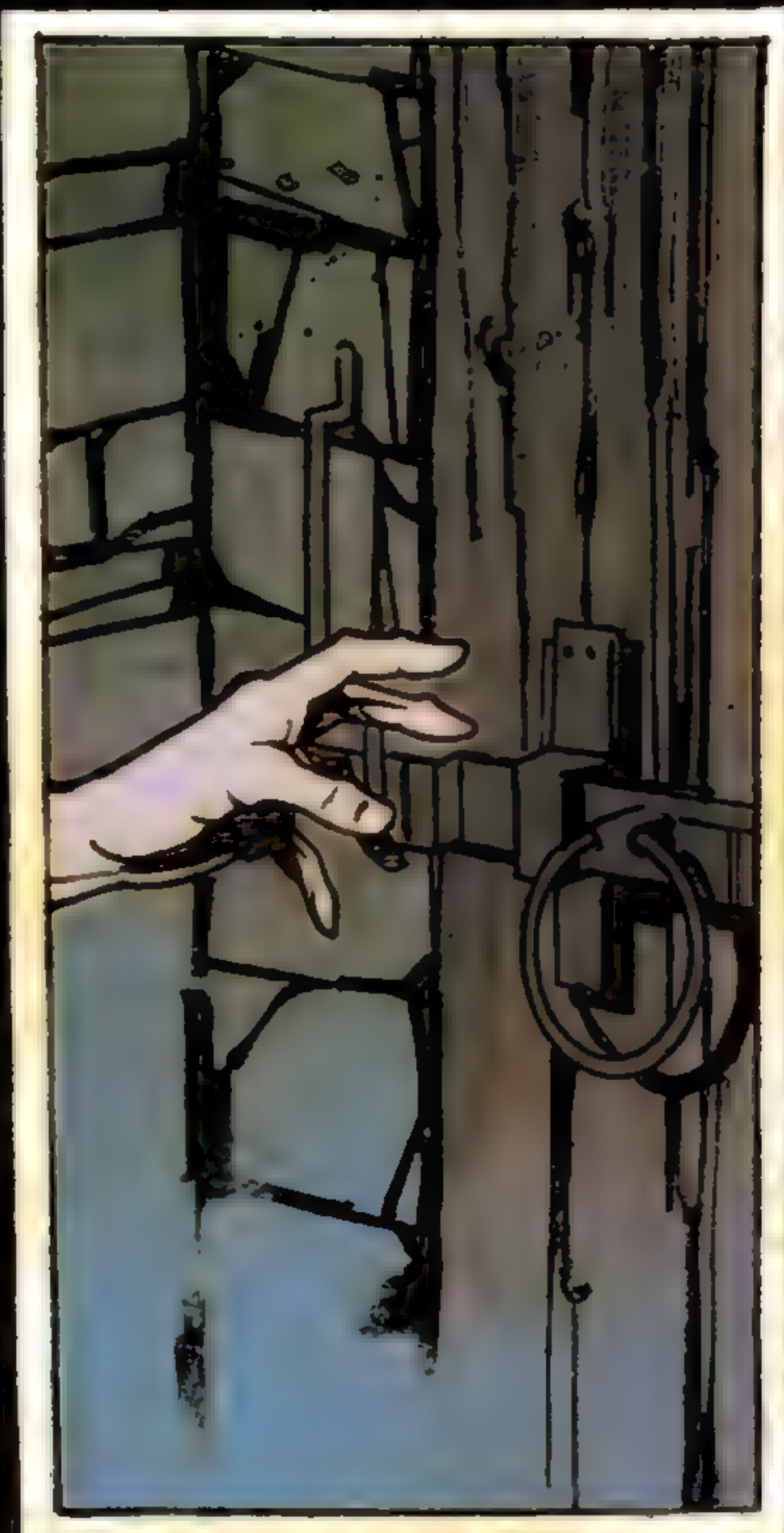
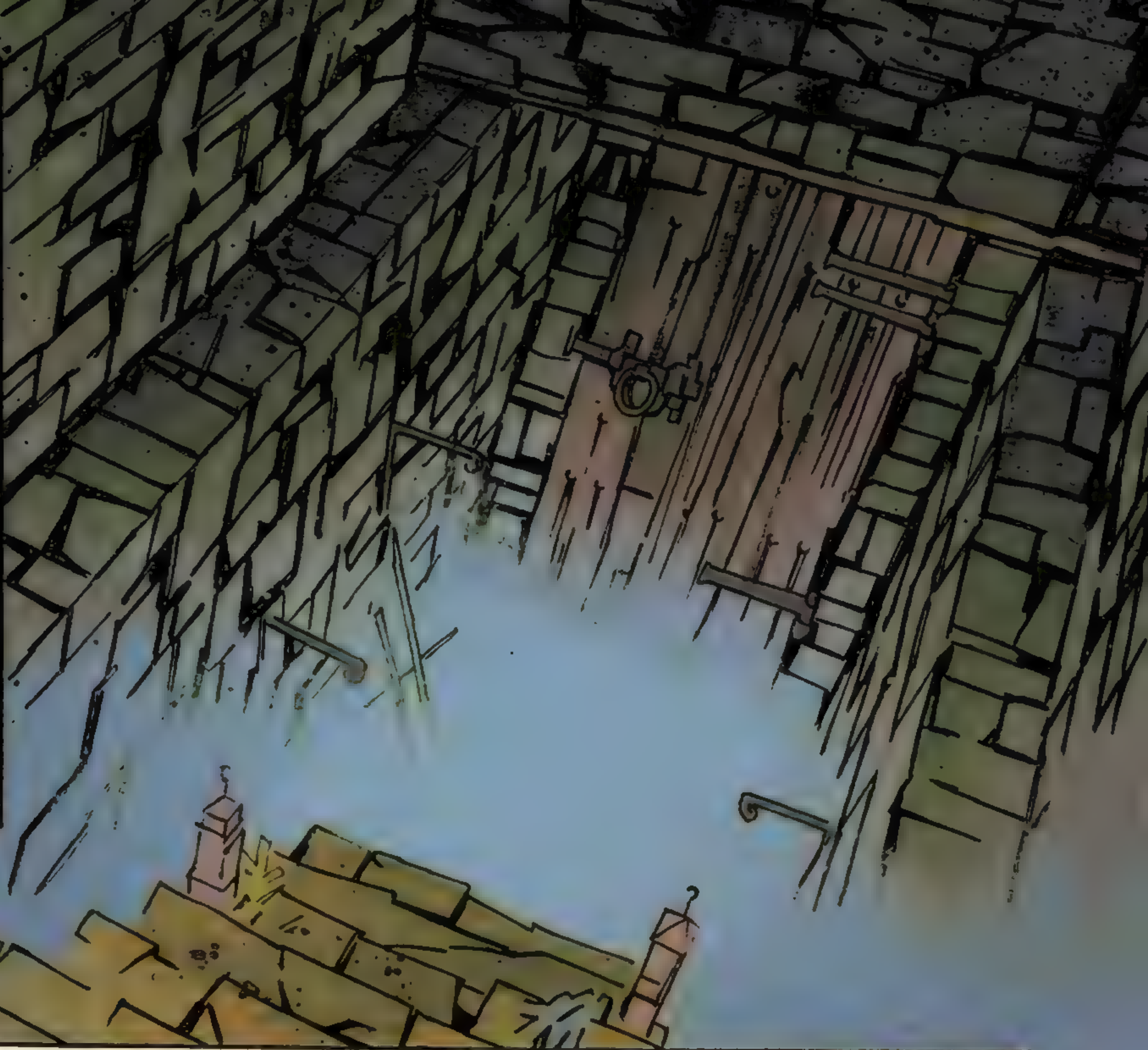
DID A
YOUNG GIRL
JUST COME
IN?



MY MEMORY
ISN'T WHAT IT
WAS, BUT I DON'T
REMEMBER ANY
YOUNG GIRLS IN
THE SHOP
TODAY.

HOLY
#%\$&, WHAT
A COOL OLD
LADY.







"YOU'LL NOT LAY A FINGER ON THAT GIRL, MY MAN."



TOO WELL I KNOW YOUR KIND.

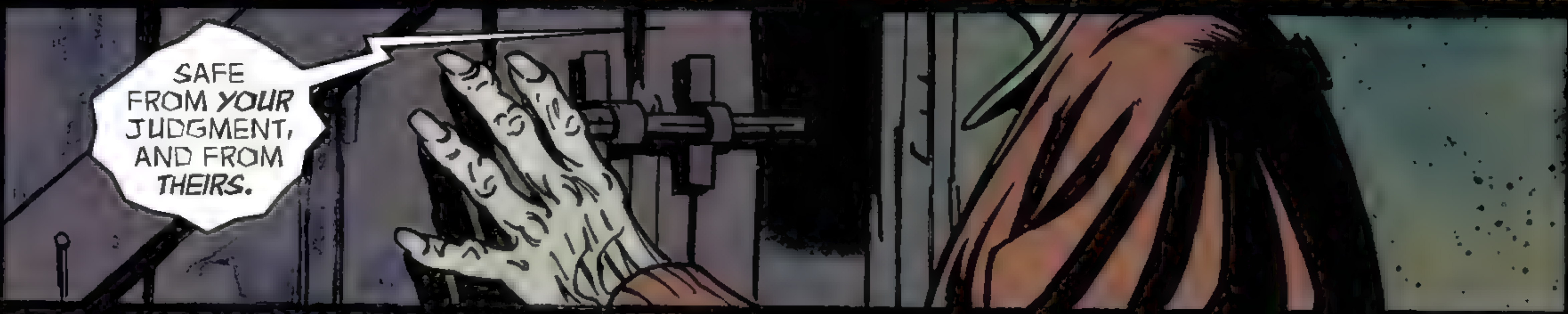


"THE HEART TO MISUSE A YOUNG GIRL, HID BEHIND A BADGE OF TRUST."

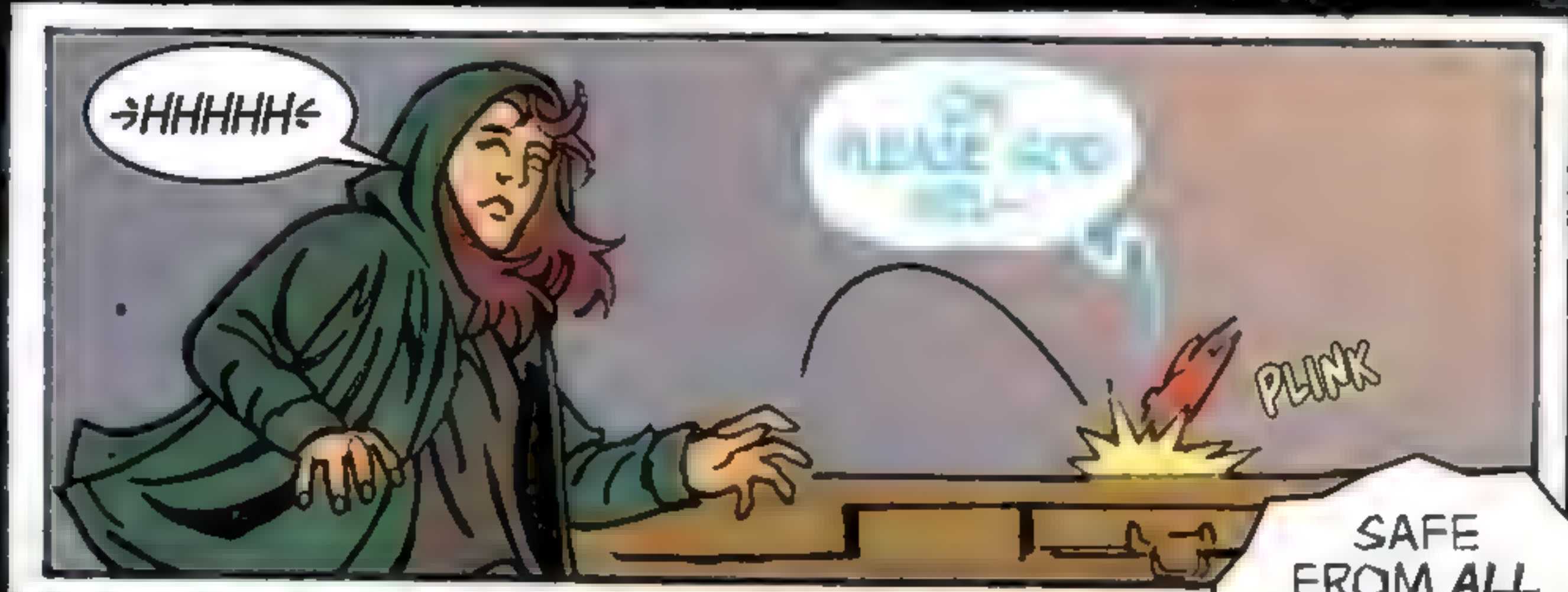


"WELL, I'LL KEEP HER SAFE."

...huh?



SAFE
FROM YOUR
JUDGMENT,
AND FROM
THEIRS.



»HHHHH«

PLEASE GO
AWAY

PLINK

SAFE
FROM ALL
WHO WOULD
DO HER
HARM...

...ALONGSIDE
ALL MY LITTLE
ANGELS.











⇒HUFF⇒

⇒HUFF⇒

DON'T RUN,
POPPET.



⇒HUFF⇒

HULK'S
GONNA
COME FOR ME,
MAN!

WHY
SO AFRAID,
CHARLENE?

THAT MAN
CAN'T HARM YOU
ANYMORE.



!!!

KA-CRACK

ARE YOU
AFRAID BECAUSE
YOU SAW YOUNG
NICHOLAS ON
THE GRINDING
TABLE?



NICHOLAS
IS AS SAFE AS
HOUSES, DARLING.
AS SAFE AS
YOU WILL BE.

OOOOOF!

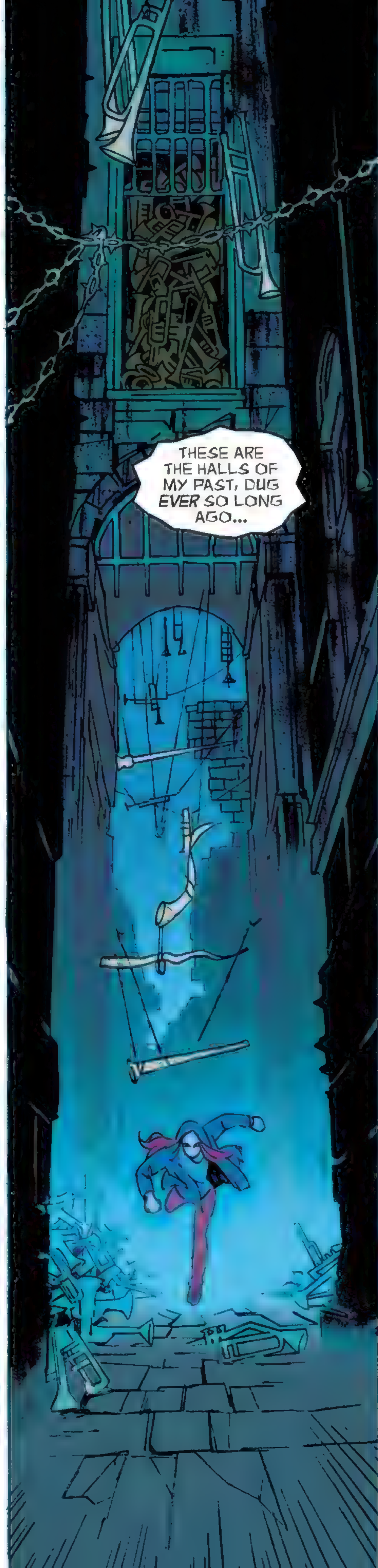
MY BROTHERS
WILL NEVER FIND
ANY OF YOU...



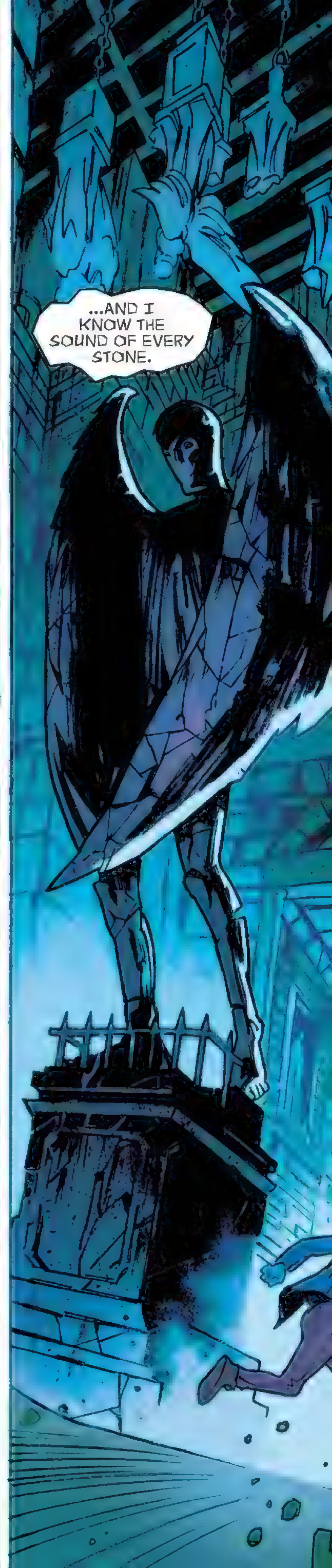
...NOR
WILL THE ONES
BELOW.



IT'S
NO GOOD
RUNNING,
MY GIRL.



THESE ARE
THE HALLS OF
MY PAST, DUG
EVER SO LONG
AGO...



...AND I
KNOW THE
SOUND OF EVERY
STONE.



THERE
YOU ARE,
PRETTY
ONE.

KRAK



DON'T
BE AFRAID,
NOW.

U-U-U-
UHHHH-
HUH-HUH...



TRUST
IN OLD
NEPHELE.



HULLK!

ALL YOUR
NEW BROTHERS
AND SISTERS ARE
WAITING...

...AND OH,
HOW THEY'LL
LOVE YOU.







WHO'RE YOU?

PRIVATE INSPECTOR
FRANCIS BERGERON...
P-PINKERTON DETECTIVE
AGENCY.

SHOW YOU
MY...CREDENTIALS,
EXCEPT...SEEM TO
HAVE L-LOST MY
BADGE...JUST
NOW.



I DON'T
SUPPOSE
YOU'VE--

WHERE'S
THE GIRL?



F-FEMALE,
APPROXIMATELY...
SIXTEEN YEARS OF
AGE...FACE
D-DISFIGURED...

...B-BELIEVED...
ABDUCTED BY
SERIAL MURDERER...
FROZEN
CHARLOTTE.



THE PINKERTON
AGENCY WILL...SEE
HER RETURNED.

YOU OUGHT
BE DEPUTIZED.
W-WE'LL ENLIST THE
AID OF THE LOUISIANA
MILITIAMEN, FIND
THE GIRL'S--

"MILITIAMEN"?

THEY'RE
ALL GONE...



...AND
YOU'RE
DEAD.



WH-WHAT?
B-BEG
YOUR PARDON,
I MOST...MOST
CERTAINLY AM
NOT--



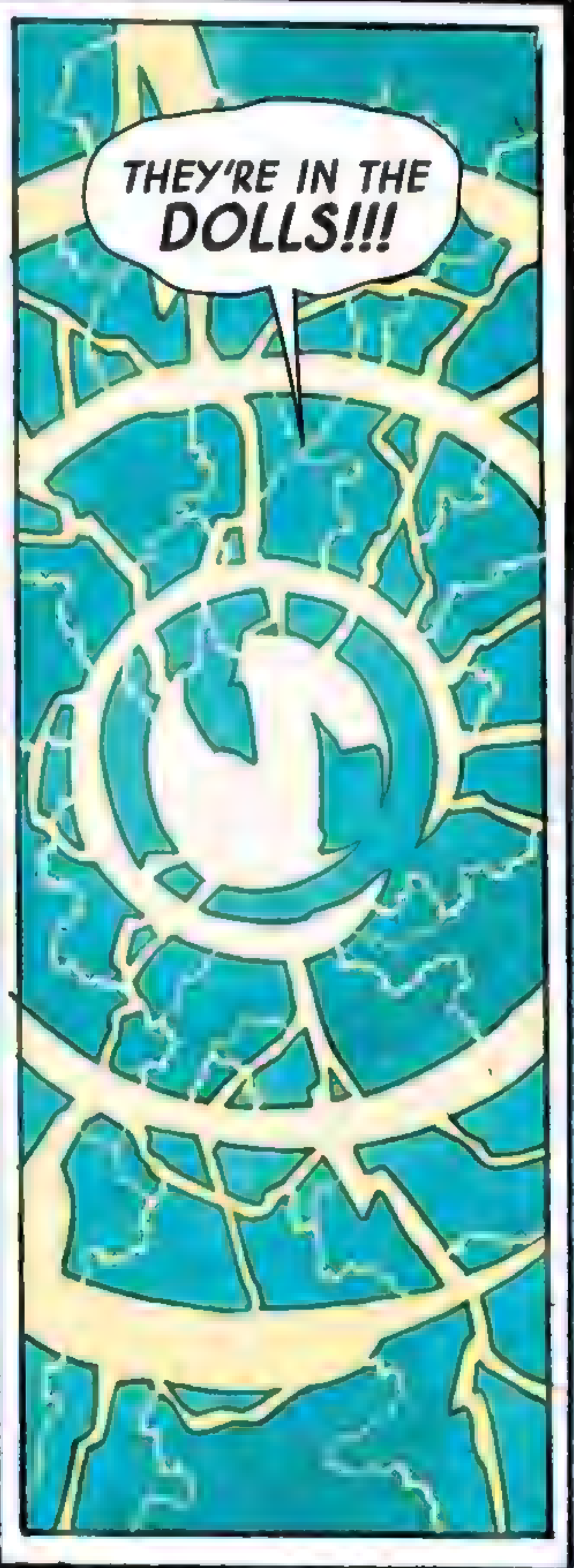
I...
I'M...



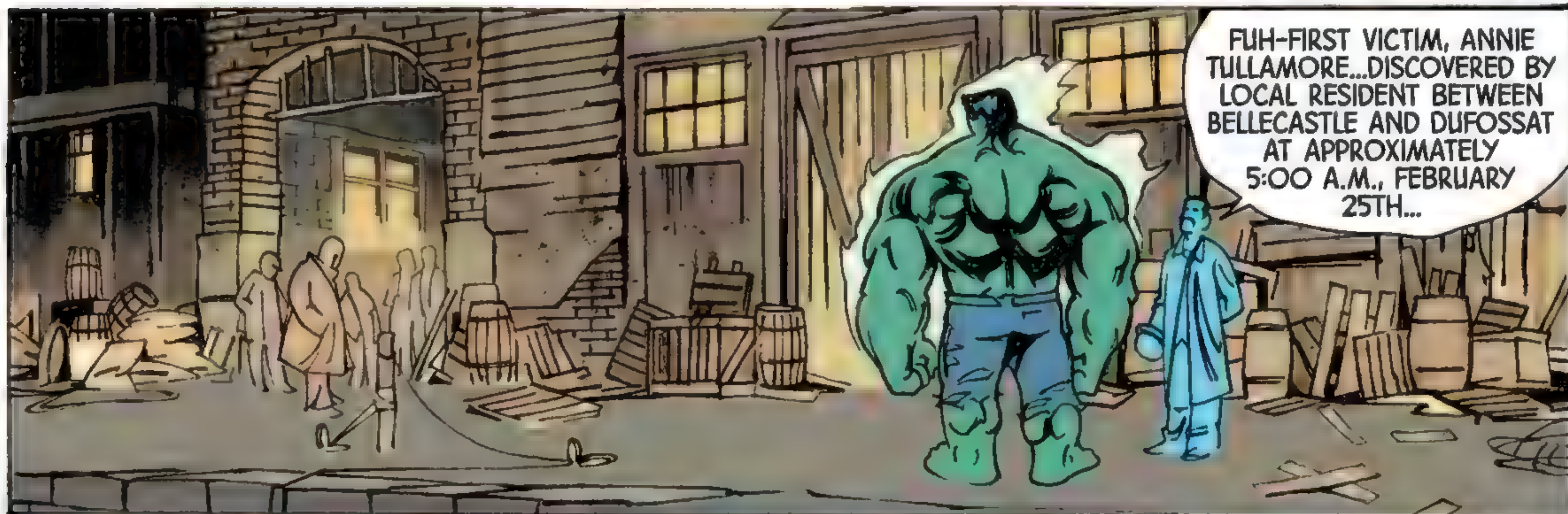
"I'M
NOT..."



TH-THEY'RE
IN THE DOLLS.



THEY'RE IN THE
DOLLS!!!





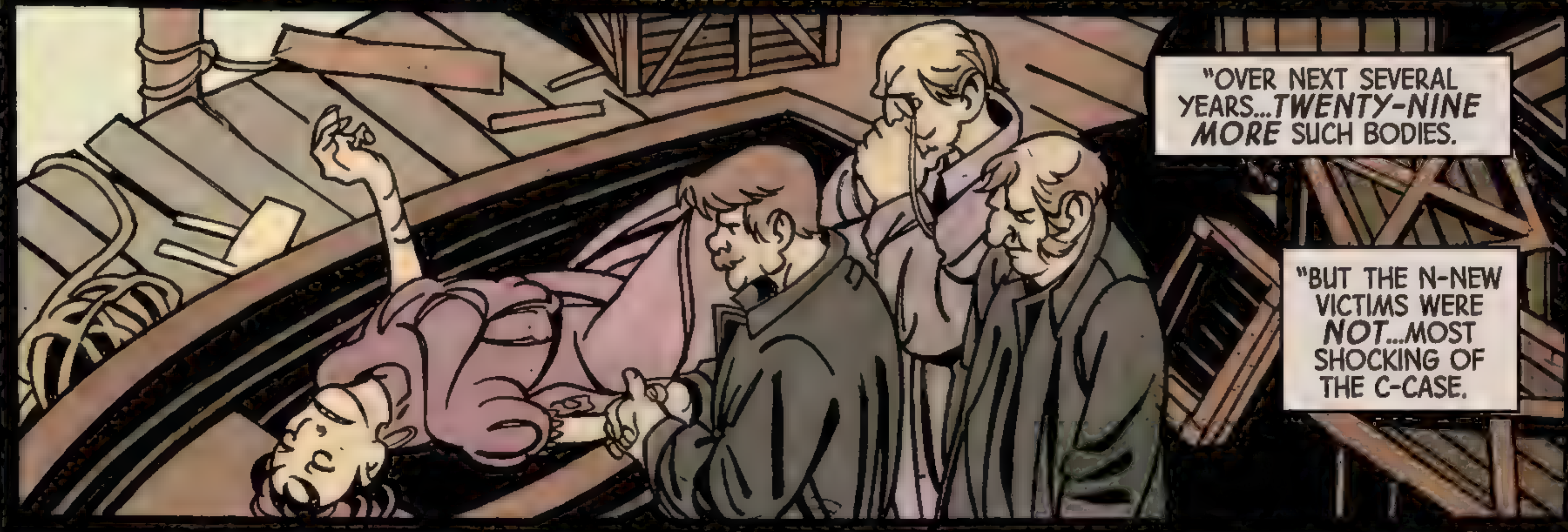
CRIME SCENE
I-INV-VESTIGATED BY
INSPECTOR FRANCIS
BERGERON...P-PINKERTON
DETECTIVE AGENCY.

V-VARIOUS
INCISIONS
THROUGHOUT BODY...
PORTIONS OF
BONE AND HAIR
REMOVED.



FEW
WEEKS LATER...
ANOTHER
BODY FOUND,
SIMILAR
STATE.

OLDER
MAN THIS
TIME...STERLING
CAREER, N-NO
FAMILY.



"OVER NEXT SEVERAL
YEARS...TWENTY-NINE
MORE SUCH BODIES.

"BUT THE N-NEW
VICTIMS WERE
NOT...MOST
SHOCKING OF
THE C-CASE.

"I ORDERED EXHUMATIONS
OF...MURDER VICTIMS SOME
FORTY YEARS EARLIER...
CONDITIONS AND
CIRCUMSTANCES...IDENTICAL.

"MORE EXHUMATIONS
REVEALED MUCH THE
SAME...GOING BACK
PERHAPS...A CENTURY.

"FINALLY...EARLY
MORNING...
OCTOBER 19TH,
1876. STAKEOUT.

"TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS
CAUGHT WHAT APPEARED
TO BE...OLD WOMAN,
DISPOSING OF...A CORPSE.



"WE GAVE
CHASE.

"BUT SUSPECT
DISPLAYED...
U-UNNATURAL
PHYSICAL TALENTS.

"OFFICERS
LOST SIGHT
OF SUSPECT...
BUT ITEM OF
INTEREST WAS
DROPPED.

"A 'FROZEN CHARLOTTE'-STYLE
CHINA DOLL...APPROXIMATELY
FIVE INCHES IN LENGTH...

"...CLOSELY
RESEMBLING
THE CORPSE WE
RECOVERED.

"IT WAS MADE
OF P-PORCELAIN...
APPARENTLY OF
BONE POWDER.

"FROZEN
CHARLOTTE."

"THAT DAY, R-REPORTER
OF THE NEW ORLEANS
PICAYUNE...COINED
THE KILLER'S NAME.



AFTER
THAT INCIDENT...
C-CASE SILENTLY...
CLOSED.

P-POLICE
FALSELY ANNOUNCED...
KILLER WAS B-BROUGHT
DOWN. CAME TO
AGREEMENT WITH THE
PICAYUNE...KEEP ANY
F-FURTHER MURDERS...
SECRET.

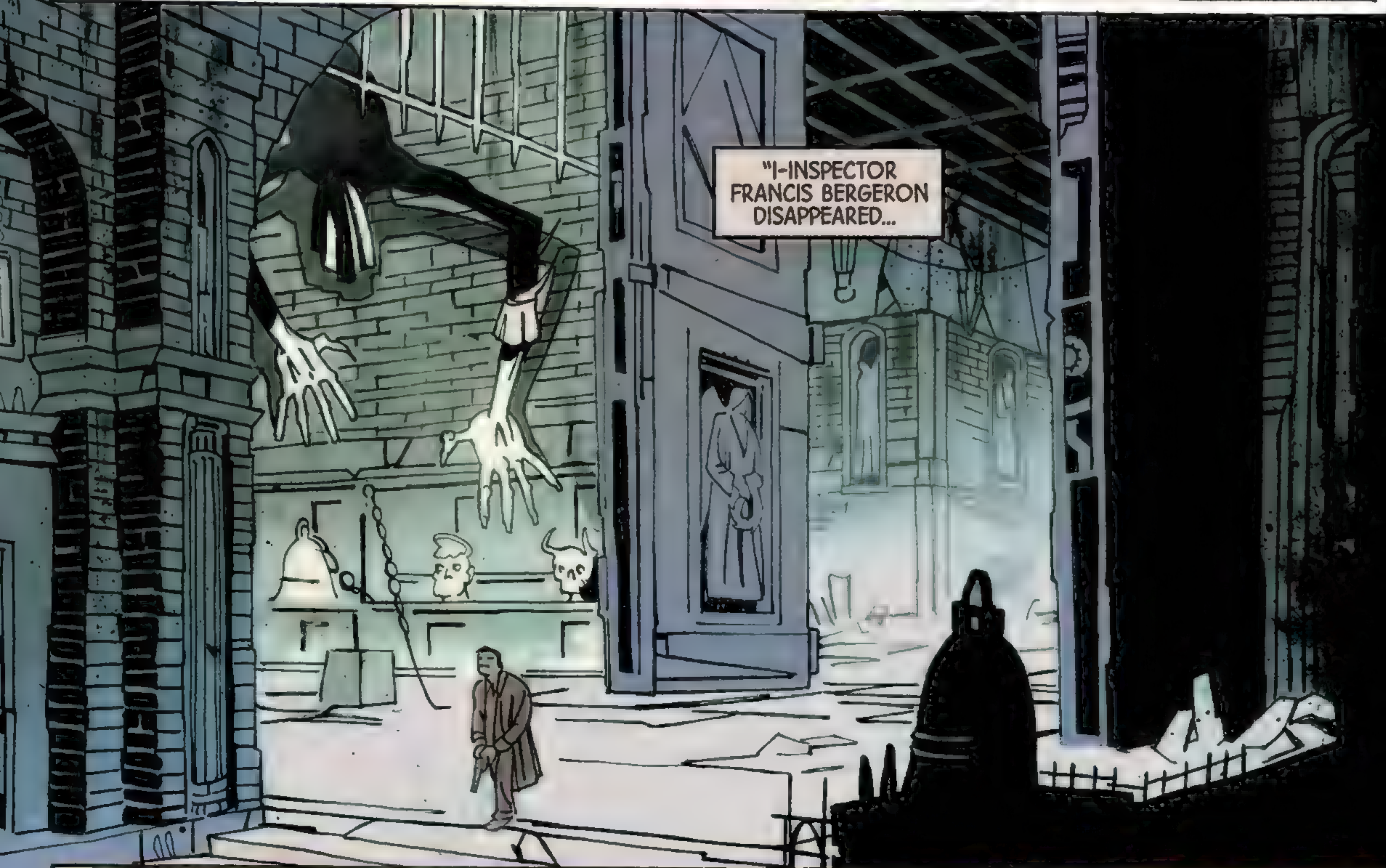
WHAT
HAPPENED
TO YOU?

SH-SHE...

I...



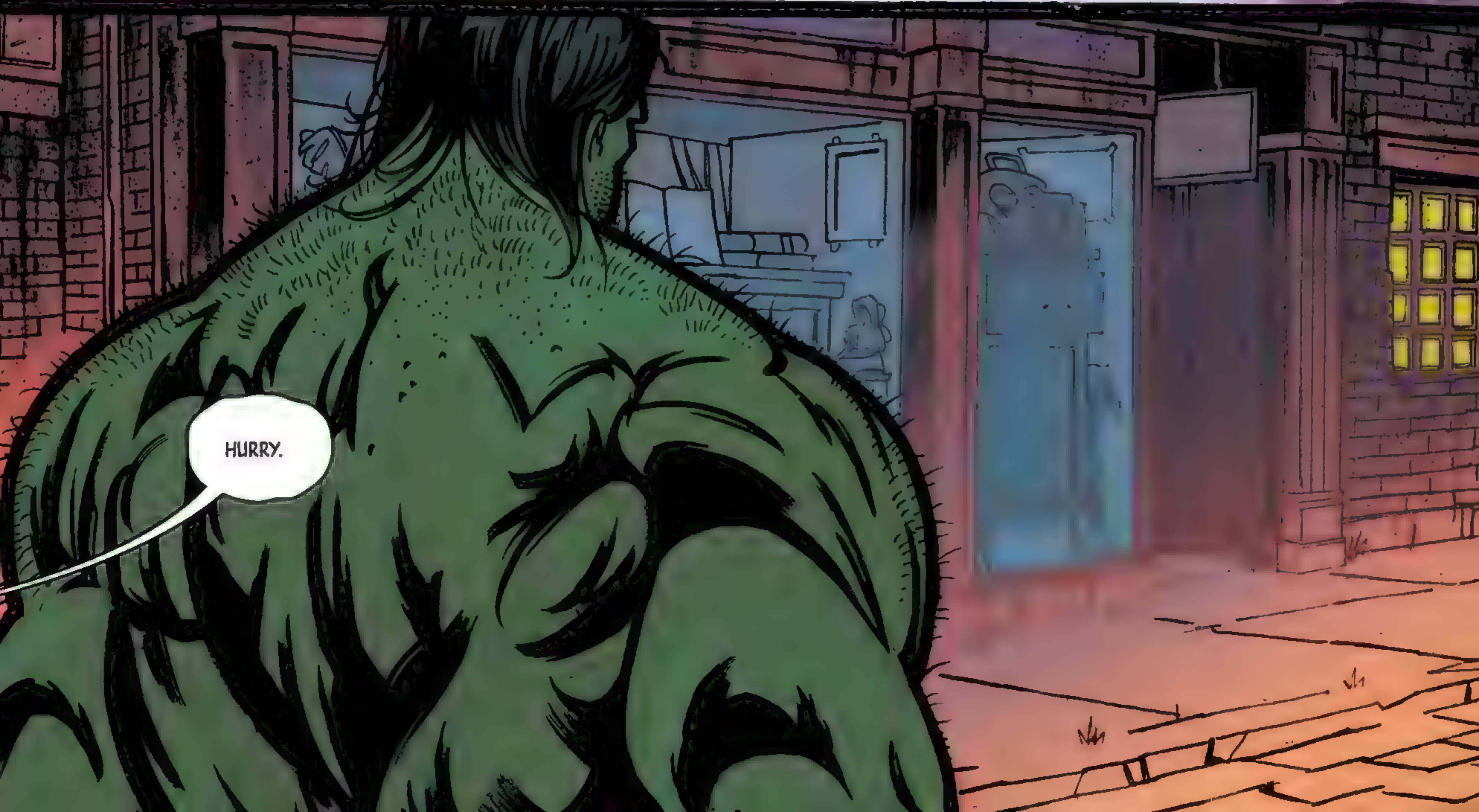
"I F-FOUND
THE KILLER...
IN THE END.

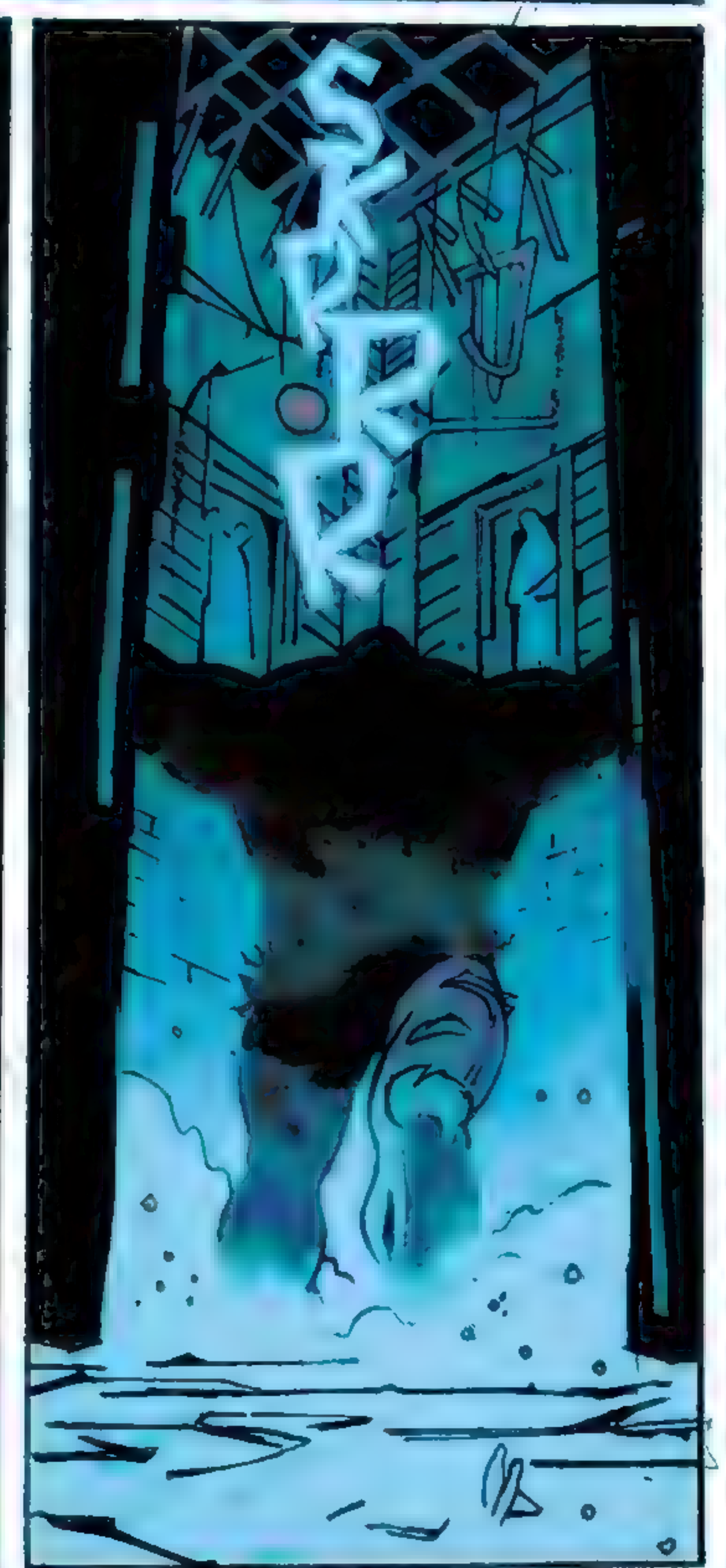
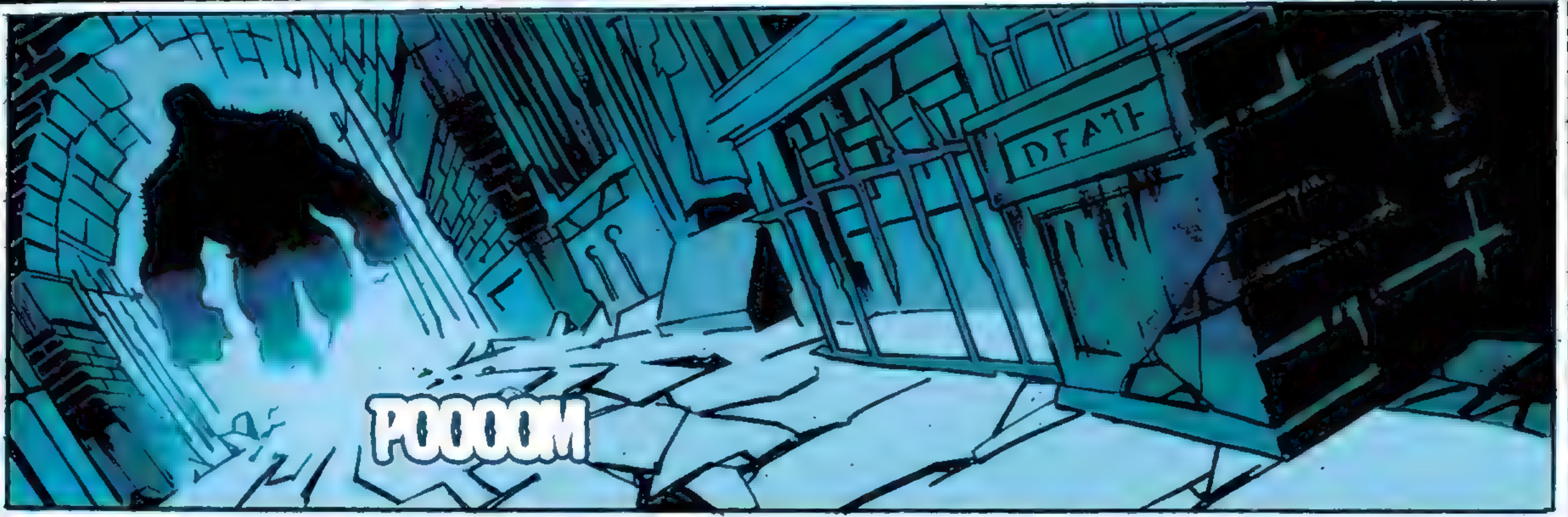


"I-INSPECTOR
FRANCIS BERGERON
DISAPPEARED...

"...ON ASSIGNMENT."







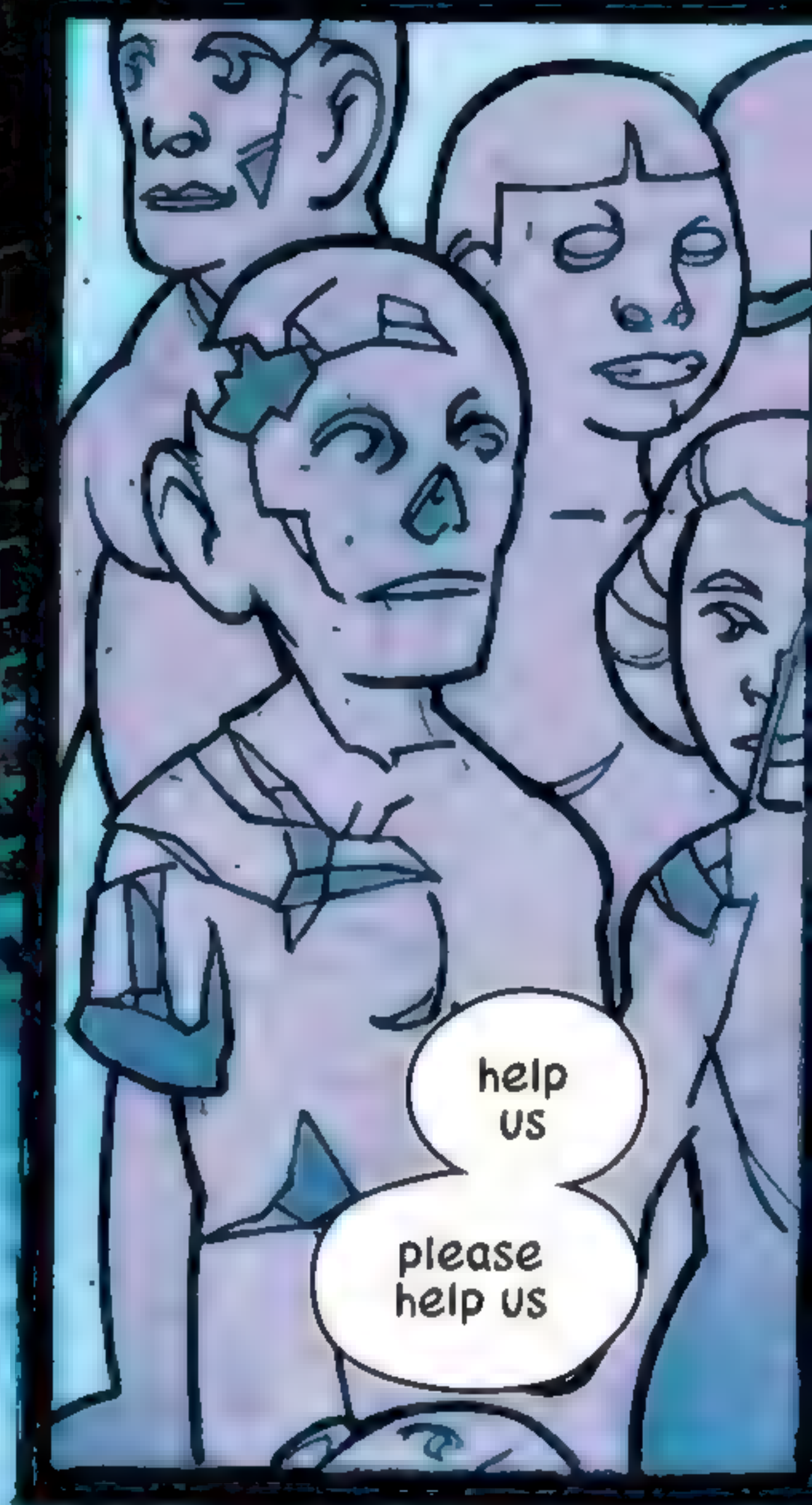




POOOOM



help
us



help
us

please
help us



I can't
feel my
legs

please
get us
out



I want
to see my
kids

oh god
please get
us out

please
kill me



help
us

please
god help
us

help
us



HOW FOUND
YOU THE
SANCTUARY OF
NEPHELE, MOTHER
OF ANGELS?



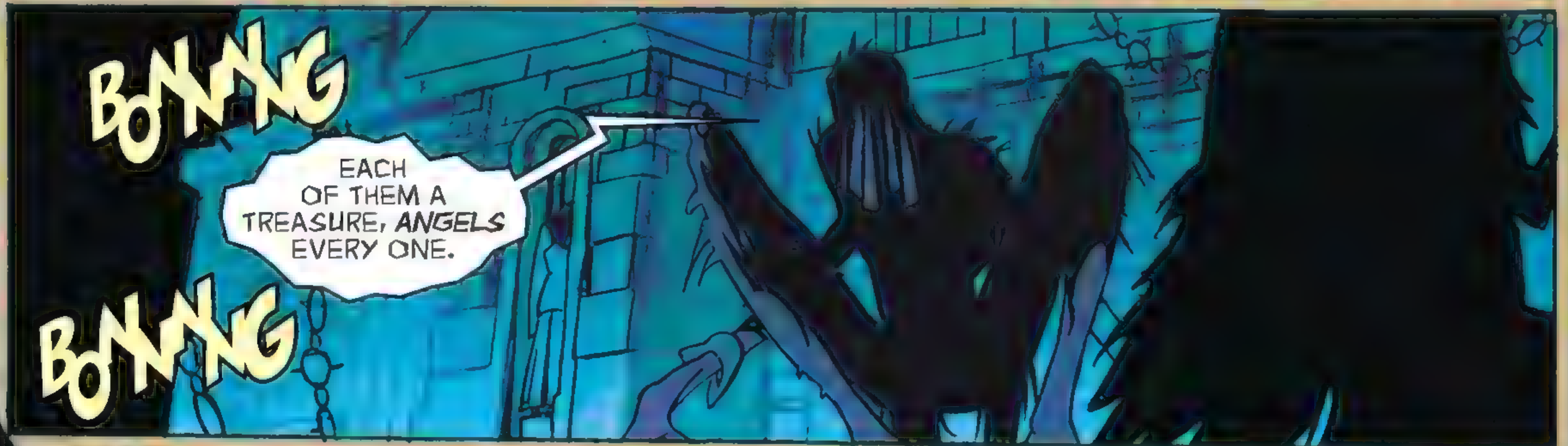
THE
GIRL. GIVE HER
BACK.



"GIRL"?

THERE ARE
MANY YOUNG
GIRLS IN
MY CARE.

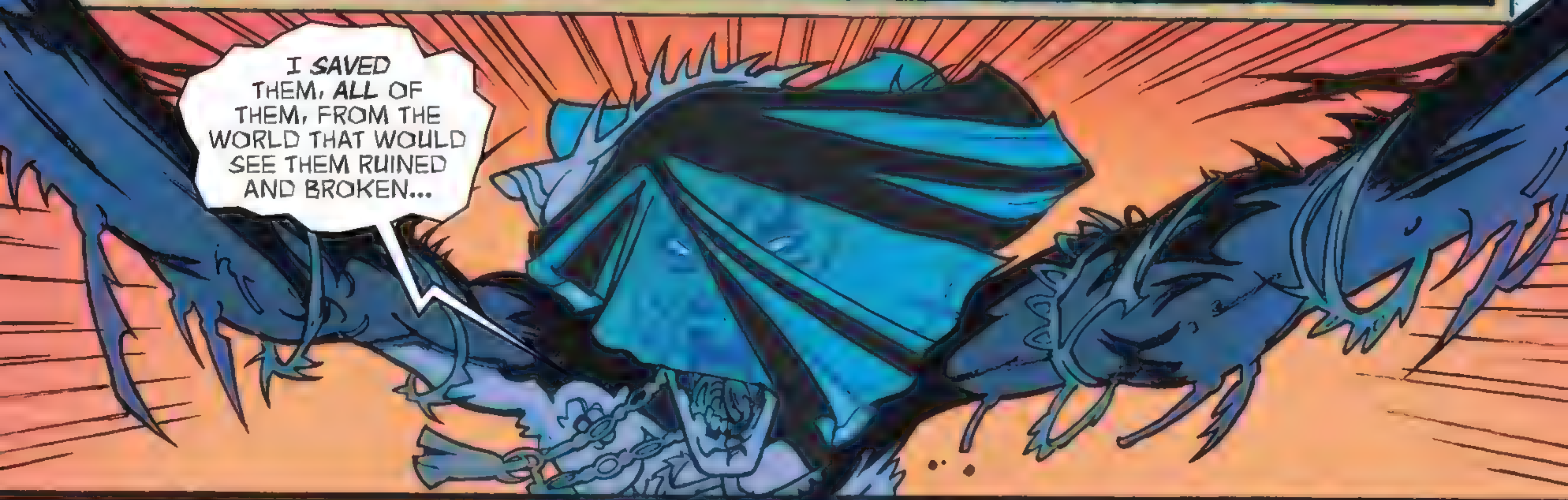
BONNNG



BONNNG

EACH
OF THEM A
TREASURE, ANGELS
EVERY ONE.

BONNNG



I SAVED
THEM, ALL OF
THEM, FROM THE
WORLD THAT WOULD
SEE THEM RUINED
AND BROKEN...



...FROM THE
IMMORTALS WHO
WOULD PASS UPON
THEM THEIR VICIOUS
JUDGMENT.

I TELL
YOU...

...YOU'LL
NOT HAVE A
SINGLE
ONE.





LET ME
OUT!!!

I'M
CHARLIE
%@\$&IN' TIDWELL!
YOU CAN'T KEEP
ME IN HERE!!!

I RUN
WITH THE
%@\$&IN'
INCREDIBLE
HULK!

LET
ME OUTTA
HERE!!!

"HOW CAME YOU
TO BE HERE,
FRACTURED SON?"



HOW
FOUND YOU
THE SANCTUARY
OF NEPHELE?

SHRRREKK

OR IS
"FROZEN
CHARLOTTE" THE
NAME BY WHICH
YOU KNOW
ME?

YOU
TOOK THE
KID.



GOOONNN



AH,
THE TRUTH
OF IT.

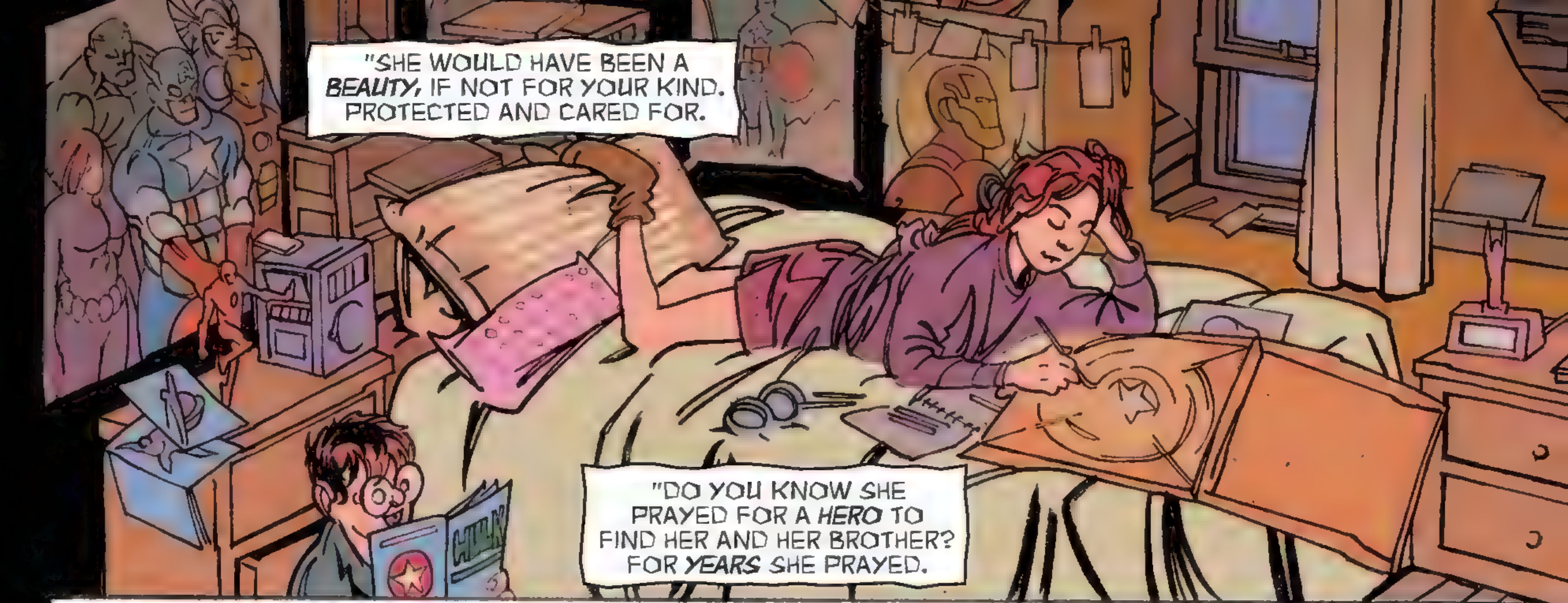
CHARLENE,
THE CALLOUSED,
BROKEN
BEAUTY.

CRUNCH



YOU AND
YOUR MORTAL
WORLD HAVE
RUINED HER.

YOU'LL
NOT HAVE
HER BACK.



"SHE WOULD HAVE BEEN A
BEAUTY, IF NOT FOR YOUR KIND.
PROTECTED AND CARED FOR.

"DO YOU KNOW SHE
PRAYED FOR A **HERO** TO
FIND HER AND HER BROTHER?
FOR YEARS SHE PRAYED.



"A SOLDIER OF VIRTUE,
AND A LIFE OF
GREAT DEEDS.

"SHE'D HAVE BEEN
A WORTHY SQUIRE,
BRAVE AND TRUE.



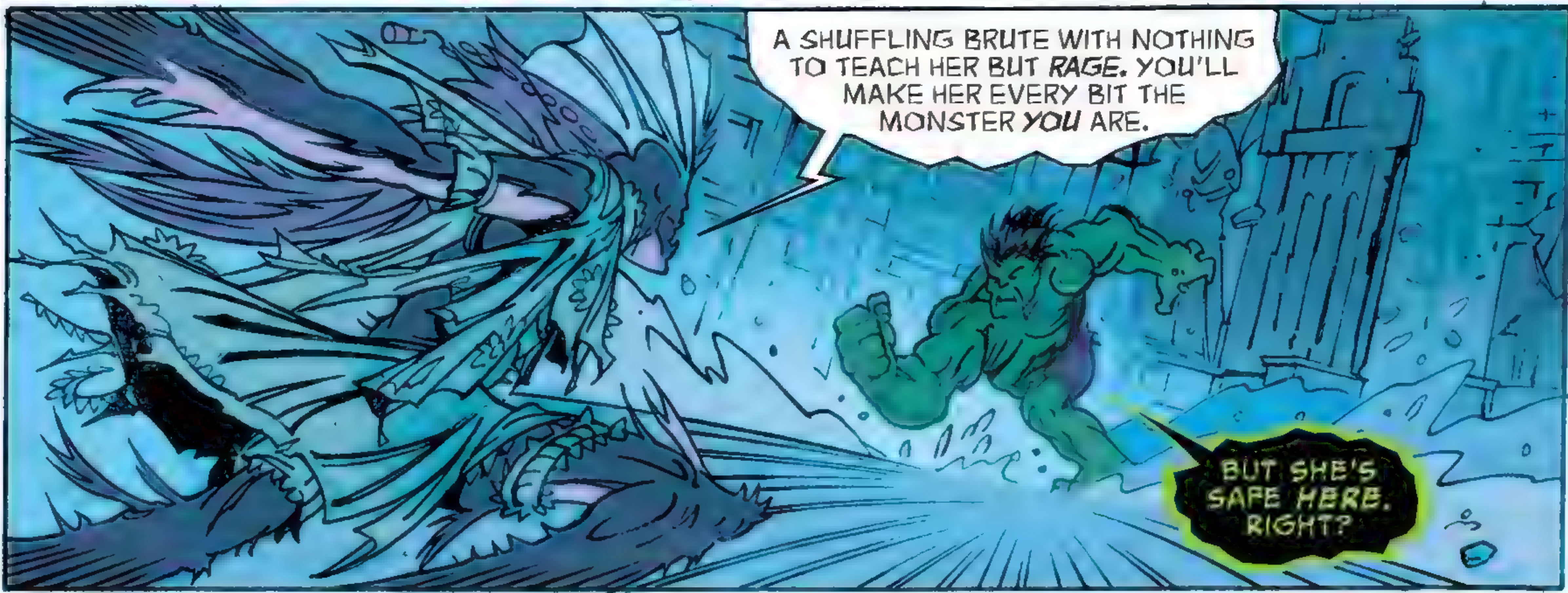
"BUT HER PRAYERS
BROUGHT ONLY
BEATINGS. **BURNINGS**.

"DEATH FOR THE
BROTHER, AND
BLAME FOR HER.

"AND WHEN GOD
FINALLY SAW FIT
TO ANSWER HER
PRAYER...

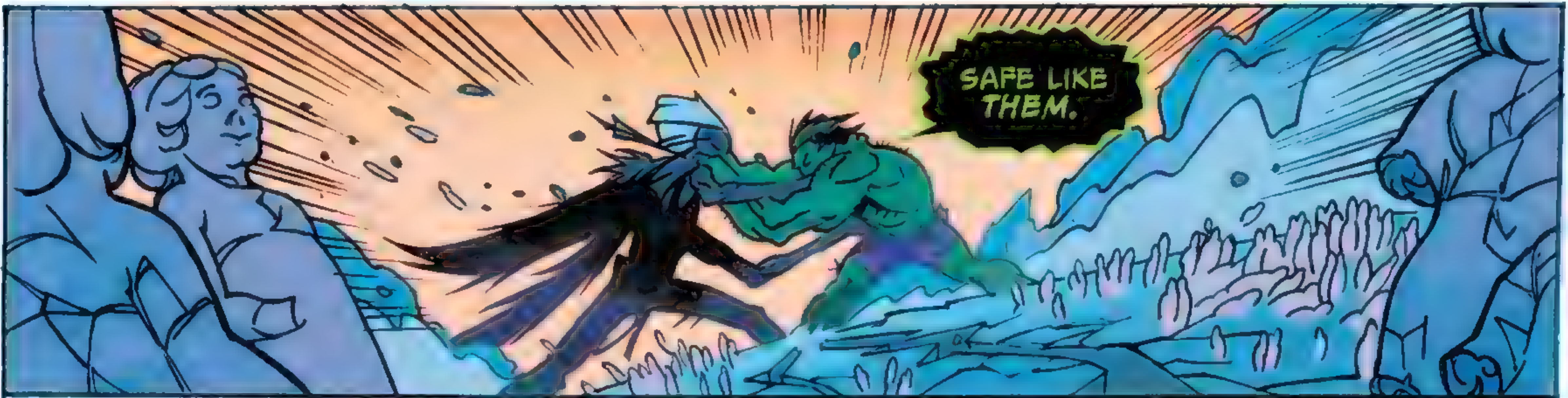


"...HE SENT
YOU."



A SHUFFLING BRUTE WITH NOTHING TO TEACH HER BUT RAGE. YOU'LL MAKE HER EVERY BIT THE MONSTER YOU ARE.

BUT SHE'S SAFE HERE, RIGHT?



SAFE LIKE THEM.

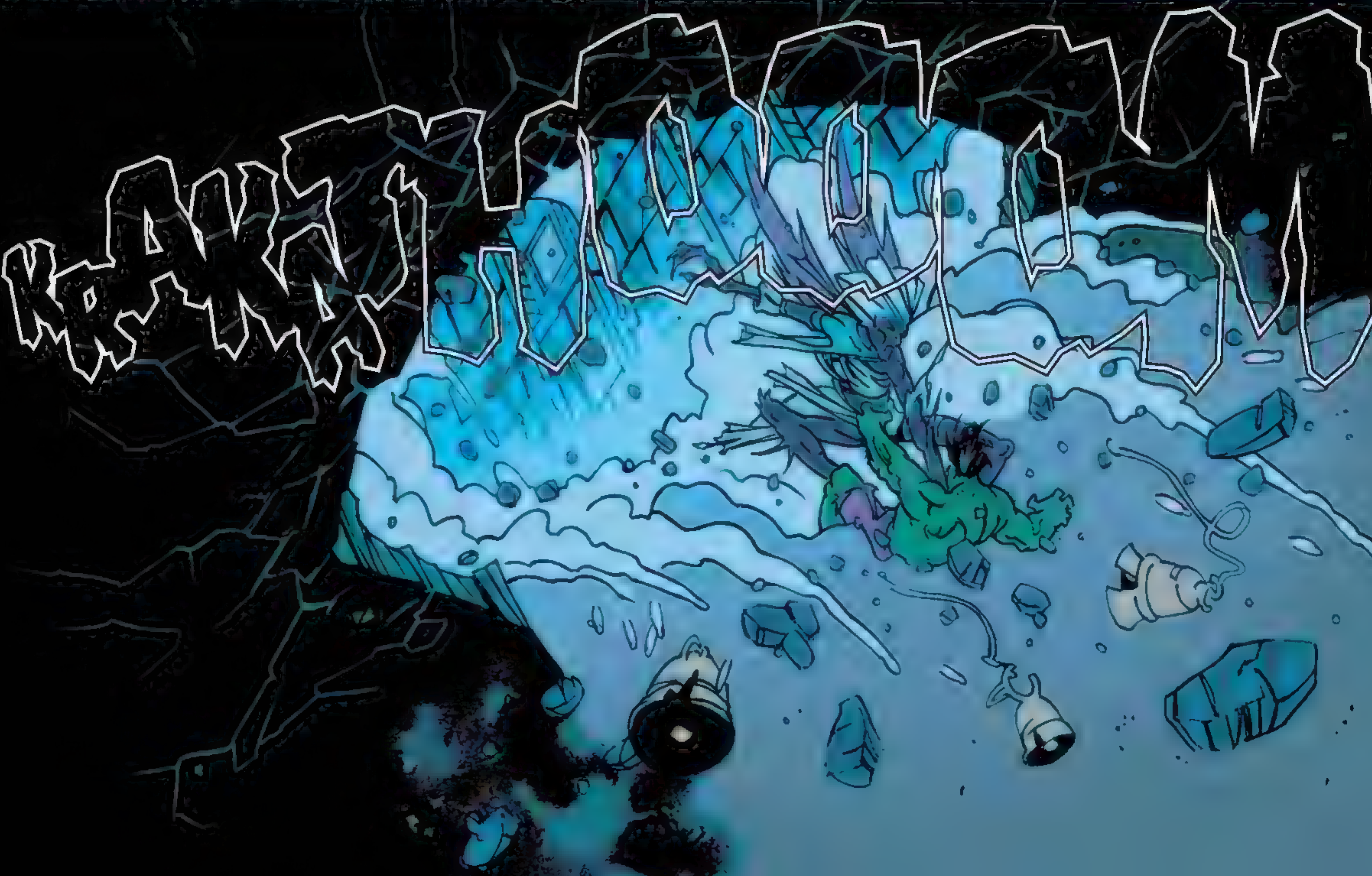


YES!!!

CRACK

KA-CRACK

CRACK



KA-BOOM



I KNOW
WHAT AWAITS
THEM!

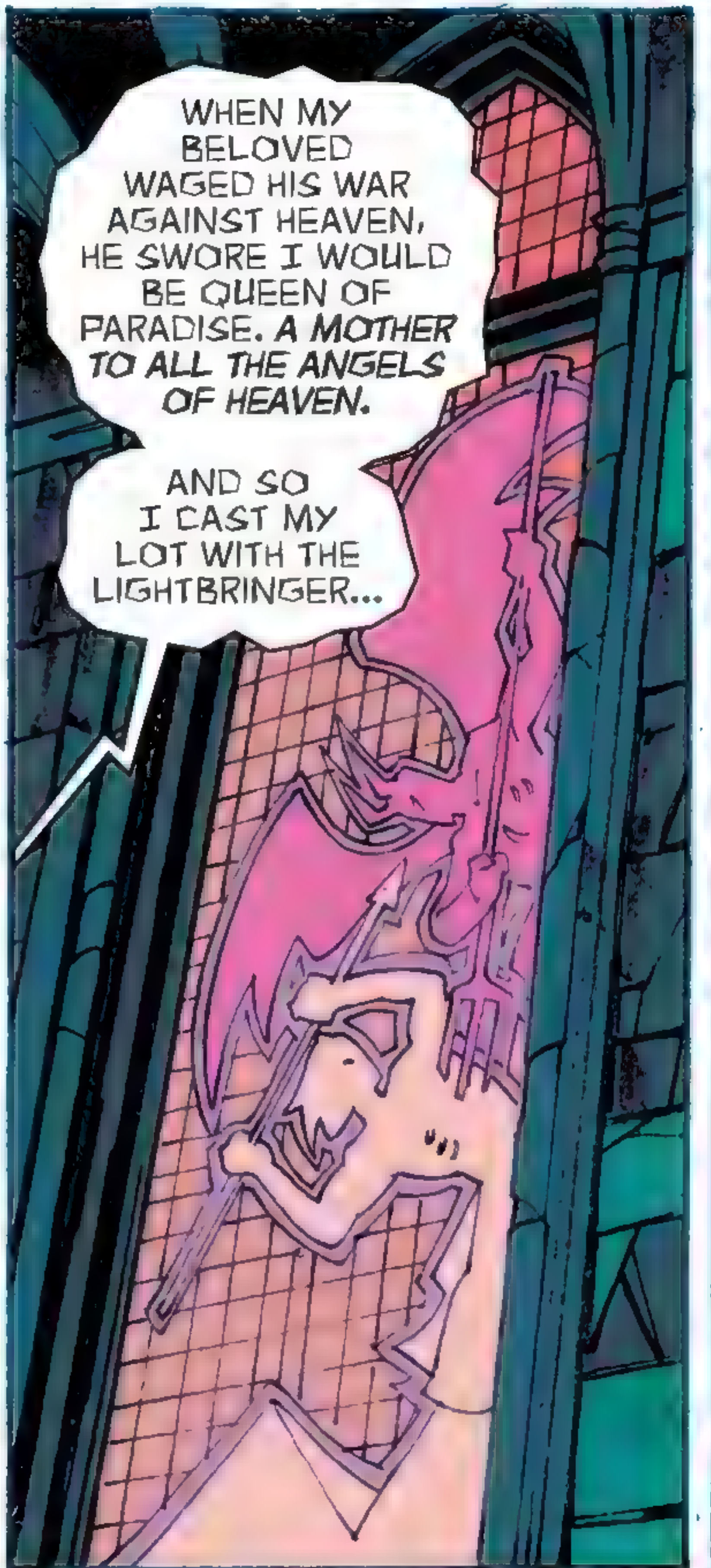
ENSLAVEMENT
FOR THE OBEDIENT...

...AGONY
FOR THE
WAYWARD!



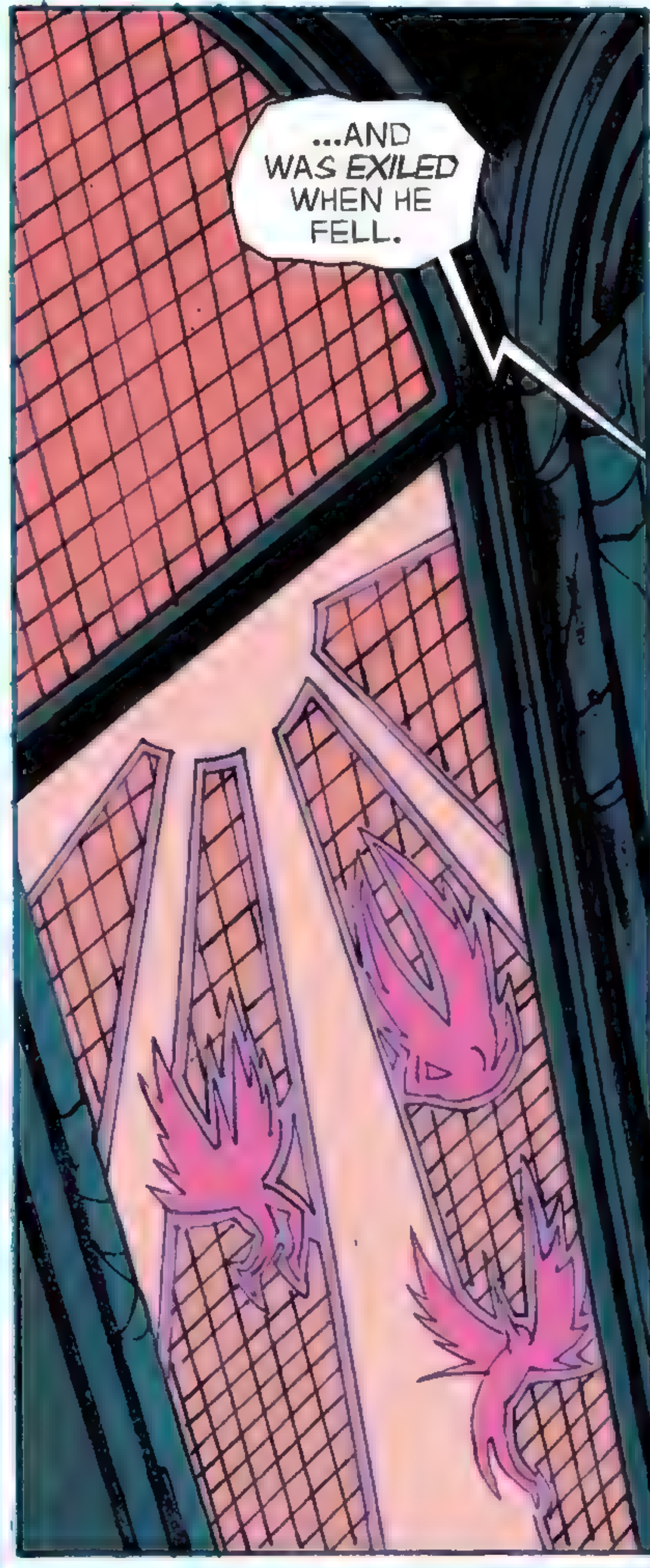
I AM
NEPHELE.

THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL OF THE
NEPHILIM...THE
CHOSEN CONSORT
OF LUCIFER
MORNINGSTAR
HIMSELF.



WHEN MY
BELOVED
WAGED HIS WAR
AGAINST HEAVEN,
HE SWORE I WOULD
BE QUEEN OF
PARADISE. A MOTHER
TO ALL THE ANGELS
OF HEAVEN.

AND SO
I CAST MY
LOT WITH THE
LIGHTBRINGER...



...AND
WAS EXILED
WHEN HE
FELL.



I TOOK
REFUGE ON EARTH,
NESTING IN THE DUNG
AND THE STRAW OF
MORTALS.

HIDING IN
CAVES AMONG
THE BLIND, WITLESS
THINGS THAT CRAWL
ON THEIR BELLIES
IN THE DARK.

"THE IMMORTALS HUNT ME STILL. FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, THEY'VE HUNTED ME. ANGELS AND DEVILS, ABOVE AND BELOW, ALL SEEKING TO PUNISH ME.

"BUT THEY'LL NOT ROB ME OF WHAT WAS PROMISED.

"THE LIGHTBRINGER SAID I WOULD BE A QUEEN OF ANGELS. AND SO I AM.

"THERE ARE INNOCENTS HERE...BEINGS PURE OF HEART. ANGELS, OF A SORT.

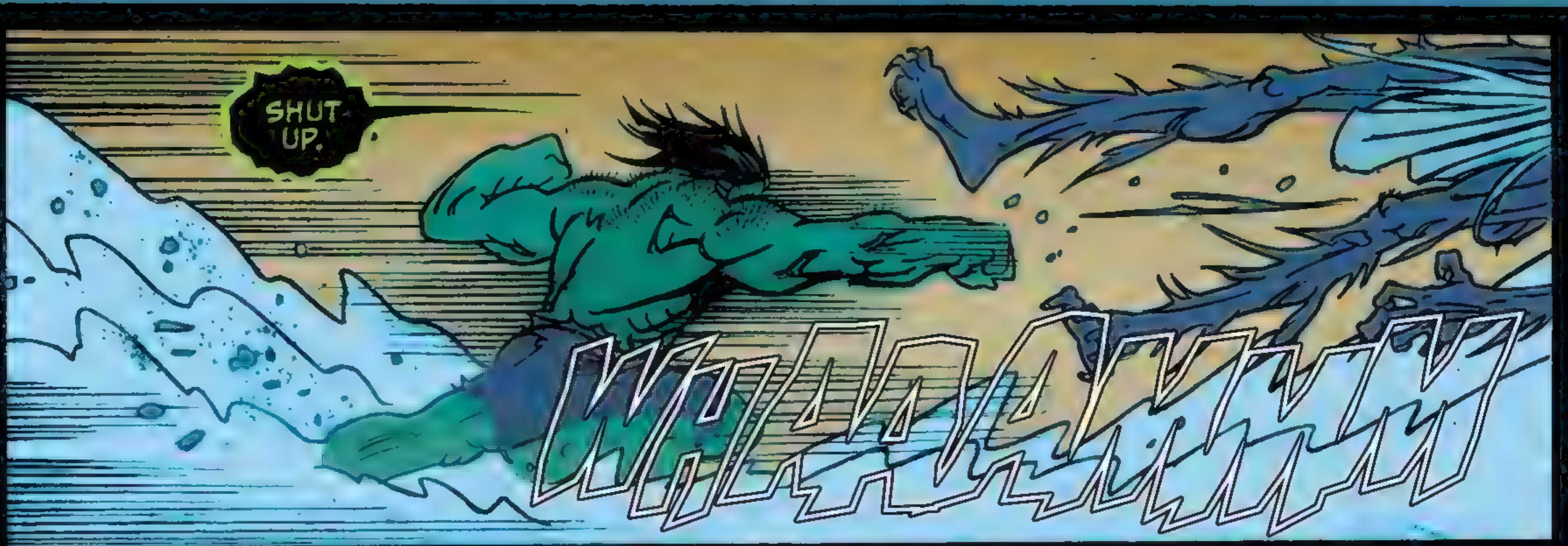
"I HAVE SEEN THEM. WATCHED THEM.

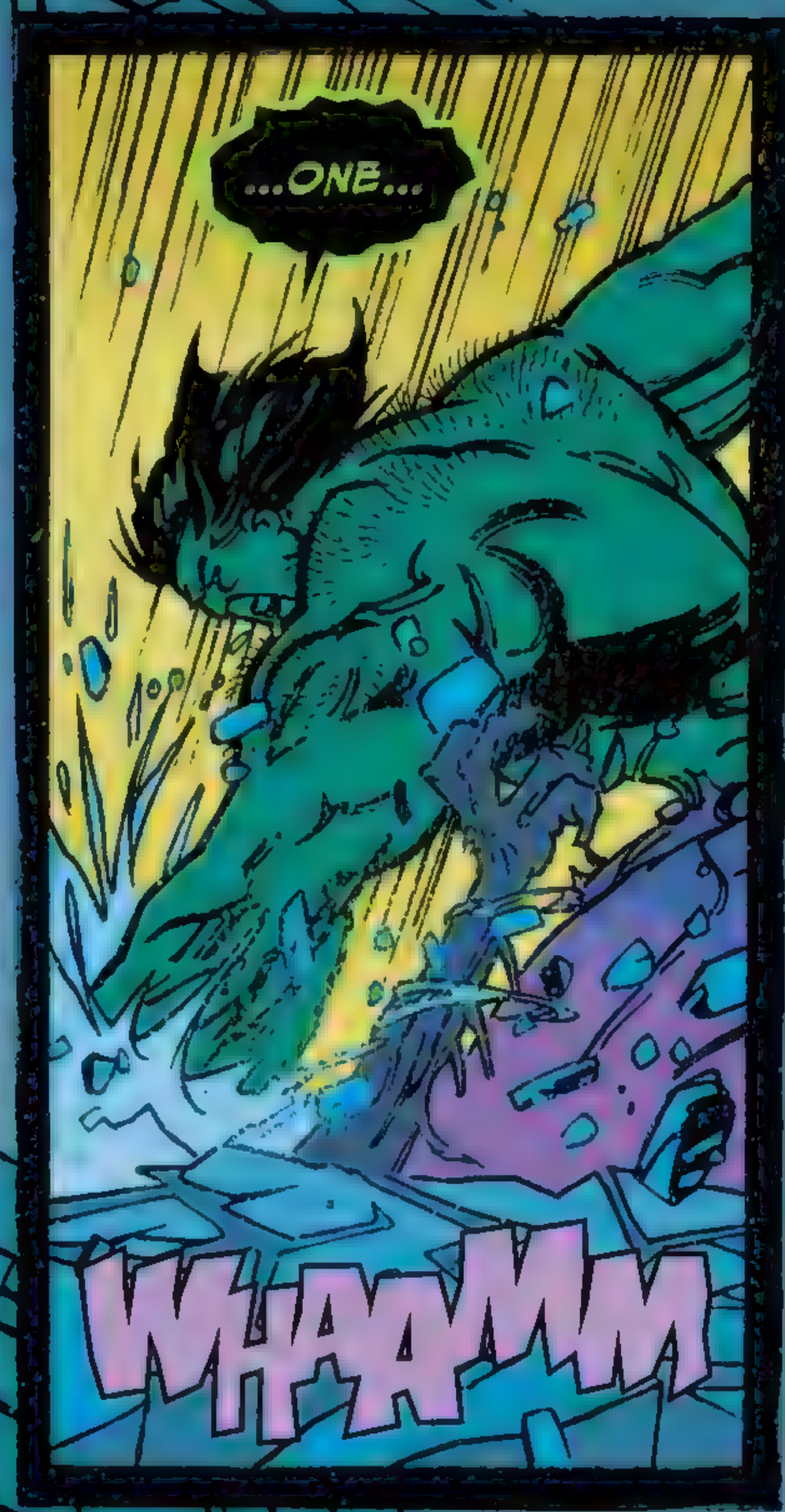
"AFTER A TIME, I BEGAN...

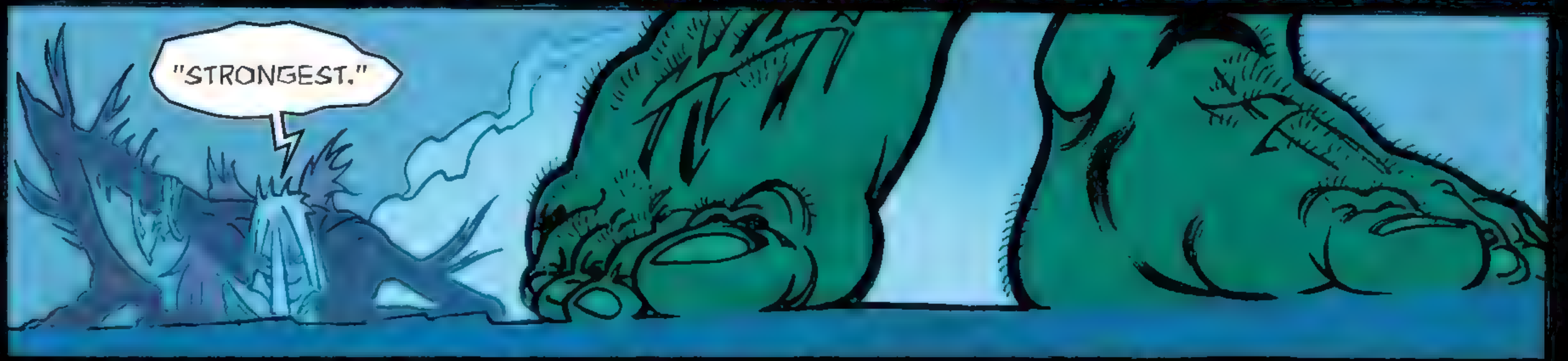
"...COLLECTING THEM.

"I CRAFT VESSELS FOR THEIR SOULS THAT WILL FAR OUTLAST THEIR FRAGILE BODIES..."

...HERE IN THE DARK, WHERE THE TYRANTS OF HEAVEN AND HELL CAN NEVER HURT THEM AGAIN.









ARE YOU,
INDEED.

I AM
NEPHELE.

QUEEN
MOTHER OF
THE HEAVEN-
TO-BE.

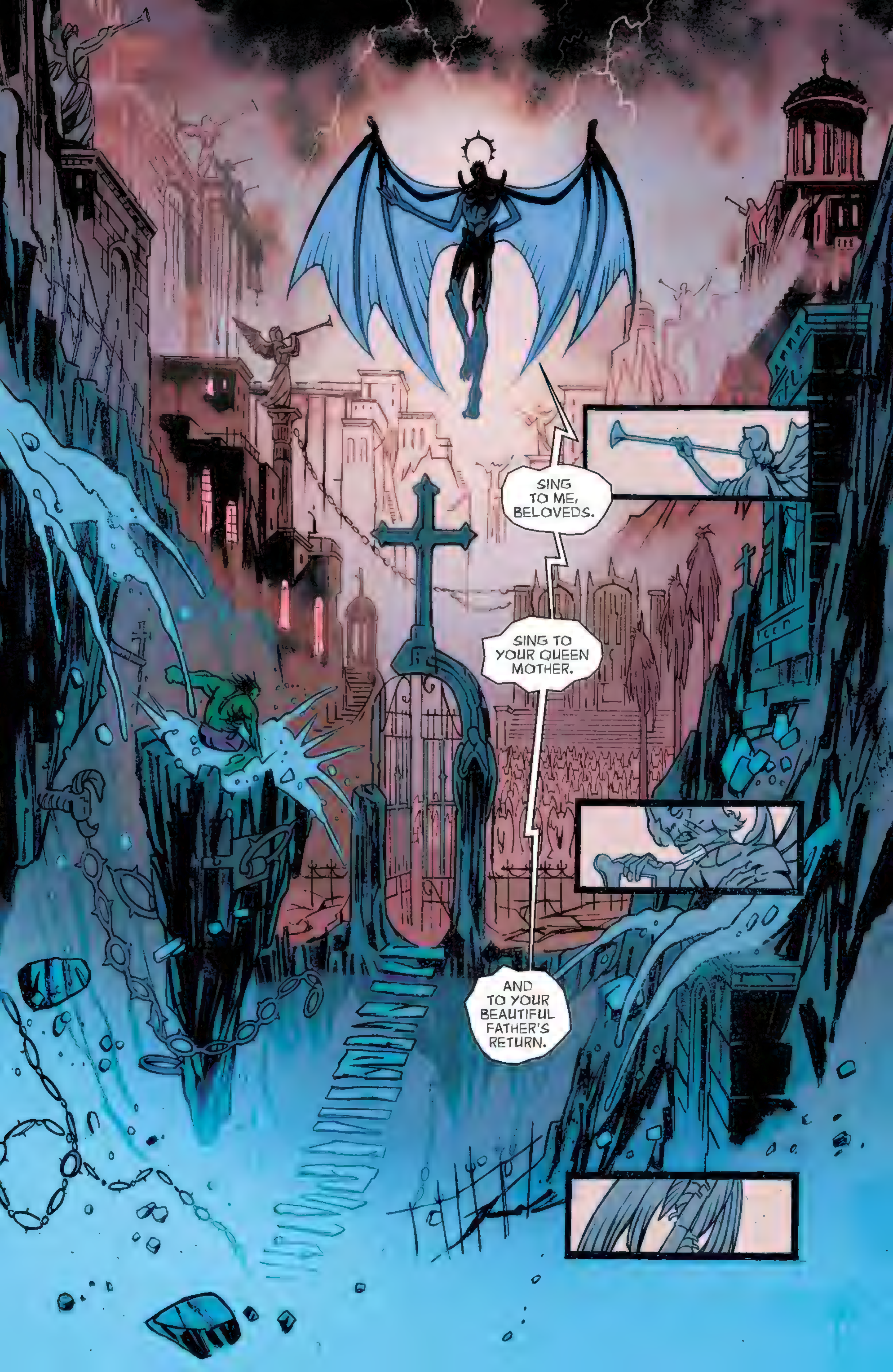
AS FOR MY
SERAPHIM...

...MY
BABIES...

...I WILL
NOT GIVE
UP A SINGLE
ONE.



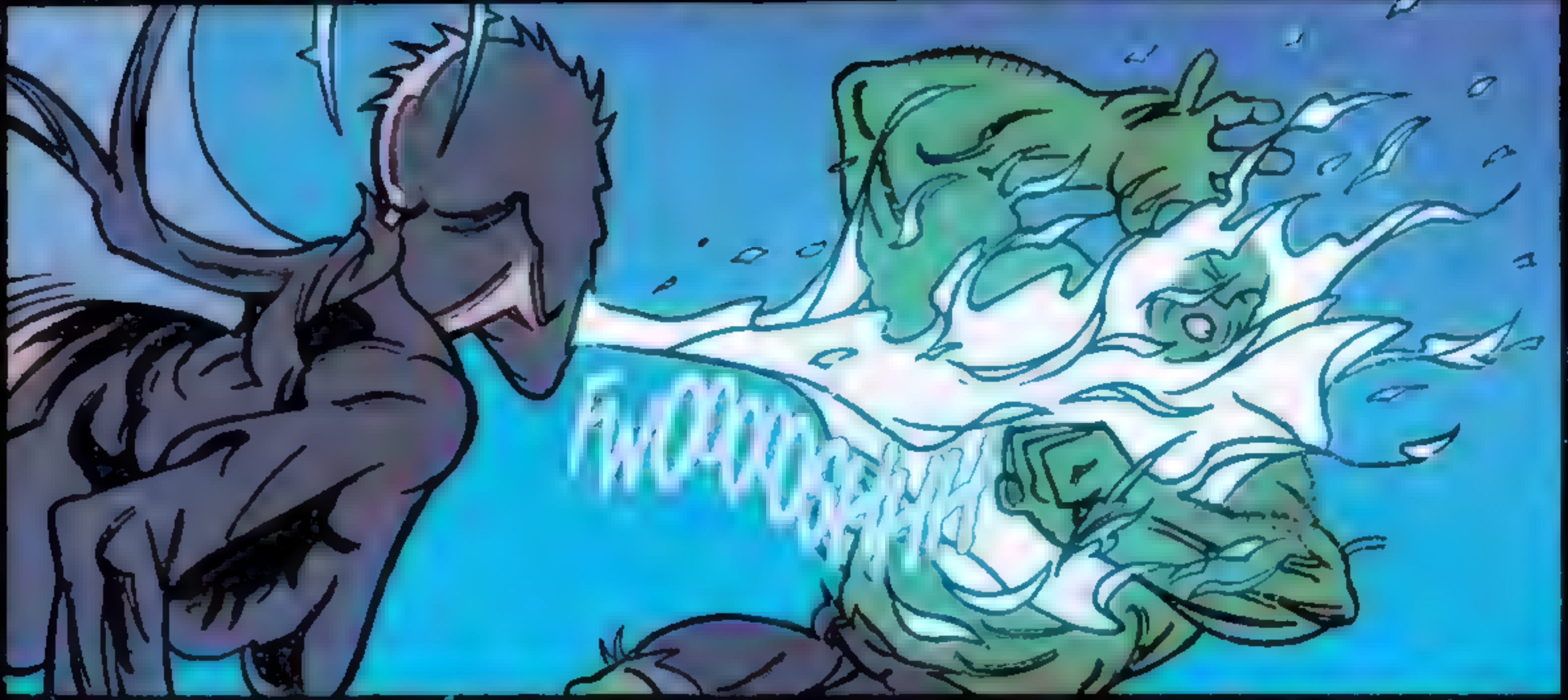




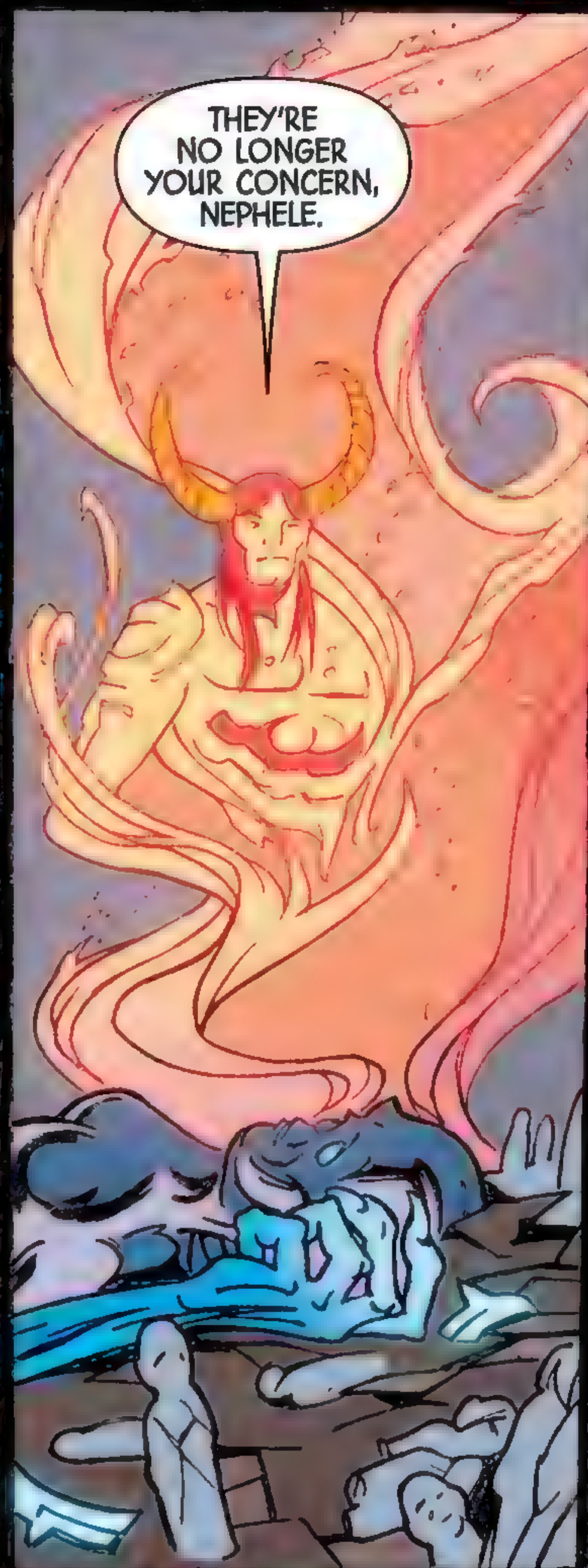
SING
TO ME,
BELOVEDS.

SING TO
YOUR QUEEN
MOTHER.

AND
TO YOUR
BEAUTIFUL
FATHER'S
RETURN.









I HAVE SEARCHED FOR NEPELE FOR NO SHORT TIME.

HOW IS IT YOU FOUND HER, WHEN THE LIGHTBRINGER COULD NOT?



NEPELE WILL GIVE THE MORTAL REALM NO FURTHER TROUBLE. YOUR BUSINESS WITH "FROZEN CHARLOTTE" IS CONCLUDED.

AND ANY BUSINESS BETWEEN YOU AND ELDEST IS OF NO INTEREST TO ME.



WHATEVER YOU FIND BEYOND THAT DOOR, DO NOT LOOK FOR NEPELE AGAIN...





KID.

LET'S
GO.



KID?

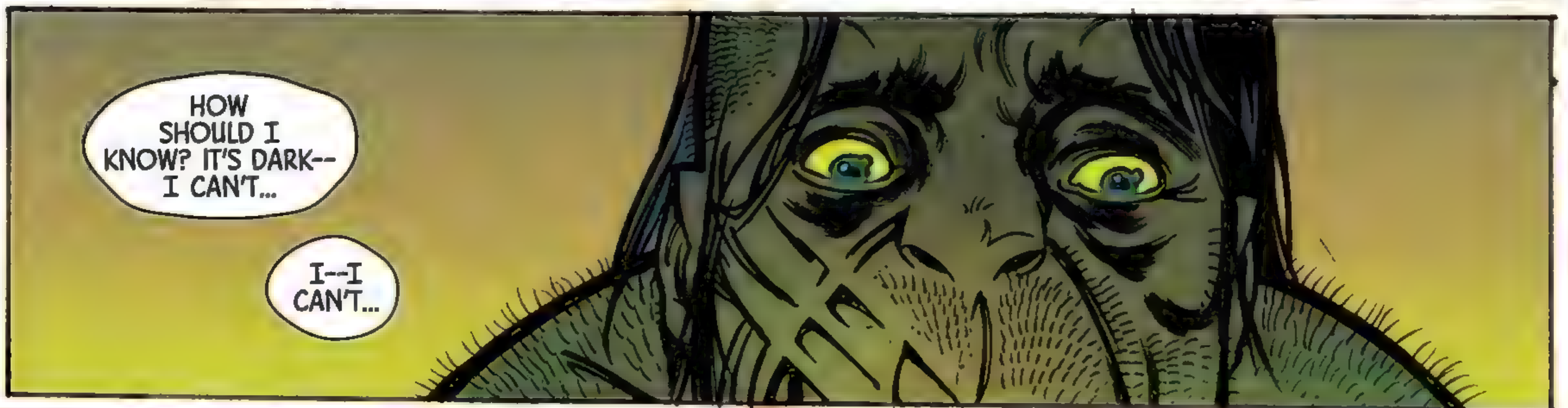
H-HULK?



HULK! I
KNEW YOU'D
COME!

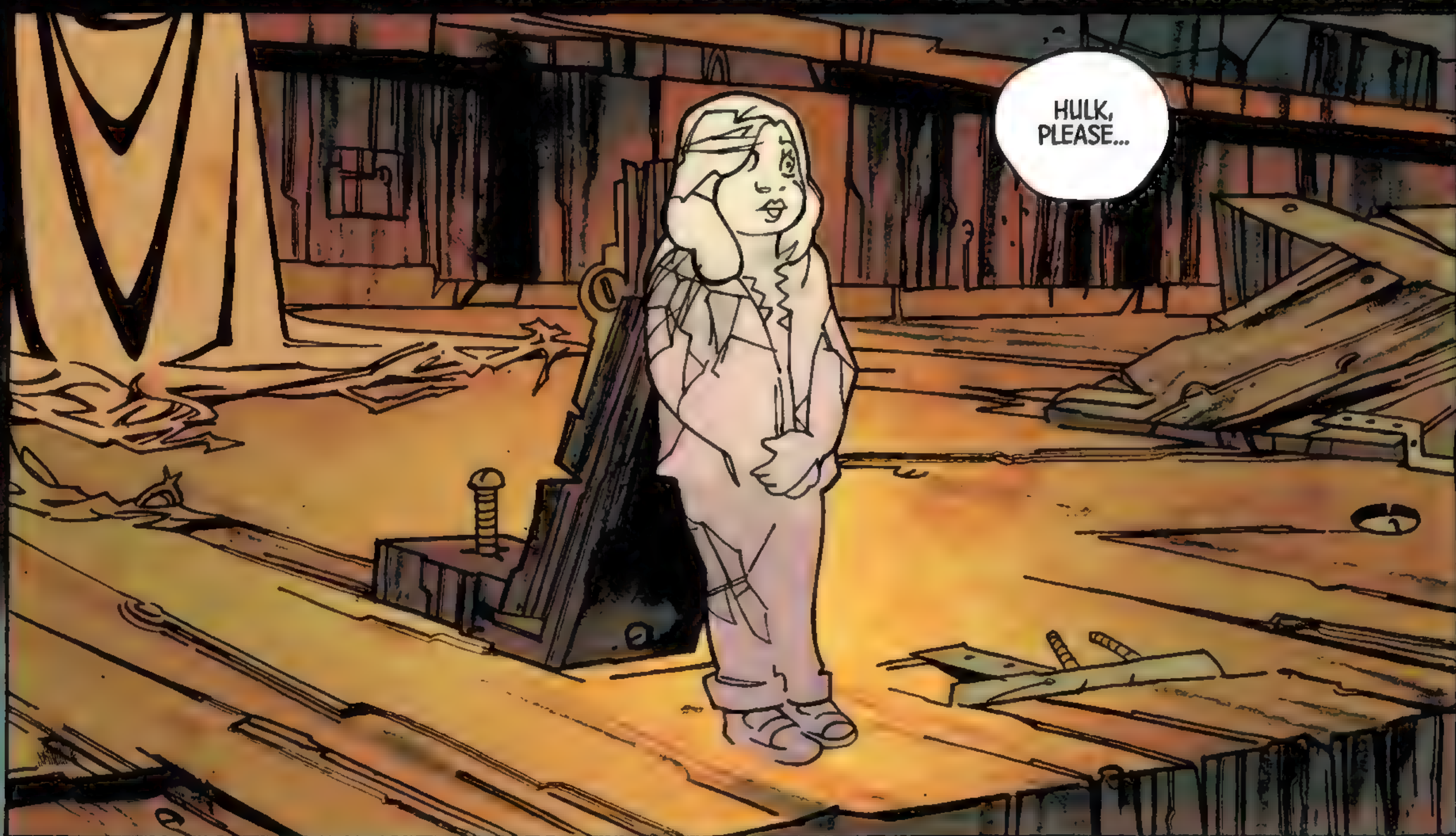
HULK, I...
I CAN'T SEE
ANYTHING. WHERE
ARE YOU?

WHERE
ARE YOU?



HOW
SHOULD I
KNOW? IT'S DARK--
I CAN'T...

I--I
CAN'T...



THE REMEMBRANCES OF ELDEST JINNI DAGAAL, THE WAR DEVIL

Of all the children of the Mother of Horrors, none have a greater hatred of Man than Jinni Dagaal...he who Man has named the WAR DEVIL.

Jinni Dagaal began life as a mere spirit on the grasslands of Africa...a meek and gentle thing, lacking even physical form. If it had a name in that early time, there were none who knew it. It was silent, watchful, full of love for all things that grow, devoid of malice or ill intent...until Man came.

When the first Men came to the grasslands, the spirit was wary and fearful. Though not intelligent, Man seemed cunning... They brought with them the spear, the bow and the trick of fire. They ate of every tree and root and shaped the land to their liking, as if it were theirs alone. They learned to hunt even the mightiest beasts, creatures far stronger and swifter than they. All this the gentle spirit watched, and it was afraid.

Man's numbers quickly grew, and their crimes grew bolder. They killed the trees to make their tools and weapons, even burned them for warmth. They killed the animals in vast numbers and draped themselves in their skins. Bit by bit, the grasslands were burned away, and the embers of the spirit's fear grew to a smoldering anger.

As the seasons changed, the spirit retreated to the sacred grove where its life had begun: a secret, holy place its hated enemy would surely never discover. But Man's reach grew ever longer, until at last, a hunting party did find the sacred grove. Not knowing what they had found, the hunters ate from the trees, drank from the spirit's pool and slew its most beloved deer.

Man had already taught the spirit fear and sorrow and bitterest rage. But that day, the spirit discovered HATRED also, a revulsion as black and blinding as death. It flew into the body of one of the hunters, becoming his breath and blood, filling his heart with a searing hatred of his own kind that could only be answered with murder. Wearing the hunter's form, the spirit slew his fellows, ate of their flesh

and danced in their blood, howling in anguish and bloodlust. Hunter and spirit had become JINNI DAGAAL, "WAR DEVIL," the first hunter of Men.

The lives of the hunters did not satisfy Jinni Dagaal, and soon he hunted the rest of their tribe. The shamans tried to draw Jinni Dagaal out of the hunter, but Jinni Dagaal would not be drawn out. The men who were left tried to kill Jinni Dagaal, but Jinni Dagaal could not be killed. When at last, all the tribe lay dead, Jinni Dagaal found that there were others, and he hunted Men wherever he found them. Every life Jinni Dagaal took made him greater and more monstrous, until little of either spirit or man remained.



Years passed in slaughter, until finally, Jinni Dagaal was trapped by the hunters of many tribes, hunters beyond counting. After a terrible battle, so many were Jinni Dagaal's wounds that he finally fell. But as he fell, Jinni Dagaal's blood splashed upon the hunters who had felled him. That night as they celebrated their victory, the bloodlust of Jinni Dagaal roiled in their minds, a torturous flame that would torment them until their deaths. The hunters had become WARRIORS: hunters of Men.

Though the kindly spirit's sacred grove was long ago burned and forgotten, the spirit was avenged on its trespassers a thousand thousand times. The spirit of Jinni Dagaal is now legion. The fear, rage and hatred of the WAR DEVIL have passed through spilled blood across the eons and will live on until the last two warriors lie dead at each other's feet.

On that day, the kindly spirit of the sacred grove will rest at last, and the Mother of Horrors will stand astride the bones.

THE REMEMBRANCES OF ELDEST NEPHELE, "FROZEN CHARLOTTE"

The self-proclaimed "gods" of Earth have ever been small, petty things...would-be masters of sky or sea or the land of the dead, false sovereigns of this scrap of land or that. They owe their survival only to their own insignificance, for that alone protects them from the almighty MOTHER OF HORRORS.

Eons ago, one such God of the Heavens commanded a great host of angels, beings of light and wing called the Seraphim and the Cherubim and the Ophanim, all servants of their creator. So too were the NEPHILIM, lesser in power than their brethren but great in grace and beauty. Much like mortal Man were they, but long and lithe of limb and utterly without flaw, admired even by the mightiest of their kind. So beautiful was the first of the Nephilim, NEPHELE, that she drew the eye of the greatest of angels, brightest LUCIFER. Nephele awakened in him a desire then unknown in Heaven...a desire to touch her and to possess her.

"Soon dominion over Heaven and Earth will pass to me," said Lucifer to Nephele in secret, "and you will be my queen. The seat of our creator will I strike down and raise up two in its place, and you will be as mother to all the angels of Heaven."

Nephele had always been faithful to her creator, but Lucifer's words bewitched her, and she spoke not of his plan. Nephele much desired to be a mother of angels as Lucifer had promised, and it was inconceivable that one as great as the Lightbringer might fail.

But fail he did. Lucifer's war came to the Heavenly City, the skies burned, many angels were lost, and in the end Lucifer and his followers were cast out of Heaven into the realm of eternal fire and torment that would be their prison. Though she had done little to aid the Morningstar, Nephele was condemned alongside the others. Rather than face the horror that bright Lucifer had become, Nephele fled paradise for the Earthly Realm, but the judgment of Heaven followed her. Her divine gifts were stripped away, and she

became as the demons of Lucifer: long of tooth and claw, with ice on her breath and death in her gaze, a profanity of nature.

In that early time, Earth was a dark and desolate place. For thousands of years Nephele hid among mortals, and came to know the cold and the rain, the biting emptiness of hunger, and the brutality of Man for his fellows. She longed for the paradise she had fled, for the light and warmth with which her servitude had been rewarded. Bitterly she remembered her lost beauty, the promises of the Morningstar, and her false destiny as a mother of angels. But though the Earthly Realm was a harsh, cruel place, Nephele found that not all mortals were evil. There was



innocence to be found there, and kindness, and faith in their creator and in their fellow man. She felt compassion for the meek and motherless, longed to care for them, and wept when their brief mortal lives were spent. She raged when their souls were harvested by angels and demons, each of her beauties doomed to an eternity of servitude in Heaven or torment in Hell.

With what power remained to her, she built deep beneath the Earth a mockery of paradise, its empty, echoing sanctuaries littered with broken bells and silent trumpets, its stone halls thick with dust and the webs of spiders. Here she brought those

mortals she found most deserving of love, and from their bones fashioned dolls that would long outlast their fragile bodies. Within these, she imprisoned their immortal souls, forever safe and hidden from the judgment of Heaven.

Long now has "Frozen Charlotte" haunted the streets of her city. For centuries has she collected the souls of her "little angels," filling her dungeon sanctuaries with bone china dolls that bear her victims' faces. And though Lucifer has found his bride at last, I think he will learn that the lost angel Nephele has been too long away, and that the vengeful "Frozen Charlotte" is all that remains.

WAR DEVIL

I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT
OF WAR AS A FINITE
THING.

Written by PHILLIP KENNEDY JOHNSON

AFGHANISTAN.

A WAR BEGINS...
IT'S FOUGHT BY
SOLDIERS...

Penciled and Inked by ALBERTO ALBURQUERQUE

...AND WHEN ENOUGH
PEOPLE HAVE DIED,
IT ENDS.

Colored by ANDRES MOSSA

RIGHT?

Lettered by KEN BRUZENAK

assistant editor: KATHLEEN WISNESKI

editor: NICK LOWE

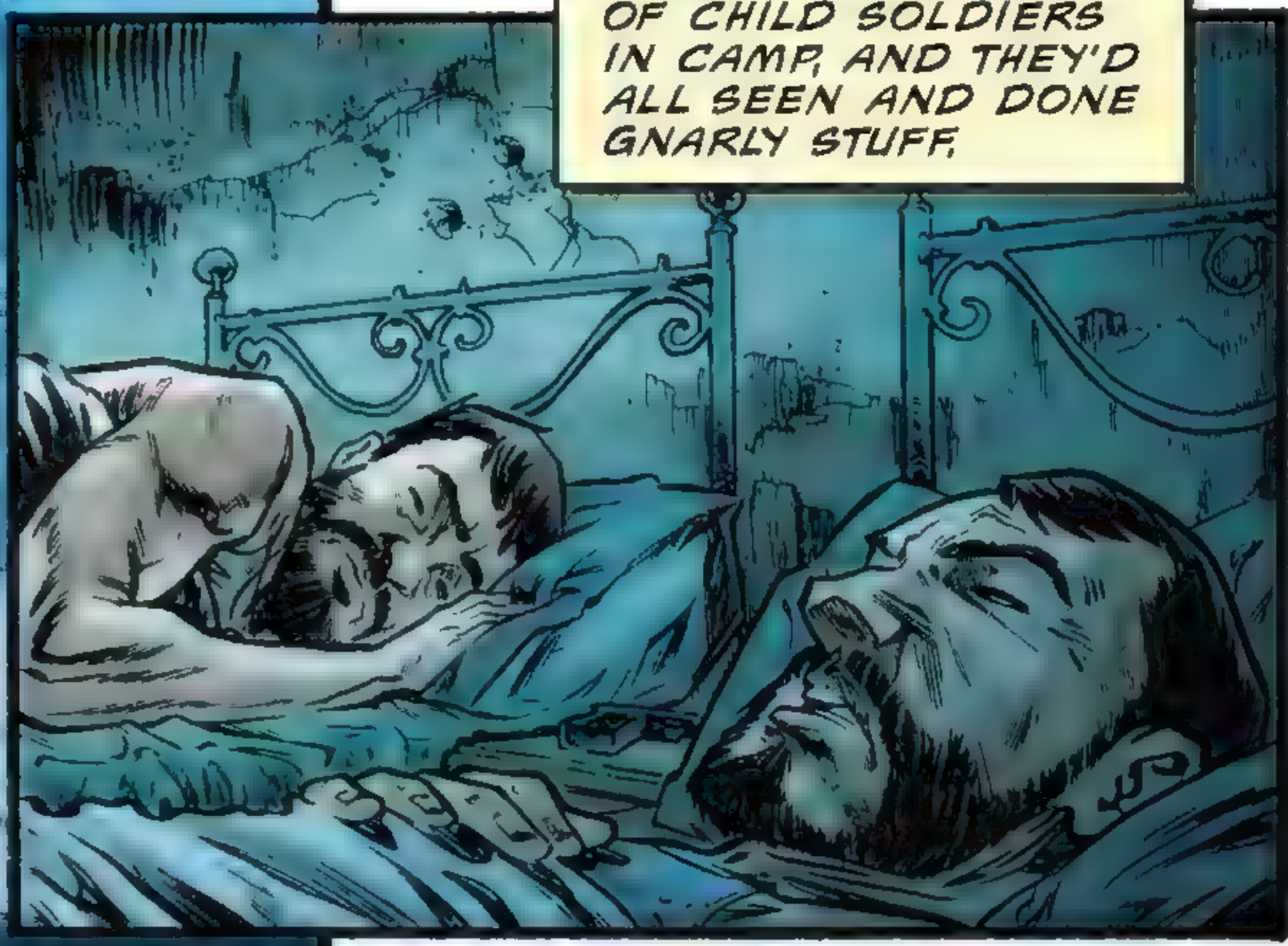


BEFORE AFGHANISTAN,
I WAS ON A SECURITY
DETAIL FOR A SOMALI
REFUGEE CAMP.

THERE WAS THIS
KID THERE. HE
WAS ONLY ABOUT
EIGHT OR NINE.



BUT HE'D ALREADY
DONE TWO YEARS
AS A CHILD SOLDIER
FOR AL-SHABAAB.



THERE WERE PLENTY
OF CHILD SOLDIERS
IN CAMP, AND THEY'D
ALL SEEN AND DONE
GNARLY STUFF.

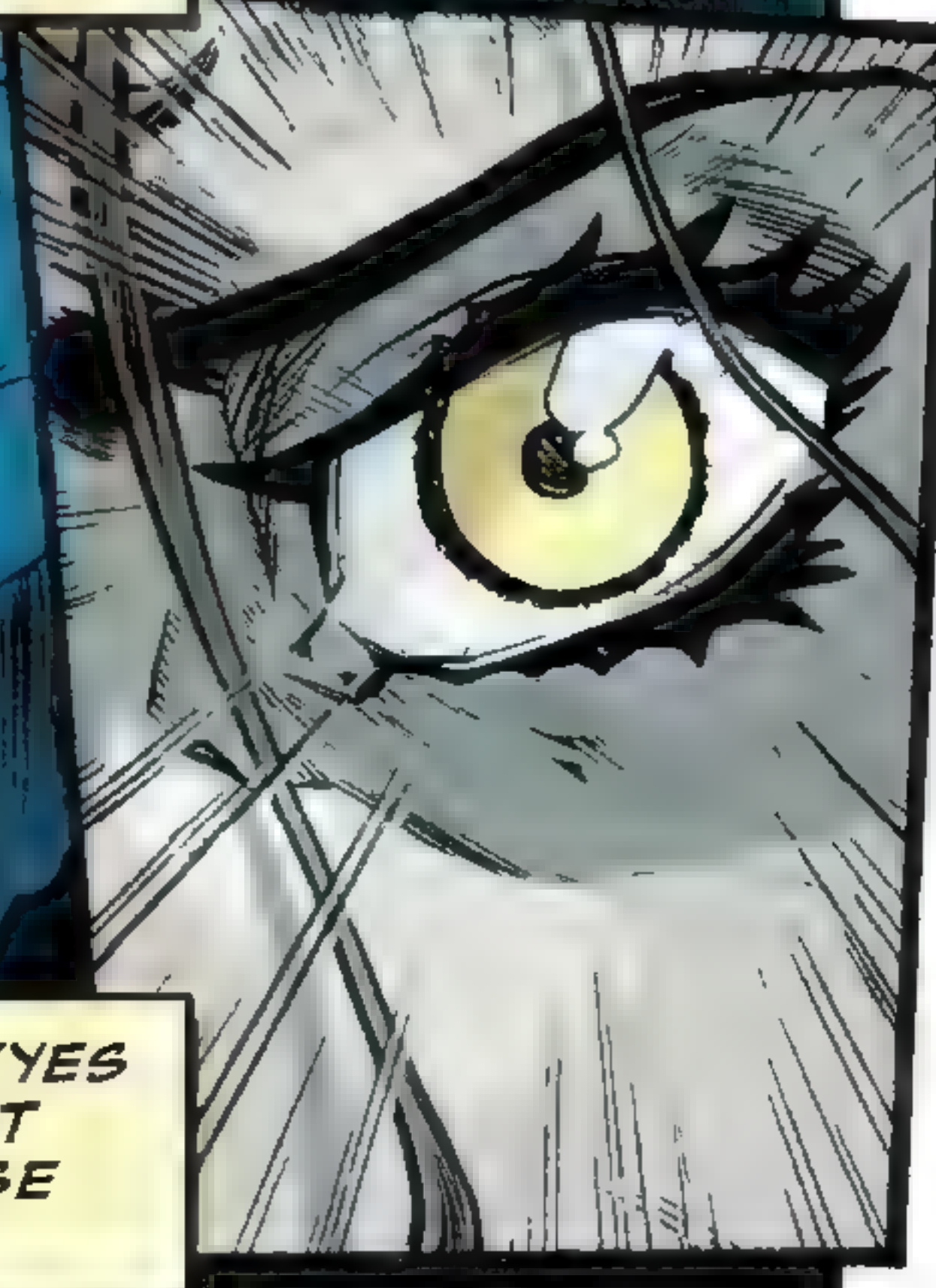


BUT EVEN THE
OTHER KIDS KEPT
THEIR DISTANCE
FROM THIS ONE.

HE WAS AMPED UP ALL THE
TIME, LIKE HE HAD A SOUND-
TRACK OF GUNFIRE PLAYING
NONSTOP IN HIS HEAD.



HE LOOKED EQUALLY
READY TO CUT YOU
OR RUN AWAY AT
ANY MOMENT...



...AND HIS EYES
JUST DIDN'T
MAKE SENSE
AT ALL.

I TRIED TO TALK TO HIM
ONCE, BUT AN OLD
NURSE PULLED ME BACK,
SAID IT WASN'T SAFE.

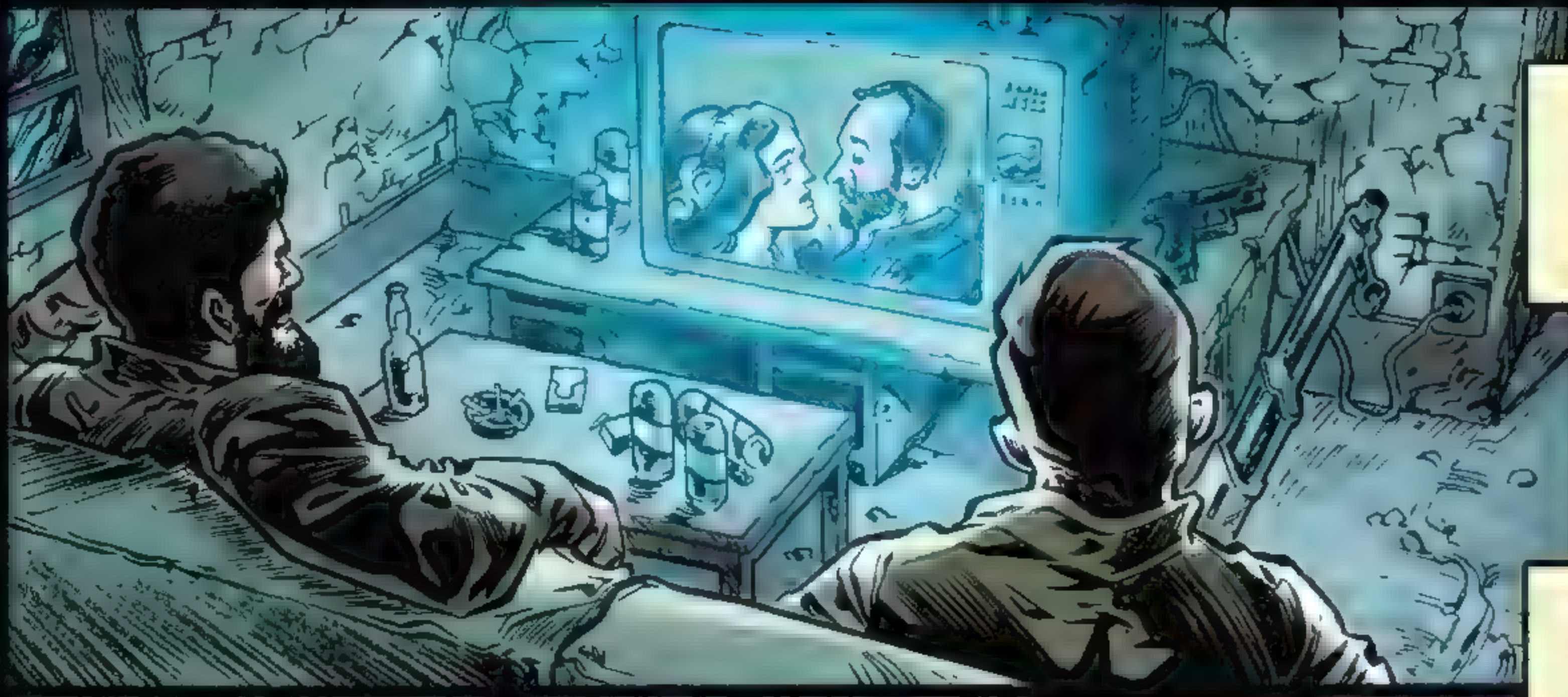
TOLD ME "JINNI DAGAAL"
HAD TAKEN HIM.

I ASSUMED SHE MEANT
HE HAD SOME KIND OF
DISEASE.

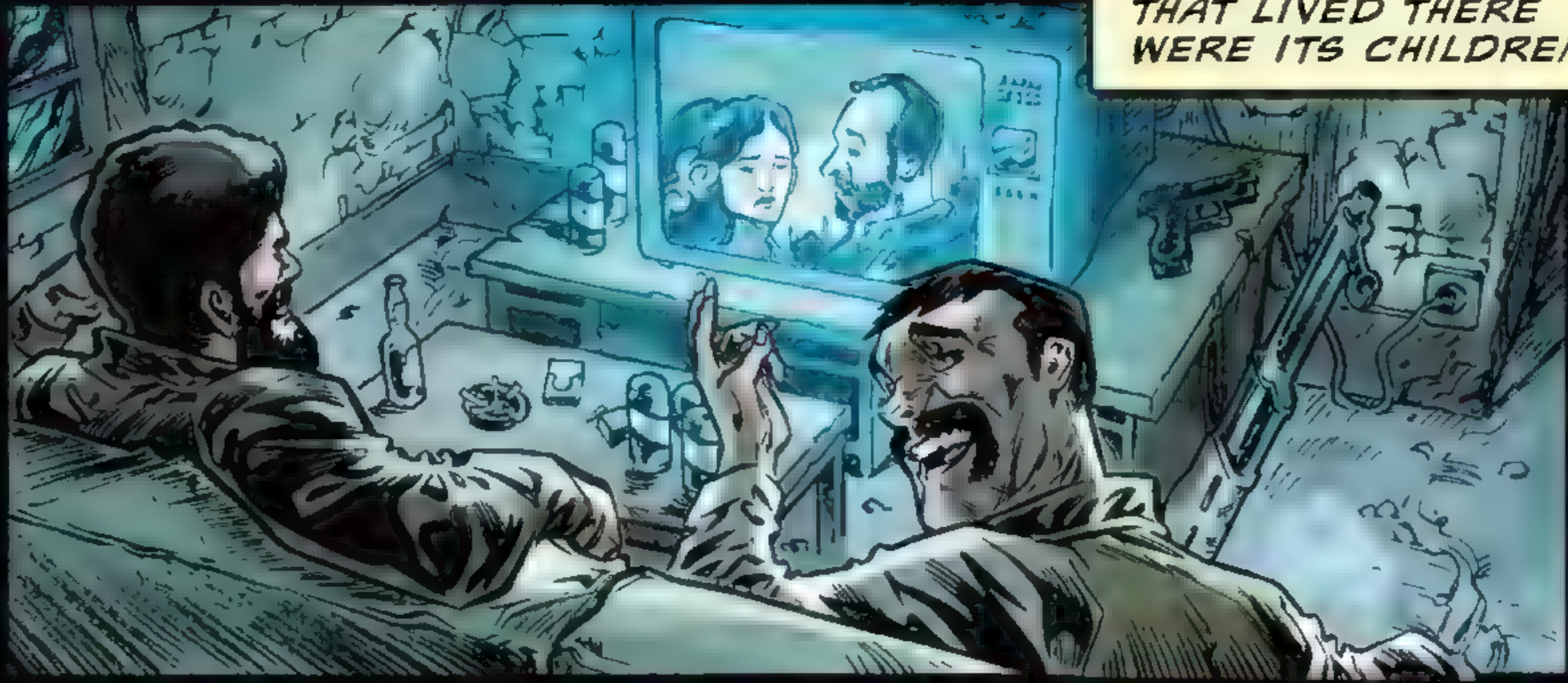
LATER, I LEARNED "JINNI
DAGAAL" WAS THE NAME
OF A LOCAL MYTHICAL
SPIRIT.

THE WORDS' LITERAL
MEANING STUCK WITH ME:

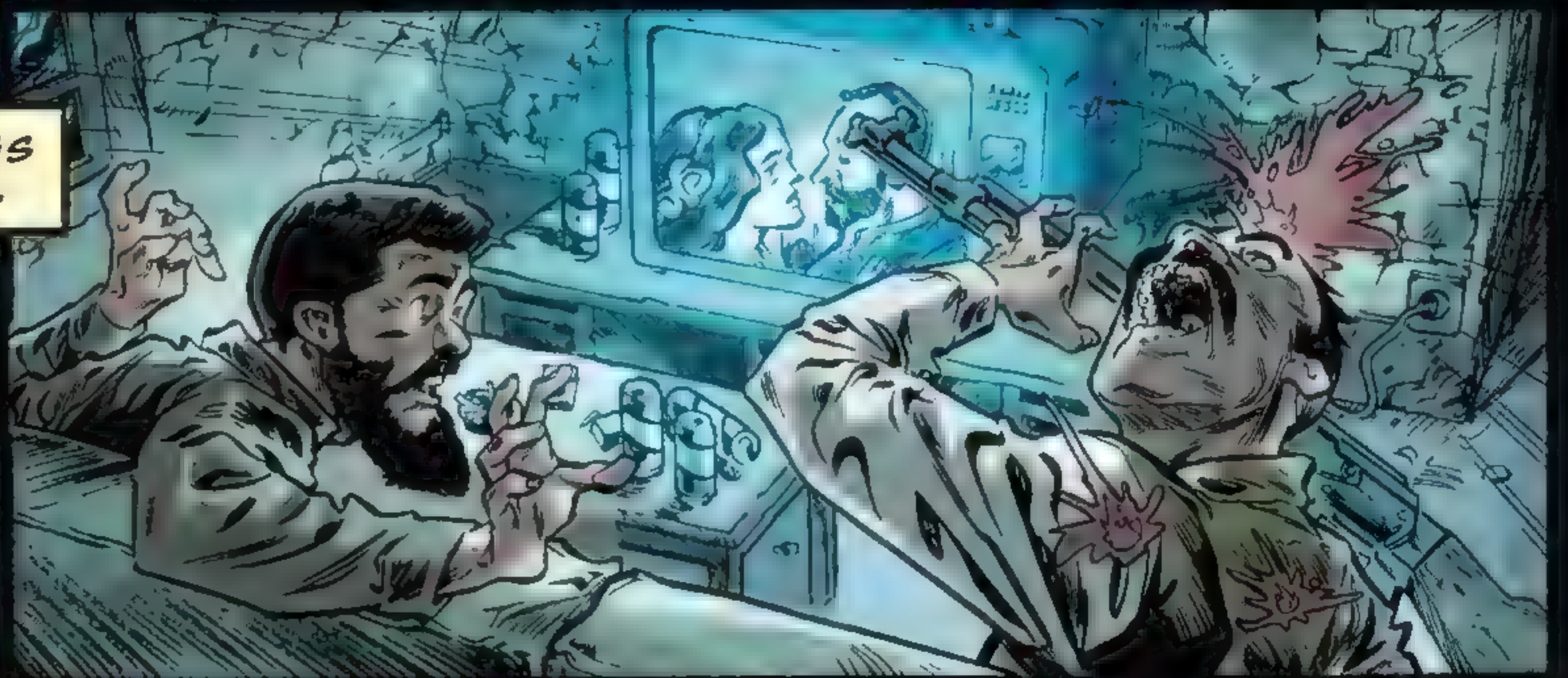
"WAR DEVIL."



JINNI DAGAAL
STARTED OUT AS A
NAMELESS SPIRIT,
A LESSER GUARDIAN
OF AFRICA.



THE GRASSLANDS
WERE ITS PLACE,
AND ALL THINGS
THAT LIVED THERE
WERE ITS CHILDREN.



ALL THINGS
BUT MAN.



MAN CAME
AND HUNTED
THE ANIMALS,
AND CUT DOWN
THE TREES...

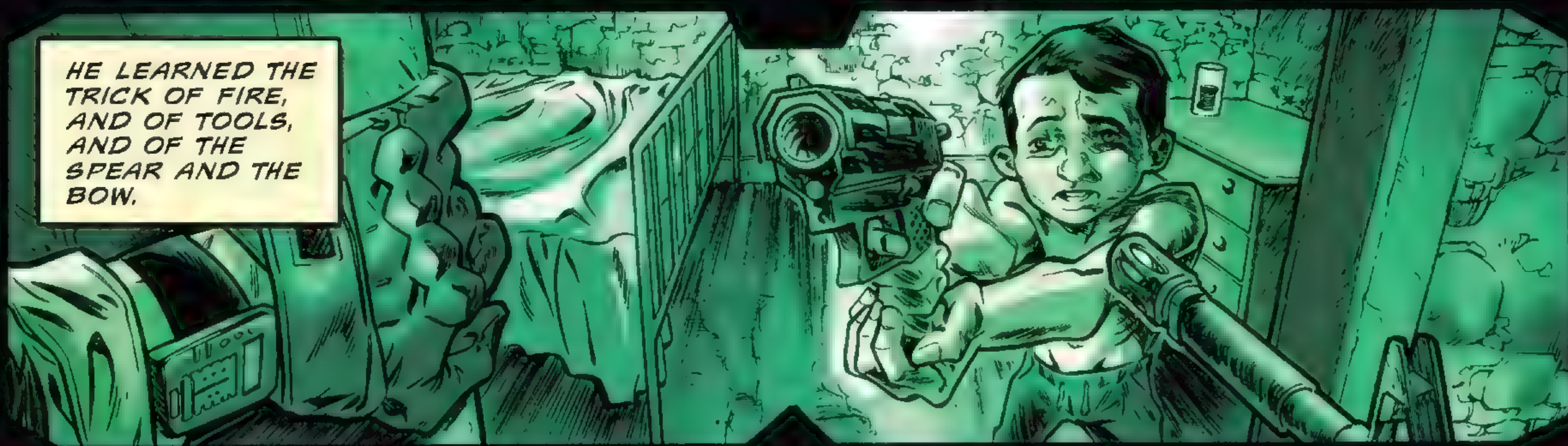


...AND THE
SPIRIT WATCHED,
AND GREW
ANGRY.

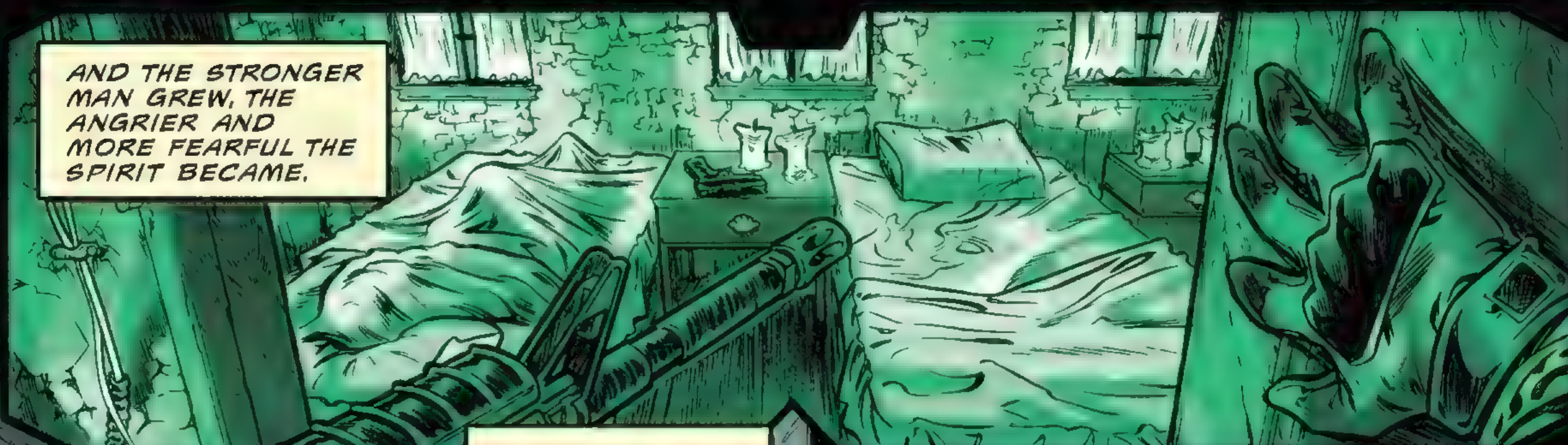
MAN'S NUMBERS
MULTIPLIED, AND
HE CLAIMED MORE
AND MORE OF THE
GRASSLANDS AS
HIS OWN.



HE LEARNED THE
TRICK OF FIRE,
AND OF TOOLS,
AND OF THE
SPEAR AND THE
BOW.



AND THE STRONGER
MAN GREW, THE
ANGRIER AND
MORE FEARFUL THE
SPIRIT BECAME.



ONE DAY, A
HUNTING PARTY
ENTERED THE
SPIRIT'S SACRED
GROVE...



...DRANK
FROM THE
SPIRIT'S
SACRED
POOL...

...AND
KILLED
ITS MOST
BELOVED
DEER.





IN A RAGE, THE
SPIRIT POSSESSED
THE BODY OF ONE
OF THE HUNTERS...

...AND
SLAUGHTERED
ALL THE OTHERS.

THAT DAY, THE
SPIRIT AND THE
HUNTER BECAME
JINNI DAGAAL.

THE WAR DEVIL.

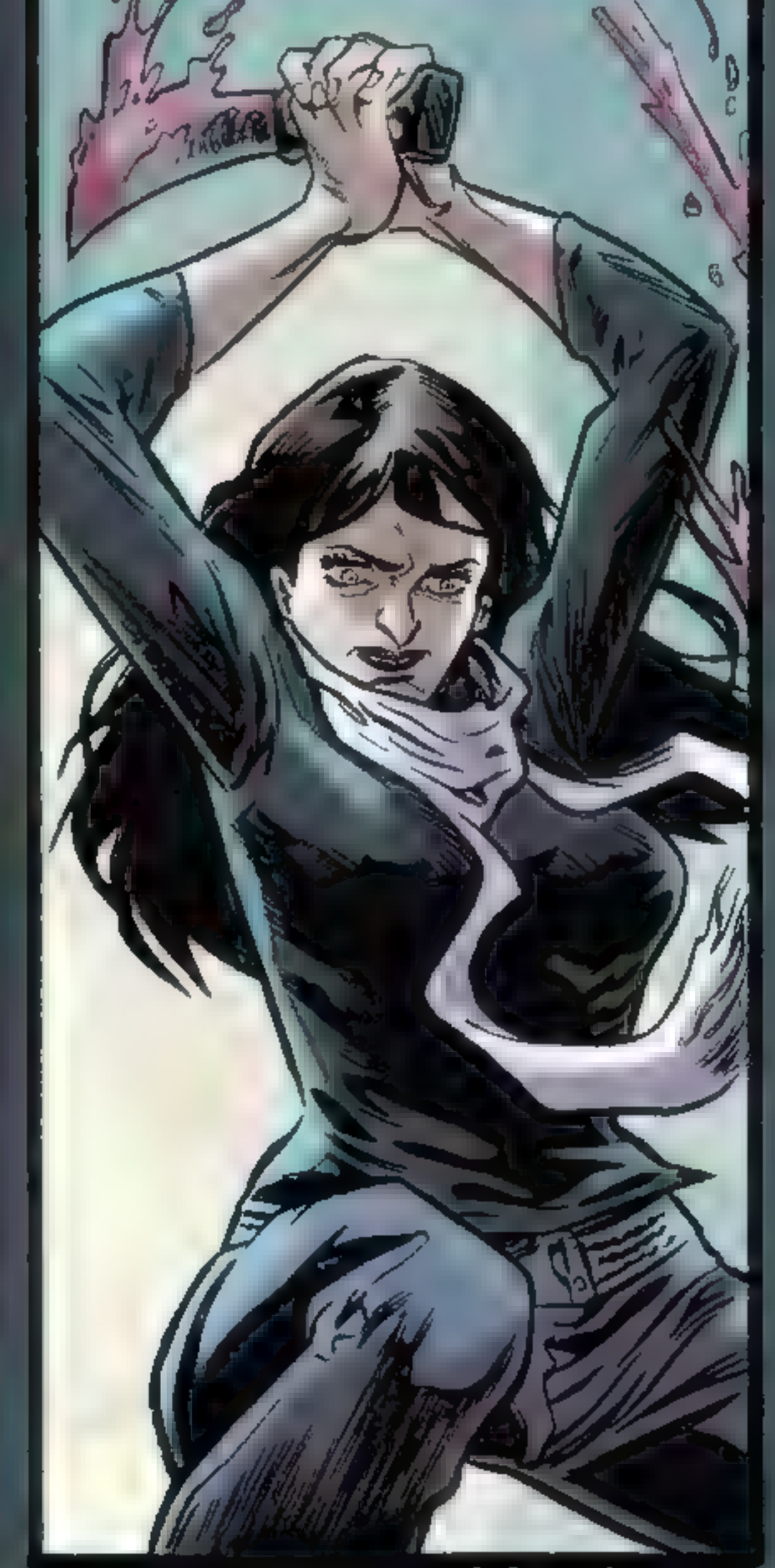
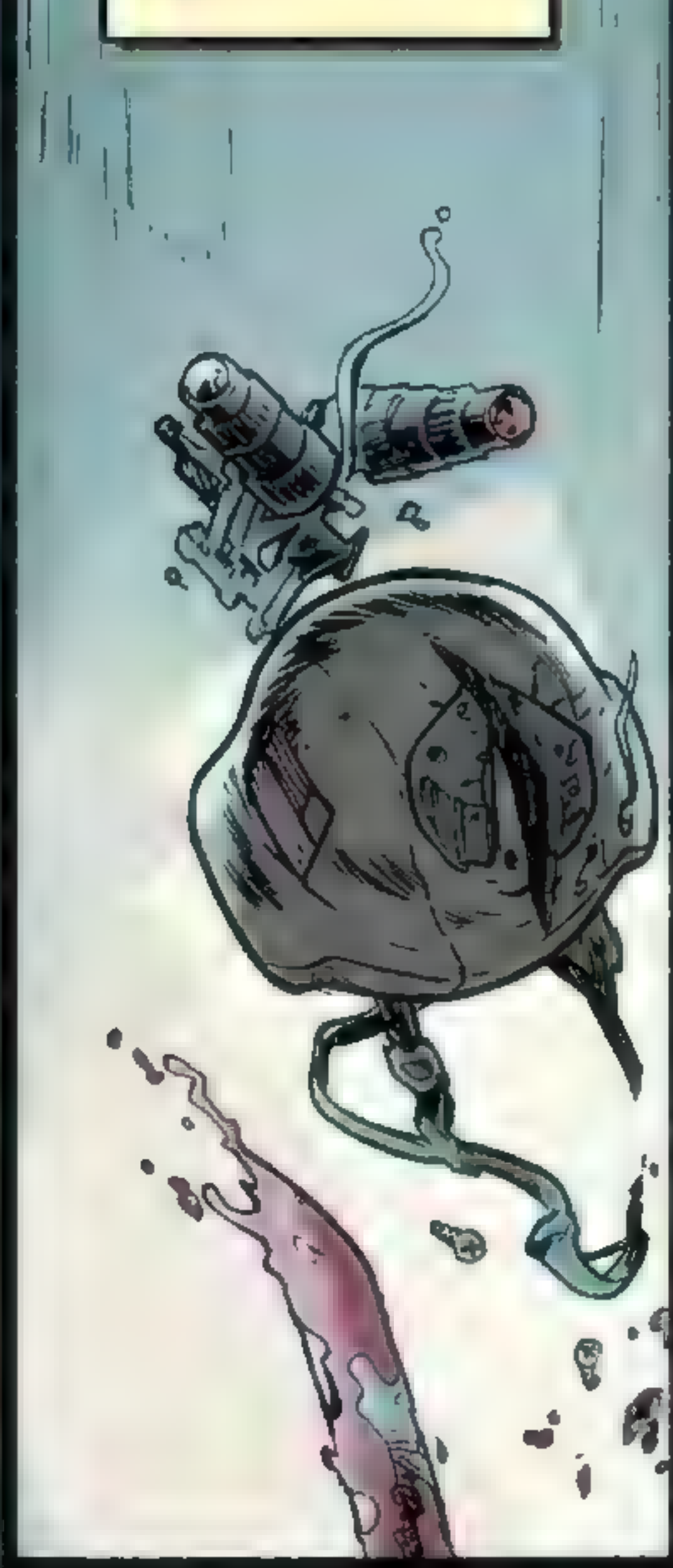
THE FIRST
HUNTER OF MEN.

SHAMANS TRIED
TO DRAW JINNI
DAGAAL'S SPIRIT
OUT OF THE
HUNTER'S BODY...

...BUT JINNI
DAGAAL
WOULD NOT
BE DRAWN
OUT.

BRAVE HUNTERS
TRIED TO KILL
JINNI DAGAAL.

BUT JINNI
DAGAAL COULD
NOT BE KILLED.



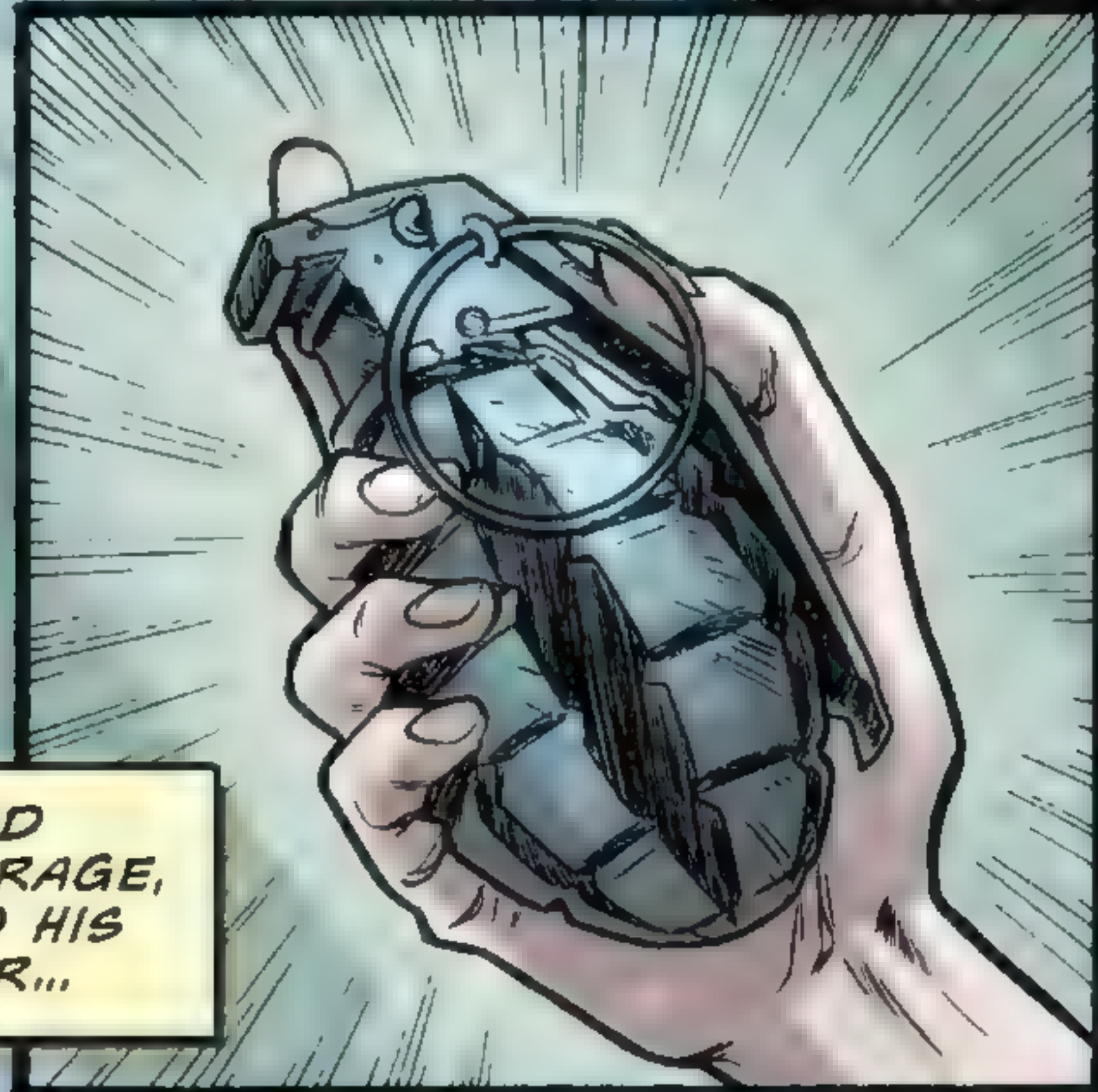
AND MANY YEARS
LATER, WHEN JINNI
DAGAAL FINALLY
FELL IN BATTLE...



...HIS SPIRIT
PASSED THROUGH
HIS BLOOD TO THE
MEN WHO HAD
KILLED HIM...



...AND
HIS RAGE,
AND HIS
FEAR...



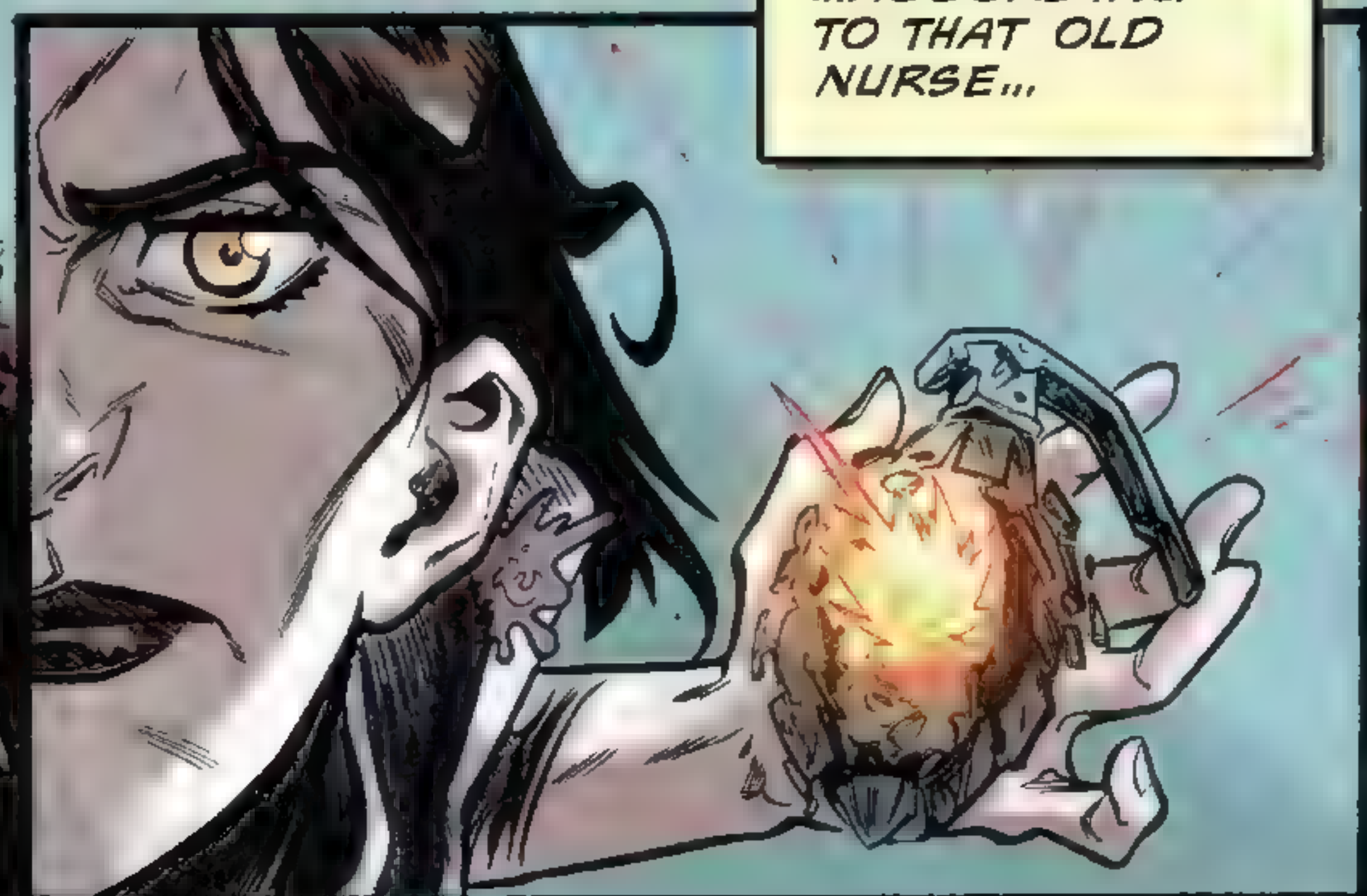
...AND HIS UNDYING
HATRED OF MAN
LIVED ON THROUGH
THEM.



AND
THAT...



...ACCORDING
TO THAT OLD
NURSE...



...IS WHERE
WAR COMES
FROM.





I'VE BEEN AT
WAR MY WHOLE
LIFE.

IF KILLING WAS
EVER A PROBLEM
FOR ME, I DON'T
REMEMBER IT.



I'VE SEEN THINGS,
DONE THINGS.

HELL, IT'S
ALL I DO.

SO WHY WON'T THAT
WOMAN'S SCREAMS
GO AWAY?



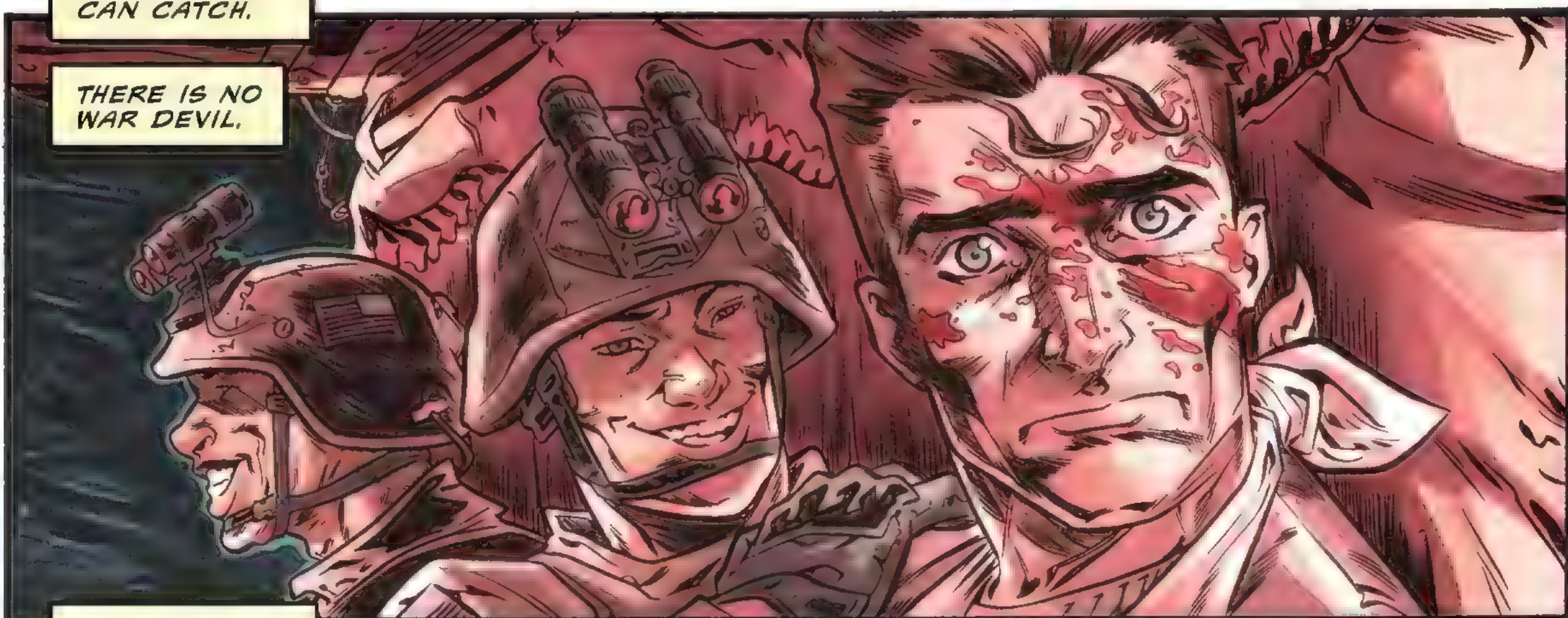


AM I THE ONE
SCREAMING?

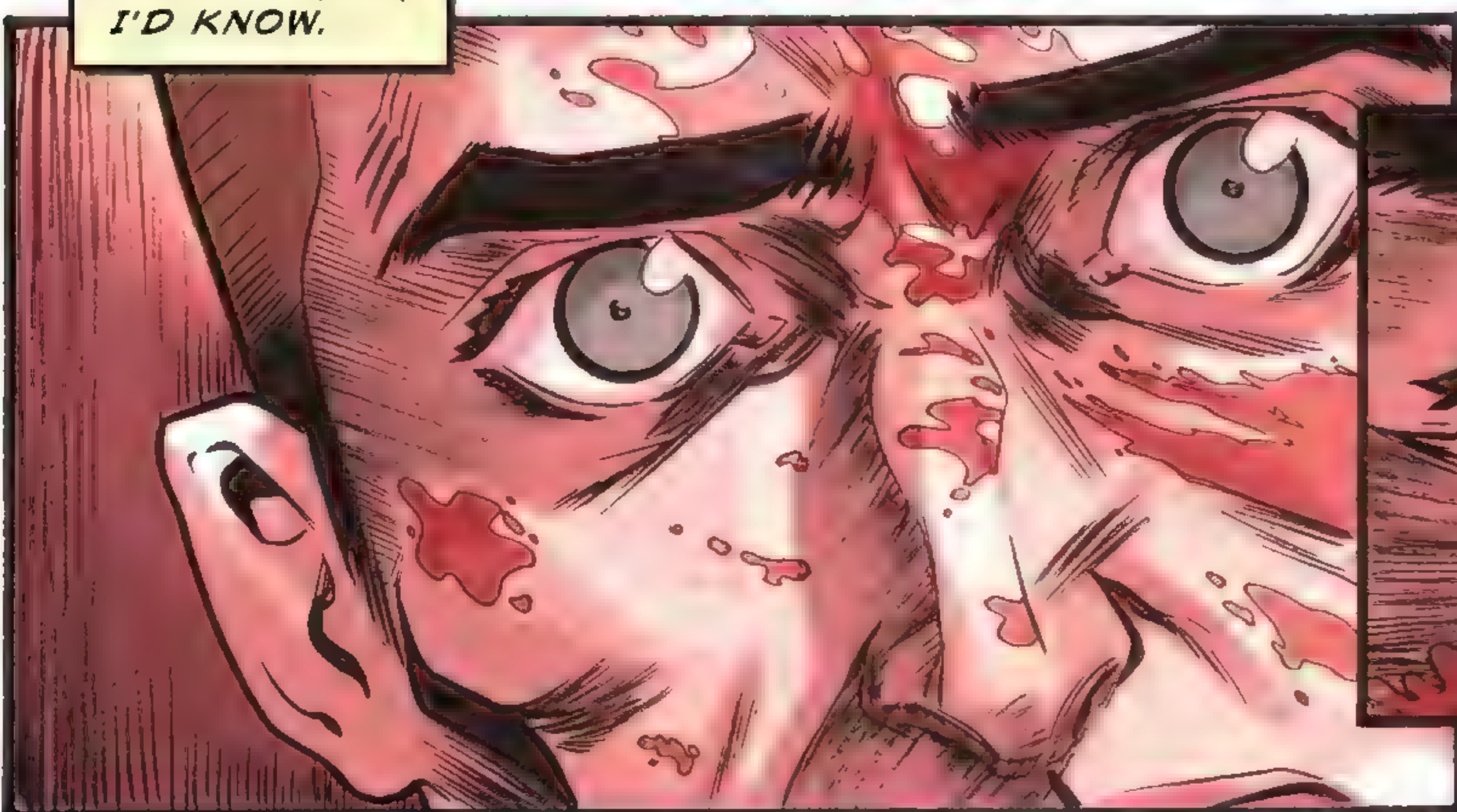
WHY IS EVERYTHING
THE YELLOW OF THAT
KID'S EYES?



WAR'S NOT A
DISEASE. NOT
A THING YOU
CAN CATCH.



THERE IS NO
WAR DEVIL.



IF THERE WAS,
I'D KNOW.



WOULDN'T I?

-END-





INCREDIBLE HULK #7 NIGHTMARE VARIANT BY PEACH MOMOKO



INCREDIBLE HULK #7 VARIANT BY
SERGIO DÁVILA, SEAN PARSONS
& CECI DE LA CRUZ



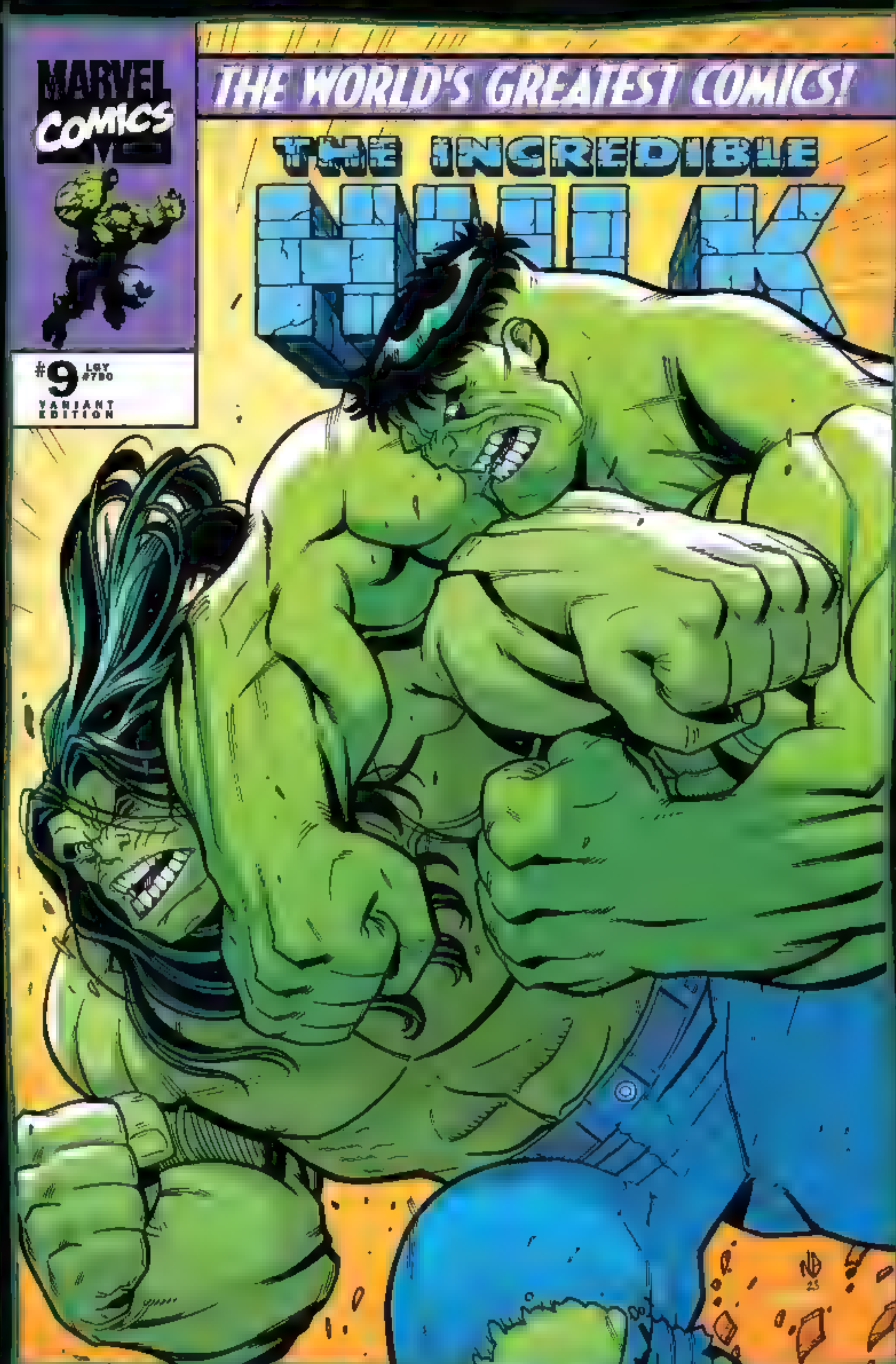
INCREDIBLE HULK #7
AVENGERS 60TH ANNIVERSARY VARIANT BY
TIM LEVINS



INCREDIBLE HULK #8 VARIANT BY
CHAD HARDIN & ISRAEL SILVA



INCREDIBLE HULK #8
WOLVERINE WOLVERINE WOLVERINE VARIANT BY
DUSTIN NGUYEN



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BY NICK BRADSHAW & EDGAR DELGADO



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INCREDIBLE HULK #10 HEADSHOT VARIANT
BY MARK BROOKS



INCREDIBLE HULK #10 VARIANT BY
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THE INCREDIBLE

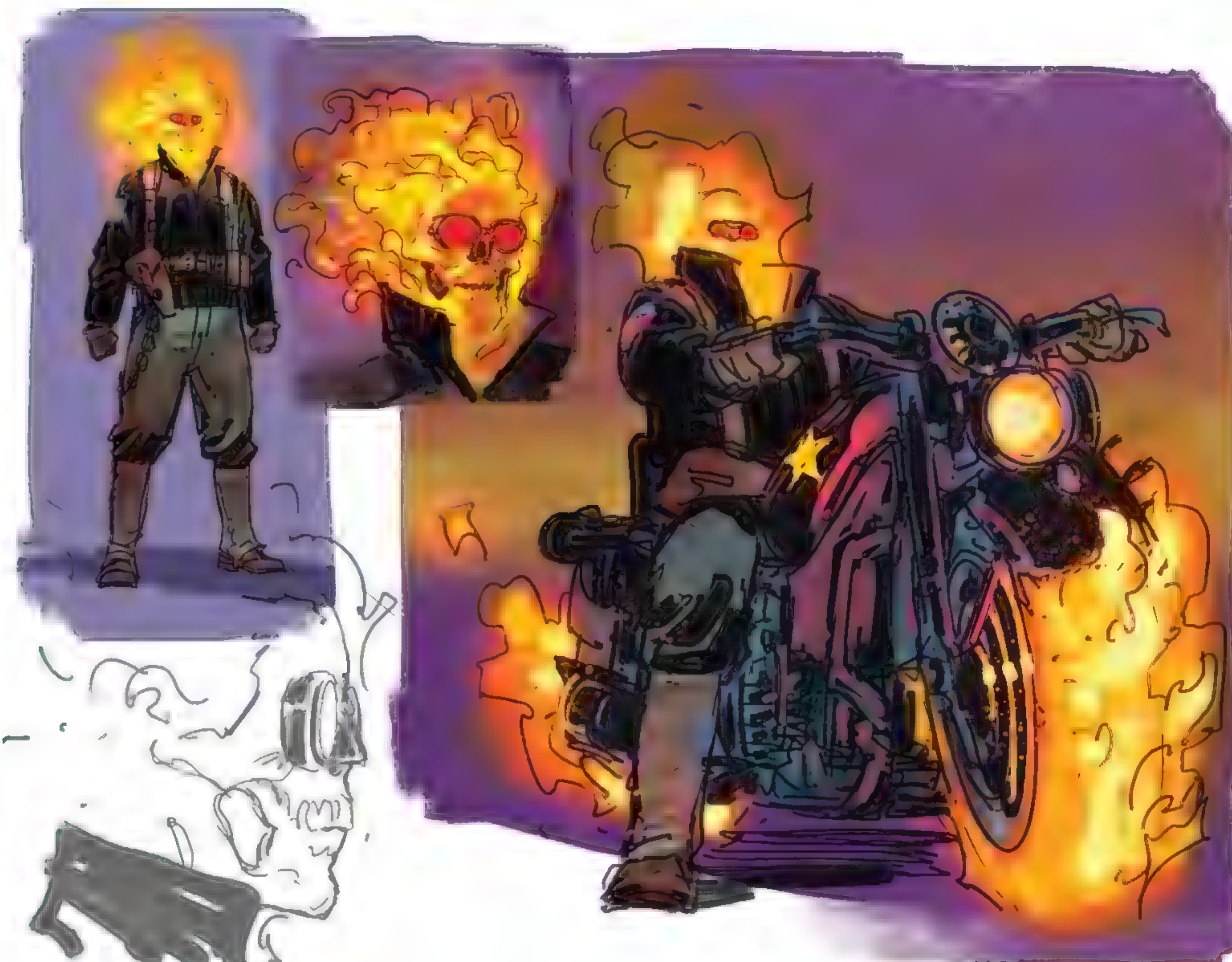
HULK

SEE, MOMMY?
THERE'S THE
NICE MAN I
TOLD YOU
ABOUT!

HE SAID
HE WANTED
TO MEET
YOU!!

A **VAMPIRE**
RODE THIS TRAIN

CARLOS MAGNO
23
AFTER KANE & PALMER





FROZEN
CHARLOTTE

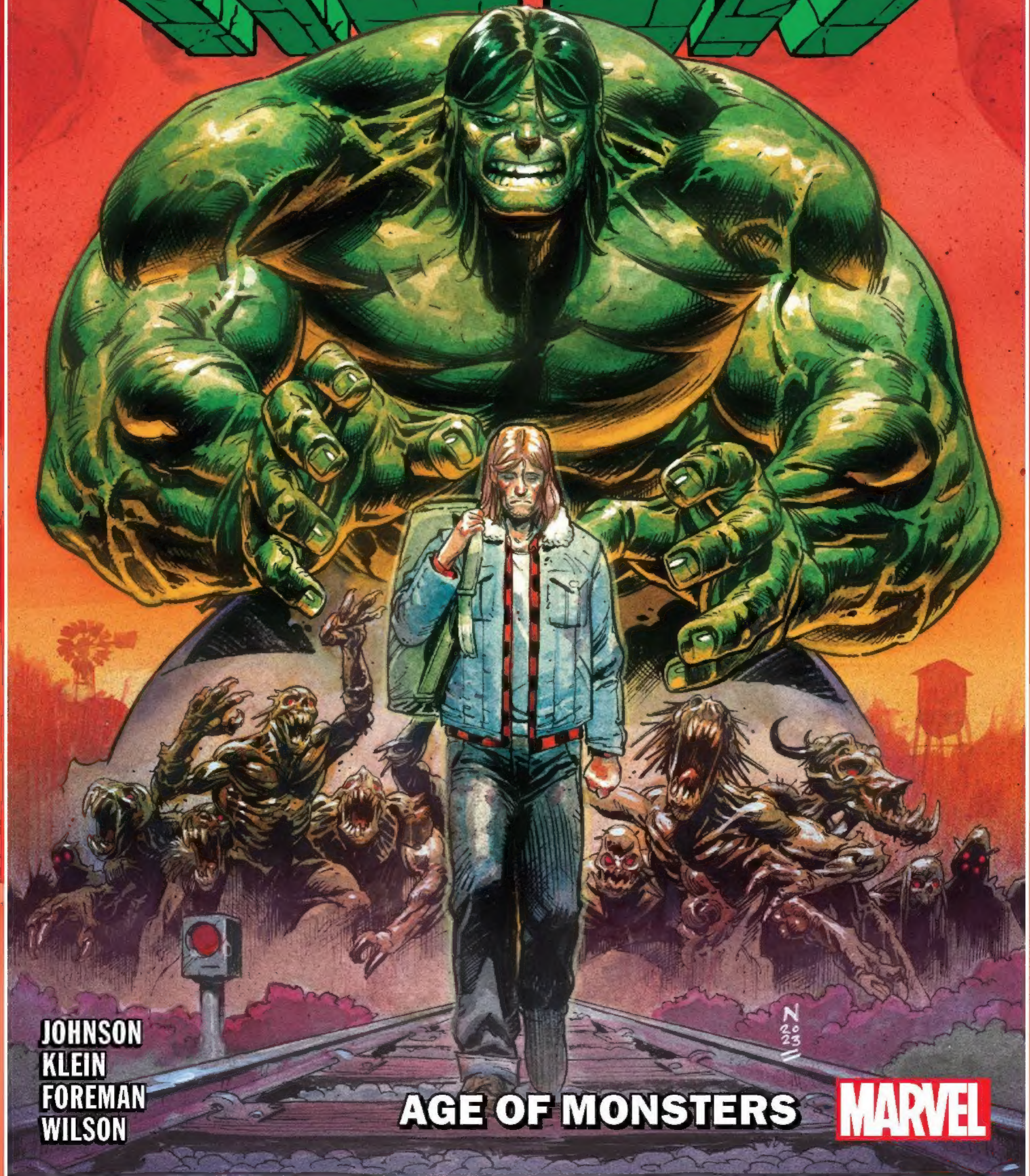


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THE **NEW AGE OF MONSTERS** CONTINUES!

BRUCE BANNER’S NEW FRIEND CHARLIE REMINDS HIM HE’S MORE THAN A MAN ON THE RUN: He’s an Avenger. A hero. And heroes help people. So when their travels lead them to a Texas town under attack by dreaded monstrosities known as war devils, Bruce decides it’s time for the Hulk to step in! But in doing so, he rouses an undead Spirit of Vengeance from his eternal slumber — summoning a hundred-year-old Ghost Rider who intends to ride down the Hulk! Then, Hulk and Charlie find themselves in a supernatural town haunted by a serial killer — but Frozen Charlotte is no mere mortal killer, and Hulk will need the help of a supernatural detective to track her down! Enter the Ghost Detective! Plus: A fascinating and soul-crushing tale of war by Phillip Kennedy Johnson set in modern-day Afghanistan will chill you to the bone.



COLLECTING **INCREDIBLE HULK (2023) #6-11** AND MATERIAL FROM **WAR IS HELL (2019) #1** — BY
PHILLIP KENNEDY JOHNSON, NIC KLEIN, DANNY EARLS, ALBERTO ALBURQUERQUE, MATTHEW WILSON AND
ANDRES MOSSA.

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MARVEL